THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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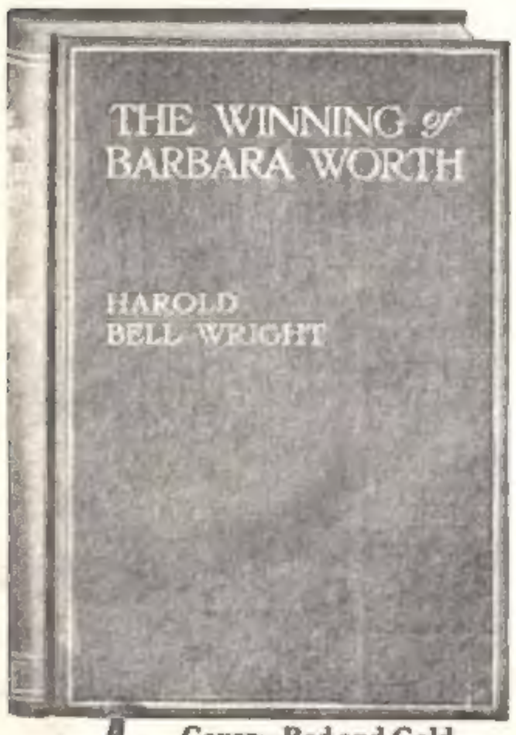

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WHAT OF 1912?—By Samuel G. Blythe

I—West of the Mississippi

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT will be renominated for President next June if he continues in his present attitude and demands renomination.

William Howard Taft will not be reëlected President next November unless the Democratic party is guilty of the incredible political stupidity of nominating for President some man for whom the hundreds of thousands of dissatisfied Republicans will not vote.

If the Democratic party is thus stupid and nominates for President some man who stands, in the public mind, for about the same things Taft stands for, or some man who, from his own record and personality, does not meet the requirements of the newer elements in both Republican and Democratic parties, there will be a strong movement—which may or may not be successful—for a third-party ticket that shall be made up of men who will command the support of the Progressives in both parties.

I have reached these conclusions only after personally taking evidence on a trip that covered more miles than the President's and embraced every state in the Union, with the exception of three or four that are practically boroughs and to which personal visits were not necessary. Moreover, what is here written is written with a full knowledge of the uncertainties of politics, without prejudice one way or the other—and written seven months before the nominating conventions.

The old-line Republicans, the men who recognize the futility of opposing Mr. Taft's desire for renomination, though fully cognizant of his weakness with the Republican party, have but one hope of success—and that is based on the slender thread: "It is a year before election and a lot of things can happen in that time!" Granting that almost anything—politically—can happen in a year, it is true also that the dissatisfaction with the Republican party among the people that found expression in the election of a Democratic House of Representatives last year is just as great now as it was then. It is greater. A year has passed since that demonstration.

Nothing has been done—even after that warning—that has rehabilitated the Republican party.

Party ties and party obligations have meant a great deal in this country—more to Republicans than to Democrats in late years; but much to each. The Republican party has been superior to the Democratic party in organization, in discipline and in leadership. Democrats grew used to bolting and splitting and protesting in 1896, and have done more or less of all three since; but during that time the Republican party has lost its cohesiveness. Its leaders have lived in the past instead of in the future. The counsel of its wise men has been in keeping with the times when the wise men were active, not with the times upon them; and the acts of the party have been directed by those men who have affected a disregard of the spirit of protest in their own ranks, or have been too blind to see what was approaching.

There is one great political fact in this country. That fact is that there must be a period of political readjustment. It has had its beginnings. It is still in progress. It will not be accomplished next year or the year after; but—and here is where the old-time politicians fail in appreciation of actualities—there will be a readjustment! It cannot be prevented. It has many of the aspects of a revolution—peaceful and political, but a revolution none the less.

The younger generation of this country has small patience with the old political fetishes. The Civil War means nothing to them but a historical record of great deeds in a quarrel that has lost its significance. No political leaders can now lead on such trumperies as: If you are a Republican you are a friend of the Union, and if you are a Democrat you are its foe. The old boss system is being swept away. "Stand by the organization!" provokes more jeers than cheers. The newer generation in this country is concerned with the present and the future, and indifferent as to the past.

Most men inherit their politics. Ordinarily a youth is a Republican because his father is a Republican, or a Democrat for the same reason. This actuating reason for party allegiance is strong. It holds. Thus, when we see a condition arising where the younger Republicans have forgotten their hereditary political instincts and are taking action politically because of reasons that are not sentimental, but are practical, the fallacy of the cry of the old-timers that a lot of things can happen in a year is exposed.

It took more than a year for the Republicans of this country to revolt sufficiently to bring on the Democratic landslide of last November. It took more than a year for those Republicans to bring themselves to the point of voting for Democrats; and when they did vote for Democrats it was not because of any superior virtue of the Democratic party, or superior ability or superior patriotism, but because of the degeneration of the Republican party in those respects. Since that time, not one single act by the Republican Administration has brought to the protesting Republicans any excuse for changing their minds or their votes. Having protested once with some results, they are ready and anxious to protest again. It took more than a year to change them. It will take much more than another year to get them back—if, indeed, they ever go back.

I do not think they will. There is one thing politically inevitable in this country. It is as certain to come as it is certain this union of states will continue. That one thing is that the political parties of this country will realign themselves into a radical party and a conservative party. Ours must, of necessity, be a government by parties. It cannot be anything else. At

HELPING MOTHER

"Willyum!"

this time we have two parties in the Republican party and two parties in the Democratic party. The once solidified Republican party is split into two wide-apart sections—one Progressive and one Conservative. The Democratic party is similarly split. When two parties are split into four parties no party can have the ascendency.

It is immaterial whether these new parties shall be called Radical and Conservative or remain under the old Democratic and Republican designations. The conservatives must get together and so must the radicals. And they will. It may not be next year or for ten years, but the realignment is fixed. Lacking a medium, the dissatisfied Republicans voted for the Democrats last year or did not vote at all. Lacking a medium, they may do the same thing this year; or, as happened in 1896 and 1900 and 1908, the dissatisfied Democrats may vote with the Republicans. This clumsy subterfuge cannot long prevail, for the terms Republican and Democrat are rapidly losing any significance they may have had, and the people are gradually beginning to appreciate the advantage of voting for themselves instead of for organizations.

Pending this realignment, which may be nearer than the reader thinks, the old situation exists. If a Progressive Republican has no Progressive Republican candidate to vote for he must vote for a Democrat or not at all. It is the same with the Democrat. Apply that nationally. This is what exists.

A Hope Without Terminal Facilities

THERE are hundreds of thousands of Republicans in the United States who will not vote to make Mr. Taft President again. These men do not want a Democratic President. They are anxious to have the Republican party remain in power; but—and here is the point—they prefer to have a Democratic President than to have Mr. Taft President again! If Mr. Taft is renominated, as he probably will be, they hope the Democrats will be wise enough to give them a candidate for whom they can vote with the knowledge that he will be a real progressive President. Nor are they making too many specifications. They are not demanding superlative qualities. A fair, average, level-headed man is what they want—one who has shown reasonable independence and reasonable appreciation of the responsibilities that shall be his.

A year may bring forth many things politically, but a year will not bring forth anything that will change the views of these men. They were too slow in changing to change again quickly; and the thought of the old-timers that some miracle will happen which will bring back to the fold these wanderers may be consoling, but it lacks terminal facilities. No political miracle will happen while Mr. Taft is in the White House. He will continue to be the same kind of President he now is; and it doesn't make any difference whether he signs a wool bill or a free-list bill, or any other kind of a bill, at the end of the coming session of Congress. He had two tariff chances—the tariff will be the great issue in the coming campaign. He could have vetoed the Payne-Aldrich bill or he could have signed the tariff bills handed to him last summer, and put the responsibility on the Democratic party. He did neither; and his cry for more information and his affected surprise that the political House of Representatives should have put politics into tariff-making didn't help a bit.

The Republican party is on the defensive before the country for the first time in a great many years. The President's long trip, just completed, was a trip of explanation. Explanations get nowhere in politics. There is no nourishment, political or otherwise, in telling why you didn't do a thing that almost everybody thought you should have done. And when that is coupled with the fact that the condition the explanations are predicated on is gratuitous and unnecessary and could have been avoided, and—especially in view of results—absurd, a perambulating President cannot hope to get much out of the situation except the evidenced respect the people have for the high office he holds and their admiration for him as a fine, jolly, genial citizen.

Political historians will write down the calling of the Sixty-second Congress into extra session last April as a curious sort of political blunder. Some of the drastic ones may call it a political crime. Looking at it non-partisanly, stripping it of all the flubdub about good to the country, the facts are that the President and his advisers—or some of them—were so obsessed with the political good that might come from Canadian reciprocity that they sought to press the project to accomplishment, and took the chances on what other legislation might be presented.

It is childish to assume that a Democratic House of Representatives would not accept its first chance at tariff revision, especially when that very Democratic House was in existence because of the dissatisfaction of the people with the alleged tariff revision of the Republicans. Complaints about "tariff for politics" are childish too. There never has been a tariff in this country that was not political. Mr. Taft—or anybody who knows anything about politics—knows that. Also, the Payne-Aldrich tariff Mr. Taft signed, and portions of which he afterward stigmatized as "indefensible," was the most political of all the political tariffs we have ever had. And Mr. Taft knew that. Mr. Taft also knew he had an adverse House of Representatives, elected on a tariff issue, and that these Democrats would try to revise the tariff. They couldn't do anything else and keep even a portion of faith with the people. Hence, if lack of information from the findings of the Tariff Board was a sufficient reason for vetoing the tariff bills that came to the President, that same lack of information was trebly a reason for not calling Congress into session last April for the purpose of ratifying reciprocity, when every person in this country who can read and write knew the Democratic House would pass some tariff bills. As it turned out, this was more apparent when Canada rejected the reciprocity convention at the polls. Of course Mr. Taft could not have known what an overwhelming defeat reciprocity was to have in Canada, but he did know he couldn't get it through the Congress of this country without Democratic votes, and he did know the Democrats would do some tariff-revising. Furthermore, reciprocity might have waited until this winter. It was not so pressing as it was held to be, except as a political bolster for Mr. Taft. There was no economic demand for it.

Now there is nothing altruistic about this view of the situation. Unfortunately there is nothing altruistic about American politics. The end and aim of all politics is to secure and hold control of the Government—that is all there is to that; and praters about the good to the country and the good to the people can prate until they are black in their faces and not put a dent in the fact. What happened was that the Republicans, or a part of them, played mighty poor politics; and what will happen is that they are to be reminded of their shortcomings at the polls. As has been said, the Republican party is on the defensive—and the party has not yet appeared in this country that can explain itself back into power.

Taft's Nomination for the Asking

IN WRITING of political conditions as I found them I shall divide the country into three parts: That portion west of the Mississippi, not including Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas or Oklahoma, but including Arizona and New Mexico; that part east of the Mississippi, including all states in the easternmost part; and, third, the South, which will include Missouri and Oklahoma. No attention will be paid to state or local questions, except those that affect directly the national situation; and the eligibility of the various candidates will be discussed on the basis of present conditions, subject to that remote contingency to which the old-timers hang so desperately: "A lot of things can happen in a year."

So far as the West is concerned at present—the West west of the Mississippi and north of Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas, which is the real West, by the way, for Illinois and Indiana and Ohio are Eastern states to all intents and purposes, however strange that may seem to New Englanders, and Wisconsin is put arbitrarily into that classification for present purposes—there are but two possibilities for the Republican nomination for President—William Howard Taft and Robert M. La Follette. Of the convention votes for President, Mr. Taft will have by far the greater number. Mr. La Follette, if he continues as a candidate, will have votes from this section; but Mr. Taft will have the majority—I mean votes in the national convention to nominate, not votes for President in November.

This does not mean that Mr. Taft is any stronger than Mr. La Follette with the people, but that Mr. Taft is President and can renominate himself; that Mr. Taft has control of the organization, and that the people have not yet secured the control of their own affairs everywhere that will enable them to name the man they want.

A large proportion of the Republicans in this section do not want Mr. Taft renominated and will not vote for him if he is renominated, provided they have any sort of an opposing candidate for whom to vote; but the organizations, the men who control the machinery and elect the delegates in enough of the states to give Mr. Taft a considerable number of the delegates—though secretly, as many of them are, they may be opposed to Mr. Taft—are in duty bound to send to the national convention the men who will vote for Taft's renomination, whether they think that renomination good politics or not.

Any President can renominate himself—especially any Republican President. That was demonstrated in 1892, when Benjamin Harrison renominated himself in the face of certain defeat. Leader after leader went to Harrison and told him he would be beaten. "That makes no difference," was Harrison's invariable reply. "I shall be nominated!" And he was, in spite of the opposition of Quay and Platt and other great politicians. How much simpler the problem is today, when Quay and Platt and most of the other big Republican politicians are dead and the President has the same power for collecting Southern Republican delegates that Harrison had!

Progressive Sentiment Crystallizing

NOW Mr. Taft may refuse to run. It isn't likely; but he can if he wants to. If he does not—if he demands his renomination—he can get it. That is arranged already. The pins have been set up for months. He will have the Southern delegates. He will have Pennsylvania, probably most if not all of Ohio, New York and New England; and that is more than enough. If there could be a Presidential preference primary in every state it might be Mr. Taft would refuse to run, for reasons that will be shown later. Still, it isn't likely the National Committee, being mostly reactionary, will provide for Presidential primaries; and in most states the old convention system will prevail, which means, in almost every instance, that Mr. Taft will have the delegates if he shall continue to want them.

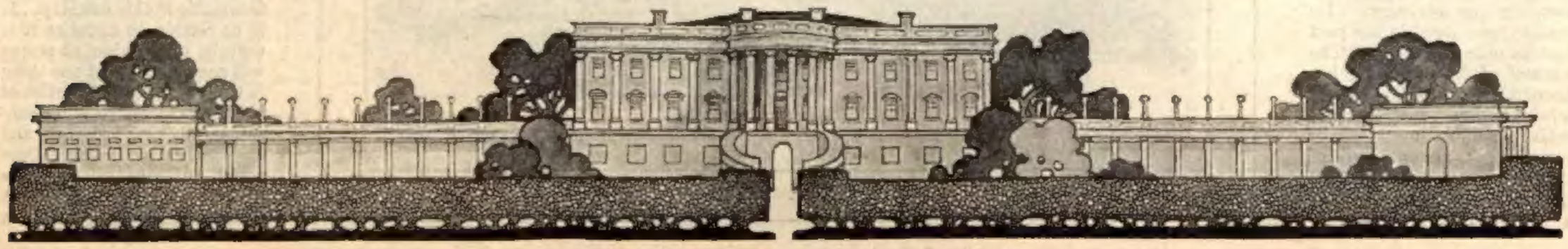
Taft's problem is simpler than the problem of the man who will get the Democratic nomination. A Republican national convention nominates by a majority of delegates. A Democratic national convention nominates only by two-thirds of the delegates. Taft has more than a majority of the delegates already in his hands—if he wants them. And he says he does.

So far as La Follette is concerned in these states—Wisconsin is not considered in this article—he is popular with the people and strong, but he is not so popular as the cause he represents—that is, the sentiment of the Republicans throughout the West is not so much pro-La Follette as it is anti-Taft. The Progressive movement, as a whole, has not yet centered on any individual. The people are working with such materials as they have at hand, but they have not yet found the man who types all they feel. However, they consider La Follette the strongest material at hand and he will have plenty of followers. The fact is the Progressive movement in the Republican party is bigger than any man who represents it.

Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, Theodore Roosevelt is just as strong in the West—in the West to which I am referring—as he ever was. If Mr. Roosevelt could be induced to be a candidate he could get the delegates in many of the states referred to. However, Mr. Roosevelt is not a candidate. He has impressed that on his friends out there in every possible way. He has written to them and told them, and insisted they shall write and tell others. Mr. Roosevelt may be a candidate in 1916, but he is not a candidate for 1912—and he wants the entire world to know it. It may be he thinks he couldn't be elected—that no Republican can be elected, which is a reasonably wise thought if the Democrats have any sense—and does not want to be defeated; or it may be for any other reason. Be it thus or so, the fact is Mr. Roosevelt does not want the nomination and will not take it.

Hence, with Mr. La Follette not strong enough to defeat Mr. Taft for the nomination and with Mr. Taft a weak candidate, the men who run things in every state have canvassed other names. They all come back to the same finding: "If Taft wants the nomination he's got to have it." They realize the weakness of Mr. Taft; realize that his recent trip did him no good; that his academic proposition of world arbitration and world peace is too academic to be a rallying cry; that the only positive position he has

(Continued on Page 40)



THE PENNY PANIC

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Proving That a Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing

He Waited in the Safe-Deposit Rooms Until the Board of Directors Counted the Cash

PRAISE be, the penny panic is over! And now that the excitement has dwindled away and the hysteria of a great commonwealth has subsided—now that the cost of living in San Francisco has been reduced, at the very least, fifteen per cent, and the dwellers in that city have at last learned how true is the old adage, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves"—it is eminently fitting that those thousands of generous souls throughout the United States who hearkened to the call of a great city in her distress and sent their pennies to the firing line should have their curiosity sated.

A due regard for the marvelous facts in the case demands that the story of T. Beverly Binks and the penny panic be traced from its inception to the logical conclusion designed for it by Mr. Binks. There are people in San Francisco ungenerous enough to maintain that T. Beverly Binks started the penny panic through sheer ennui—a desire for a new and startling thrill to his placid existence. That is not the fact. T. Beverly Binks started the penny panic partly because he knew it would be good for the people, but mostly because Helen Hoggit, daughter of Daniel P. Hoggit, the merchant prince of the city, refused to marry him because he was a waster, a non-producer, a leech on society. She insisted that he locate a job for himself and become one of the workers of the world instead of enjoying a life of selfish ease and indolence. She demanded that T. Beverly Binks perform his share of the world's work; and when he branched out as a professional numismatist and philatelist—and the thousands of women who have married numismatists and philatelists will tell you that a more precarious or unprofitable business can scarcely be imagined—Helen Hoggit came to the conclusion that he was a fool and called off the engagement. No matter what any one may tell you, those are the facts in the case.

Still, it is possible that T. Beverly Binks would never have attempted his great coup, even under the impetus of these two most potent reasons, if Daniel P. Hoggit hadn't interjected his say to complicate matters still further. That was the last straw. It broke Binksy's heart and awoke in him the dormant fighting blood of his ancestors.

To a soul as gentle as that of T. Beverly Binks, a defi from Daniel P. Hoggit was unbearable. It was insult added to injury. When T. Beverly Binks decided to humble Daniel P. Hoggit his decision might have been likened unto a declaration of war on Br'er Bear by Br'er Rabbit, for Daniel P. Hoggit was a bear—and an arrogant old bear at that. He was, in addition, self-made and rated AAA-1. It was his proud boast that he had been dragged up by the hair of his head, and he considered it eminently proper to advertise his humble birth and democratic proclivities by wearing carpet slippers and eating in his shirtsleeves. Like his daughter, he believed that hard work was the best thing in the world for a man. Daniel P. Hoggit had won out by hard work. He was sole owner of the great Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, and he had an unreasonable grudge against T. Beverly Binks. He used to say that Mr. Binks was a dude.

. . . . . .

Mr. T. Beverly Binks was a young man of many peculiar hobbies and the unearned increment requisite to indulge them to a very considerable extent. For instance, when the agitation over the currency problem and the establishment of postal savings banks spread over the country, Mr. Binks was enabled to spend several months' time in exhaustive study of these subjects, without being put to the ignominious necessity of hustling for a livelihood in order to continue his pursuit of monetary knowledge. He knew all about the demonetization of silver and could prove to you that the ratio of sixteen to one was entirely out of proportion. And when he became interested in bugology it was a small tax on his purse to purchase a tin box, a butterfly net and a bottle of alcohol, with which he repaired to a distant rural community to pursue uninterrupted his study of insect life. It is not of record that he ever studied zoölogy. If he had he would never have appealed to Daniel P. Hoggit for advice on the ——

I anticipate my story, however. To return to Mr. Binks: That harmless young man basked in the golden effulgence of an income of about a thousand a month from the wreck of his father's estate, and in addition he was the only ostensible heir of his uncle, Zachary Binks. It was teatable gossip in Mr. T. Beverly Binks' set that when Uncle Zach died T. Beverly would slip naturally and inevitably into a prodigious string of ciphers. However, pending the final removal of Uncle Zach—who, by the way, enjoyed a most villainous state of good health—Mr. Binks' monthly income was about one thousand dollars.

The real reason for Daniel P. Hoggit's antipathy is now out. He was a director in the bank where Mr. Binks' modest monthly stipend was deposited. He knew that, barring accidents, Uncle Zach was good for twenty years at least. Hence, T. Beverly Binks did not appeal to him as a son-in-law. He was as poor as a church mouse; he was too fastidious in his dress and too rabid on the subject of accumulating definite and exact knowledge on outlandish and unprofitable subjects.

Yet, in spite of all these handicaps, T. Beverly Binks blithely entered the lists, won Helen Hoggit's love and in a misguided moment asked her to marry him. In this he erred. He deserves no sympathy. He knew she had read Progress and Poverty, that she simply devoured Nietzsche, that she was an enthusiastic suffragette and loved to converse on The Greater Socialism; and he should have known that a young woman thus inclined might ultimately question his right to attend to his own business in his own peculiar way.

"I will marry you, Beverly, dear," said Miss Hoggit, "if you will only promise to engage in some sensible, profitable pursuit. Even if a man can afford to do so, it is sinful to be idle. One should not live without helping others to live in this world. It is a duty we owe to humanity. If we ——"

Thereupon T. Beverly Binks placed his arm round Helen Hoggit and kissed her.

"I promise, darling," he said tremulously. "I'll get into business by the day after tomorrow. I'm not quite decided what it shall be, but I'll work at something."

Helen Hoggit beamed love unutterable at T. Beverly Binks. His poverty had no terrors for her, provided his humanity was well oiled and in working order. The man that Helen Hoggit married must leave a few footprints in the sands of time. As for money—bah! She had enough for two. She merely wanted T. Beverly to be a leader of men.

Two days later, as Helen Hoggit was driving her electric down Market Street, she was horrified to read on the plate-glass window of a tiny store the following legend:

T. B. BINKS

NUMISMATIST AND PHILATELIST

Two minutes later Helen Hoggit stepped into the store and was greeted with the eyes of love by T. Beverly Binks. He was standing behind a showcase in which was arranged quite a display of postage stamps of all nations, gold, silver and copper coins, Confederate greenbacks and other evidences of wealth.

"Beverly, dear," inquired Miss Hoggit, "what is a numismatist and what is a philatelist?"

"A numismatist," T. Beverly informed her proudly, "is one who collects, buys, sells, trades, deals in and otherwise acquires the coins of all nations since money first began to jingle. For instance, I have here a Chinese coin that was in circulation about the year 287. It is worth not less than two hundred dollars, yet its intrinsic value is less than one cent. I paid the ridiculous sum of fifty dollars for it, and I have hopes of disposing of it to the Earl of Buffington for two hundred and fifty. We have been in correspondence over the matter for the past four months. However, I am not anxious to sell. I rather think I shall keep it for my own collection. You may not know it, Helen, but I am considered an authority on old coins and I have made an exhaustive study of the monetary question. Professor Thingumbob's Monetary Systems of the World is not more of an authority than my book on the same subject, entitled From Clam Shells to Clearing-House Certificates."

"And a philatelist?" reiterated Miss Hoggit.

"Oh, a philatelist is a great deal like a numismatist, only his hobby is stamps. A stamp may be canceled or unused; it may be made of laid paper or watermarked. It may have a hundred distinguishing characteristics; but, so long as it's out of issue and the other fellow hasn't got it, a stamp has a certain value—to collectors. My business is entirely among collectors. I work off my mediocre stuff and strive at all times to improve my own collection."

"But is there any money in it? It strikes me, Beverly, as a very queer business."

"Well," replied Mr. Binks lamely, "I must confess that there's more pleasure in the business than money, though in a public place one is more apt to run into a collector

with something new than if he stayed at home. Collecting stamps and coins is without doubt one of the most fascinating and exhilarating hobbies ——"

"Beverly," said Helen Hoggit, and in her dulcet tones there was a note of disappointment and severity, "I cannot marry the keeper of an old curiosity shop. Our engagement is at an end."

Before T. Beverly Binks could say Jack Robinson, even if he had been remotely inclined to give vent to that time-honored ejaculation—which, by the way, he was not—she had swept out of the store.

. . . . . .

T. Beverly Binks, numismatist and philatelist, disappeared from Market Street almost as quickly as he had arrived. Ten minutes after Helen Hoggit left his store Mr. Binks gathered up his stock in trade, filed it sadly away in two trunks and a suitcase, called an express wagon and had it sent up to his bachelor apartments in an uptown hotel. Then he took out his pocket-knife, scraped the gold sign off the window, turned the key in the lock and faded away.

He was out of business.

At four o'clock that very afternoon, properly and immaculately arrayed for such a social call, Mr. Binks tripped lightly up the steps leading to the Hoggit mansion and sent in his card by the butler. When Helen Hoggit appeared T. B. Binks noticed she had been crying.

Now, in returning thus to the attack, it is an open question whether T. Beverly Binks was a brave man or only lovesick. I incline to the latter hypothesis. If this were to be a long story, I could write much of an interesting nature regarding this second interview between T. Beverly Binks and his heart's desire. In order to make a long story as short as the editor desires, however, I am forced to omit much of the ensuing conversation. Be it known, however, that Helen Hoggit firmly resisted any further encroachment on her time and affections by the perfidious T. Beverly. She admitted that she loved him—but—— She knew she would never know a happy moment again—but —— She disliked to offer a personal criticism of Mr. Binks—but ——

And T. Beverly Binks listened to all that. He did. It's a fact. Did it, knowing she was only a woman with ideals, and that any brazen brute of a man can kick an ideal to smithereens in jig time if he only knows how to go about it.

T. B. Binks, poor fellow, didn't know. His was too serious a mind. So he humored Miss Hoggit; and the more he humored her the worse she became. She wept until T. Beverly thought he would have to take soundings in order to navigate his way out of the drawing room.

She suggested law. T. B. Binks said the law was musty. He proved to her that no lawyer could possibly measure up to her standard. The law was a hard, vicious game. He could never have the heart to charge a widow or an orphan a fee commensurate with his services, and so on. And, while Helen Hoggit wept and argued and T. Beverly Binks protested and evaded, who should enter the room but Daniel P. Hoggit!

At sight of Daniel P. Hoggit, Mr. Binks brightened under the impetus of a sudden, brilliant idea. Here was the financial genius who could give him just the kind of advice he needed. So he said:

"Good evening, Mr. Hoggit. How do you do? I have just asked your daughter to marry me; and, though she has done me the great honor to say that she—er—loves me, she cannot marry me until I become a producer, a worker in the world, and all that sort of thing. It appears that the fact that I do not earn my living is repugnant to her ideas of political economy. I intend to meet Helen's requirements if possible. Provided I—er—meet them, sir, I trust the—er—situation meets with your—er—approbation."

"Huh!" That was all from Daniel P. Hoggit, and it sounded very much like the startled "Woof!" of a bear.

T. Beverly continued: "As a business man, Mr. Hoggit, and one versed in the—er—hard school of practical experience in financial matters, may I presume to—er—request a little advice on the quickest way to become a man of parts? The necessity for work or earning a living has never been apparent to me, and I must confess myself—er—er—somewhat—somewhat at sea, sir."

"My dear," said Daniel P. Hoggit, addressing himself to his daughter, "you know I don't like this young man. I would forbid him the house and forever set the seal of my displeasure on an alliance with him, were it not that your very sensible course proves to me that you are entirely capable of looking after your own love affairs." He turned to T. Beverly Binks.

"Perfect frankness, sir, compels me to inform you that I consider you, sir, a trifler and a dude. Your financial condition, sir, does not warrant your assumption in seeking the hand of my daughter in marriage. For a young man who will not work for money, it appears to me, sir, that you are not above marrying for it. Miss Hoggit, sir, has not been reared in the turgid atmosphere of the decadent rich and I should like to see her married to a man of energy, spunk and brains—not a dawdler on club verandas and street corners. However, sir, since my daughter has seen fit to impose certain restrictions, I think you should turn to her for advice and not to me. I am opposed to you, sir."

For the first time in his life T. Beverly Binks was angry. There was a quiver of rage in his voice as he turned to Helen Hoggit.

"What shall I do, Helen, to prove to you that I am a man of energy, spunk and brains?"

Now, while Miss Hoggit had a monopoly on the baiting of T. B. Binks, she was content to bait him; but when Daniel P. butted in she flew, womanlike, to the succor of Binks. She dried her tears and favored Mr. Binks with a smile that was at once tender and inscrutable. She endeavored to relieve the awkward tension by saying something ridiculous. How well she succeeded is now a matter of history.

"Well, you might break father and drive him out of business. That should be a fair test. I'll marry you the minute you show me you have him on the run."

"It's Up to You, Helen, My Girl!"

A glad smile overran the classic features of the late numismatist and philatelist. He actually beamed.

"I accept," he said pleasantly—"I accept—with pleasure."

Daniel P. Hoggit stared a moment at his daughter and then exploded in demoniac laughter. I imagine that when a spider catches an unwary fly in his web he feels very much as did old man Hoggit at that moment.

"Bless my sweet-scented soul!" he managed to gasp finally. "What a task to set a man! Beverly, my boy—who the dickens labeled you Beverly?"

"My first name is Thaddeus," replied Mr. Binks acidly.

"Well, Thad, old man," chortled Hoggit, "Helen has named the test and I'm agreeable. If you can remove as much as a thousand dollars' worth of my cuticle I'll be the first man to say 'God bless you, my children!'"

Binks' eyes gleamed coldly. "I have undertaken a contract to break you and put you out of business," he said, "and I shall not be content until I have you on your knees begging for mercy. That goes. I'm going to have a little praying carpet woven specially for you. I'll smash you into little bits. I'll make the great Hoggit stores the haunt of rats and bats and cockroaches, and I'll retire you from the game ten years before your time. Daniel P. Hoggit, consider yourself on the shelf!"

The owner of the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, thought hurriedly of a shady little transaction wherein he, as president of an electric light and power company, had figured with the city board

"Strike Me Pink, Sir! I'll Teach Him to Taunt My Nephew With His Poverty!"

of supervisors; and for one single, fleeting instant he wondered if this aimless, helpless dude could have heard a whisper of anything! He followed Binks to the door.

"No blackmail!" he muttered in a threatening aside, as the visitor took his departure.

"Now I will finish you!" snapped Binksy; and, seizing his hat and his cane from the butler, he sprang angrily down the front steps.

"Ta-ta, Thaddeus!" said Daniel P. Hoggit pleasantly.

. . . . . .

T. Beverly Binks went back to his club and sat for four hours with his head in his hands. For once his sense of humor had deserted him. It was all a harsh, crass reality to Binks. He must break Daniel P. Hoggit; and, with the ferocity of a naturally gentle man aroused, he resolved to make no halfway job of it.

At the end of the fourth hour he had formulated the groundwork of his plans for the annihilation of the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated. This much progress having been made, one would naturally suppose that Mr. Binks would recollect that it was now nearly ten o'clock and he had had no dinner. In the face of a great problem in finance, however, such a detail as dinner was too infinitesimal to be considered. Mr. Binks donned overcoat and gloves, called a taxi and rode downtown for a quiet look at the Hoggit store. There were two stores in the Hoggit company, but the oldest store and the moneymaker whose duty it was to support the Los Angeles store, recently established, until it should be able to break in on its fair share of the trade of that city and become self-supporting, was in San Francisco. Mr. Binks had heard that Daniel P. Hoggit was planning to start department stores in Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, and an anticipatory smile fringed his mouth as he thought of the awakening that was coming to Daniel P. Hoggit. With the parent store killed off, the Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle stores would go down with a crash that would echo up and down the entire Pacific Slope. Mr. Binks decided that he must await the establishment of the two new stores before commencing his campaign, as by following this plan Daniel P. Hoggit would be using all of the power of his immense resources to accomplish his own ruin.

Now as T. Beverly Binks stood in Grant Avenue gazing into the windows of the magnificent Hoggit department store it came to him that he had his work cut out for him at last. He must bid farewell to his delightful life of ease and buckle down to sixteen hours of labor each day. It was going to take a heap of money to ruin Daniel P. Hoggit, and it behooved Mr. Binks to see to it that in ruining Daniel P. Hoggit he was not biting off his own nose to spite his face. The thing to do was to ruin Daniel P. Hoggit and make a fortune for himself out of the Hoggit wreck, and in order to accomplish this it was necessary that T. Beverly Binks secure ample backing and go into the department-store business himself.

Do not suppose for one single fleeting moment that the thought of running a huge department store baffled T. Beverly Binks. Far from it. Mr. Binks had studied the currency problem until there was nothing left to study. The carefully laid plans of most men resemble a section of Swiss cheese, in that they are generally full of holes. Not so with the plans laid by T. Beverly Binks. His was a mind fashioned for the mastery of infinite detail; and because of his absolute knowledge of the currency problem, the demonetization of silver, and so forth, together with his knowledge of human nature, he had been enabled to hit upon a plan that was infallible. He needed money, but

Uncle Zach would supply that. What he needed most was a location for his business in the immediate neighborhood of the Hoggit store. Once established, Mr. Binks knew he had Daniel P. Hoggit where the hair was short. In other words, he had the prescription and lacked but one small ingredient. He must find a location for his business.

Across the street from the Hoggit store stood a vacant lot, with a frontage of seventy-five feet and running back to Stockton Street. It was one of the few lots in that neighborhood still remaining unimproved since the great fire of 1906, and a real-estate agent's sign announced that the property was for sale. Mr. Binks made careful note of this, sighed pleasurably and went home to bed.

At seven o'clock next morning T. Beverly Binks routed his uncle, Zachary Binks, out of bed to inform him over the telephone that he would be over at nine o'clock to breakfast with him. Promptly at nine o'clock T. Beverly appeared. Before they were half through breakfast Mr. Binks had unfolded the tale of his rejection by Helen Hoggit; of her suggestion, acquiesced in by her father, that T. Beverly should break Daniel P. Hoggit in order to prove himself a man of parts; of Daniel P. Hoggit's insulting and unmannerly treatment of him and of his—Binks'—promise made to the Hoggit family that he would smash Daniel P. into little bits.

As he proceeded with the recital of his troubles, T. Beverly waxed earnest and oratorical, and Uncle Zach's apoplectic countenance commenced to swell and his gray eyes to flash beneath their shaggy brows. Finally he could contain himself no longer. Bringing his fist down on the table with a smash that jarred the breakfast dishes, Zachary Binks gave vent to his most cherished oath.

"Strike me pink, sir! Why, the man's a fool! I'll teach him to taunt my nephew with his poverty! Not good enough for his daughter, eh! Huh! The pompous old alligator! Thaddeus, when I shuffle off you'll have enough to buy and sell the Hoggit tribe, root and branch, and never miss the money. As for the girl, by the Lord Harry, sir, you shall marry her for spite, if nothing else; and if you don't force her to an unconditional surrender, Thaddeus, I'll leave every last red cent I have to charity!"

"I am very glad you see the matter in that light, sir," said T. Beverly respectfully, "as I will need your help, and need it badly, if I am to carry out my plan to put the rollers under Daniel P. Hoggit. For a long time, Uncle Zachary, I have had in mind a scheme for reducing the cost of living in San Francisco by introducing the penny into general circulation. Our system of legal tender throughout the West is all wrong. As you know, sir, the Pacific Coast has never taken kindly to the use of pennies as a medium of exchange; and as for San Francisco, the very thought of using pennies is abhorrent. I'll wager that right now it would be next to impossible to find more than five thousand dollars in pennies in circulation in the entire state. I doubt if one could find that much. Now if a merchant buys an article for four cents, when the lowest medium of monetary exchange is five cents, it stands to reason that he must, perforce, sell that article for ten cents, or one hundred and fifty per cent gross profit. If we had pennies in general circulation in San Francisco that merchant would be forced by competition to sell his article for, let us say, eight cents, or one hundred per cent gross profit. The other fifty per cent, which formerly came out of the pocket of the customer, would then revert to the customer as a direct saving. With the introduction of the penny into California we would shortly have penny newspapers. At present a newspaper costs five cents. Throughout the Eastern states a newspaper sells for a penny. Carfare would be reduced from five cents to at least three cents, moving-picture shows would have to come down to the level of the penny arcade—why, before the poor people of this city had operated under the penny system six months they would have saved enough to buy a life-insurance policy! In a year they could send the oldest boy to college. In five years they could own their own homes. In eight years they could ——"

"Thaddeus," interrupted Uncle Zach, "spare me these statistics! Political economy is something I could never understand. If you have a reasonable plan to put this man Hoggit on the toboggan let me hear it, and if it sounds O. K. I'm with you, my boy, to the last—penny—to the last penny, sir!"

T. Beverly Binks drew a neatly folded manuscript from his pocket. "Here is my plan, sir, outlined in writing to the smallest detail. Read it over and tell me what you think of it."

Zachary Binks adjusted his glasses, propped the written plans up against the sugar bowl and proceeded to read. When he had finished the last page he peered over his glasses at his nephew, for all the world as if he were viewing that young gentleman for the very first time.

"Well," queried T. Beverly, "what's the matter with that plan? See any weak points in it?"

"Nephew," said Zachary Binks huskily, "I'm overwhelmed. You're a genius, my boy—an absolute, gilt-edged, bona-fide genius! You can't lose; and, what's more, there's millions in it for you! I'll supply the money for a half interest—no, by George, I'll supply the money for forty-nine per cent of the stock! You're smart enough to hold control. I only want to get into it as a purely sporting proposition."

"Agreed, Unkie," replied T. Beverly. "Thank you very much. I thought it would appeal to you. Are you prepared to risk about three million dollars?"

"Can a fish swim?" retorted Uncle Zach. "I'd bet my whiskers on a sure thing like that!"

"Then," said T. Beverly, "sick your attorney on to the real-estate agent whose sign is up on that lot, and do it now. I want that lot in our possession within twenty-four hours. Also I want you to see to it that, when the purchase is consummated and the deed recorded, it goes in under some other name than Binks. I want to work secretly right up to the day I fire my first gun."

"Thaddy, my dear boy," said Uncle Zach, "you're a child wonder! It shall be done."

. . . . . .

The deal on the lot was closed next day, and Uncle Zach parted with three hundred thousand dollars. Before the ink was fairly dry on the deed Zachary Binks' attorney had instructed a firm of architects to commence at once to prepare plans for a ten-story building, costing in the neighborhood of seven hundred thousand dollars. Within a month the plans were ready, T. Beverly Binks accepted them—through his attorney—contracts for the building were let and work commenced on the excavation for the basement two weeks later. Simultaneous with these moves came news that Daniel P. Hoggit had established stores in Portland and Seattle. Uncle Zach heard it first and telephoned to his nephew.

"I'll Make the Great Hoggit Stores the Haunt of Rats and Bats and Cockroaches"

"Get me a letter of credit for about a million and a half," ordered T. Beverly laconically. "I'll start east tomorrow night, Unkie, if I can secure a drawing room on the Limited. I've merely been waiting for this information regarding Hoggit before making my final move. We have him now. He simply cannot escape."

Half an hour later Mr. Binks received a telephone message from a private detective agency:

Parsons, the buyer for the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, leaves for New York tomorrow night.

"Thank you," said Mr. Binks, and hung up. "I must make the acquaintance of Mr. Parsons on the train, and induce him to leave the employ of Daniel P. Hoggit. He's a six-thousand-a-year man, worth ten thousand—and knows it. I must secure the services of Mr. Parsons!"

Four days later Daniel P. Hoggit received a wire from his buyer in Chicago, resigning his position. Frantically Daniel P. Hoggit wired him a raise of one thousand dollars a year. Mr. Parsons wired back two words and forever damned himself in the estimation of Daniel P. Hoggit. "Small change!—Parsons" was the only comment of that astute gentleman on the niggardly proposal of his late employer. Daniel P. Hoggit cast about him for another buyer.

T. Beverly Binks was absent in the East for nearly six months. During that time he visited every important city on the Atlantic seaboard. In each city he visited he opened an office, placed a manager in charge under heavy bonds, and instructed him to devote all his time and that of a carefully selected staff of assistants toward the job of gathering all of the pennies in circulation in that particular city and vicinity. It was Mr. Binks' ambition to acquire the sum of one million dollars in pennies. He bought them from banks, from the mint, from the United States Treasury, from penny arcades. He inserted ads in hundreds of newspapers offering one dollar and ten cents for one hundred pennies. Within three months he had his million dollars in pennies, which he had packed in iron chests and shipped to San Francisco by express. This matter accomplished, he wired his uncle for another half million and proceeded to deplete the market of pennies still further. When three more months had passed T. Beverly Binks had accumulated sufficient pennies for his purpose and decided to return to San Francisco.

The first thing Mr. Binks did upon his return was to inspect his new building. It was ready for occupancy.

Then followed busy days and nights. There were consultations with his uncle, with bankers, lawyers, fixture contractors, and so on. During all of these proceedings, where it was at all necessary to deal with those not absolutely in the confidence of Mr. Binks, the attorney was the ostensible principal. It was Mr. Binks himself, however, who cast about for a manager. He wanted the best man in San Francisco, and he had little difficulty in finding him in the employ of Daniel P. Hoggit.

Meantime the vast quantities of goods purchased by Parsons during his visit in the East were now arriving, and as soon as the fixtures were installed the store commenced to fill rapidly. At the end of thirty days the store was ready for the grand opening—and Mr. Binks set the trap prepared for Daniel P. Hoggit.

The first gun fired was a billboard campaign. Just one week before the date set for the opening of the new store the residents of San Francisco awoke to find that overnight the city had been placarded from the Ferry to Ingleside, from Channel Creek to the Presidio, with huge vermilion posters containing nothing more interesting than these mysterious words, in bright green letters a foot high:

HAVE YOU ANY PENNIES?

For three days the public was given an opportunity to gaze upon this query and wonder what it could possibly portend. Then, overnight, the following words were added:

SAVE THEM!

It was the direct command—and, in advertising, the direct command never fails. People began to ask each other what it meant; and by Sunday night every man, woman and child in San Francisco was waiting eagerly for the addition of the final line that would satisfy their curiosity regarding the necessity for saving their pennies. On Monday morning it came. The secret was out—and on every billboard the answer flared:

YOU CAN WIN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH THEM. SEE T. B. BINKS COMPANY'S AD IN ALL THE MORNING PAPERS FOR FULL PARTICULARS

. . . . . .

For fully a month there had been a vague feeling of unrest noticeable among the hundreds of employees in the Hoggit store. It is possible that T. Beverly Binks could have explained why this feeling of unrest had made itself apparent at this particular time, though more than once the long hours and starvation wages had almost driven the Hoggit clerks to the point of organizing for shorter hours and more wages; but Daniel P. Hoggit was too shrewd a man not to notice these signs of unrest and he had the situation well in hand at all times. Through the influence of certain employees, nominally the leaders of the disaffected element but secretly receiving larger salaries than their fellows, he had always managed to avert trouble, until the preparations for the opening of another

department store in the immediate neighborhood, and the consequent demand for experienced help, fanned the embers of insurrection into open revolt.

A small, ferretlike person, by name Theophilus Dabney, head of the dress-goods department, fomented the trouble, after many long conversations with the attorney for T. Beverly Binks; and upon a Saturday night—the Binks department store was due to open the following Monday morning—Mr. Theophilus Dabney headed a committee of employees of the store and called upon Daniel P. Hoggit. Their demands were few enough. They merely wanted an eight-hour day and a twenty-per-cent increase in wages. Also they demanded an answer immediately. As Mr. Dabney put it, they wanted an answer "right off the bat!"

The prospect of competition had been working on Daniel P. Hoggit's nerves of late and consequently he was in ill humor. Mr. Theophilus Dabney could not have chosen a more unfortunate occasion to present his ultimatum. Daniel P. Hoggit lost his temper, berated the committee savagely, scorned their demands and advised Mr. Dabney to undertake a speedy visit to his Satanic majesty. The committee bowed humbly and retired without further ado.

However, if Daniel P. Hoggit was furious on Saturday night his rage on Monday morning was dreadful to behold. The blow fell on Mr. Hoggit as he sat chipping the shell from a soft-boiled egg at breakfast. He was called to the telephone by one of his department managers, who informed him that only ten employees had reported that morning for work, and that he had been forced to close the doors temporarily to prevent shoplifting, as there were not sufficient clerks present to watch the crowds of early morning shoppers. Daniel P. Hoggit choked with rage. He had an immense white-goods sale on that very morning—one of his great Monday specials.

"Call that pup, Dabney, to the 'phone!" he ordered.

"Not here."

"Find him!"

"Dabney and the rest of your employees, with the exception of the few who have reported for duty, went to work this morning for that new store that has opened up across the street. He offered them eight hours, with a twenty-per-cent increase over the scale you paid them."

"I'll be right down," replied Hoggit, and returned to his unfinished breakfast. As he hurriedly bolted the remainder of his meal, his daughter looked up from the morning paper with an expression of amazement.

"Well—for goodness' sake! Father dear, look at this big ad in the Clarion! That silly Beverly Binks has opened up a big department store and is offering—Father, Beverly Binks is after you!"

Daniel P. Hoggit choked on a piece of toast and his eyes stuck out until one could almost have knocked them off with a stick.

"Binks!" he croaked. "Binks! That nincompoop!"

He snatched the paper from Helen's hand and read the headlines of a big double-truck ad. There it was, in sixty-four-point type; and through eyes blurred with rage he caught glimpses of such phrases as "T. B. Binks Company," "Grand Opening," "Most Complete Department Store West of Chicago," "Special Bargains," "Cut Rates," "Most Phenomenal Offer Ever Made by Any Store on Earth!" "Save Your Pennies and Win One Hundred Thousand Dollars in Cash!"

At this point the type changed to twelve-point and Daniel P. Hoggit handed the newspaper back to his daughter. "I see the scoundrel advertises a Monday special in white goods—but read the rest of it to me."

He leaned forward attentively, one hand back of his large red ear, while Helen read the most remarkable announcement ever promulgated by any advertising manager since department stores first came into being:

In order to advertise its business and to induce the San Francisco public to trade at its store, the T. B. Binks Company will this day place in a special trust fund in the Traders National Bank, of San Francisco, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

as a prize to the winner of a GRAND GUESSING CONTEST, to be held under the following conditions:

At exactly ten o'clock this morning, in the magnificent new department store of the T. B. BINKS COMPANY, two thousand pennies will be placed in a plain, ordinary wooden box. This box will then be placed on top of another box, which will be empty. Fitted into the upper box will be a spigot, which, upon being turned, will permit the passage of pennies into the lower box. This box will be heavily lined with cotton and absolutely soundproof. The spigot will be concealed—only the handle showing.

(Continued on Page 28)

ON MAIN STREET

A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

He is All Over the Place, Dropping His R's So Hard They Plunk When They Hit

HISTORY up and says—just dry so, and lets it go at, that—that the late Fernando de Soto, while engaged in the hopeless task of trying to collect a large quantity of gold without working for it, finally reached the banks of the Mississippi River, and sickened there, and died, and was buried in its waters. History also says—and will not be gainsaid—that, in his celebrated march to the sea, General Sherman was actuated by a desire to break the backbone of the Confederacy.

The present writer is prepared to disprove these allegations. He is prepared to prove that what De Soto was really looking for was the original Professional Southerner, intending, when he found him, to kill him and stuff him, and take him back to Spain with him for exhibition purposes; and that General Sherman really hurried along so, on that trip of his from Atlanta to Savannah, because he understood the grandpa of all the present generation of Professional Southerners was just ahead of him, and he hoped to capture him and burn him at the stake, or something of the sort, thus killing off the breed.

The mistake both of these distinguished cross-country travelers made was in picking out the wrong territory for their operations—because the Professional Southerner is not to be found in the South. In cases he may have been born there, though this does not necessarily follow, by a long shot; but he is a product of the North, and particularly of New York City. Geographically New York is exactly fitted for the development of the Professional Southerner in his full fruitage—it being bounded on one side by a bluff of some size and on the other by a large sound.

When the writer of these few lines was considerably younger than he is now he was born in a certain small town in the Southwestern portion of the United States; and there was an elderly gentleman of that town who daily expressed in a public way his intense and abiding hatred of all things Northern. He was unreconstructed to an extent where you could say he was practically undone. One gathered from his conversation that, though Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston might have chipped in occasionally and helped out a little, the burden of the entire Southern Confederacy had practically rested upon his shoulders. Our section of the state, years before, had produced a very distinguished man, who became prominent as a Union man and a Southern Republican and, after being mentioned as a Presidential possibility, held a secretarial portfolio at Washington, and filled the place with honor. One day when I was a small boy I heard a stranger in our town, a visitor from a Northern state, asking this old gentleman what had become of the former Secretary. The old gentleman snorted angrily.

"I have no information to impart upon that subject, sir," he grunted. "The person you have mentioned turned Black Radical; and the last I heard of him, sir, he had some sort of a job in the Cabinet of your Mr. Grant."

Being at an impressionable age, I was profoundly moved by this remark; and I went and repeated it to another elderly gentleman who had been an officer of high repute in the Southern army. He smiled gently.

Then, innocently enough, I added: "Old Mr. So-and-So must have done a lot in the war, didn't he?"

"My son," was the answer, "he certainly did. He spent the whole four years keeping out of danger!"

Now our town, though located on the border between North and South, had been a little center of red-hot Southern sentiment in the big war. The small county of which it was the county-seat gave to the Confederacy a brigadier general and a colonel—both killed in action—another colonel or so, sundry majors, any number of lesser officers, several companies of infantry, a troop of cavalry and part of a very famous little battery. There was hardly an old-established family but had in it at least one veteran, living or dead. It was taken for granted that nearly every household of importance in the community had been slaveholders before the war and had suffered in nearly every imaginable way for the cause; but, except for a few of the very young and a few of the very old, no one was given to boasting of the part his people had taken in the war between the states.

To have been a Confederate soldier was a political asset, but not a social one. No person who had reached the years of common discretion, and had not yet passed them, ever went about bragging of what his father or his grandfather had done. He would as soon have thought of advertising that he had the customary number of legs or the regulation equipment of teeth. And this old gentleman that I mentioned a bit ago was the only ablebodied grown man in town, as I remember, who made a business, in season and out, of belittling the North and enlarging on his own military record. Even then I realized that he did not fit into the picture. And I know now what he was. He was the first Professional Southerner, and for a good many years—or until I came to New York—the only one I ever saw.

He didn't belong down there in that country, but he would have done amazingly well in New York. For New York, above all places, is the home of those who follow the trade of capitalizing the places of their nativity. There are a few Professional Irishmen in New York, who profess a violent and open hatred of all things English; and a few Professional Englishmen, who profess a contempt for all things American. I have heard that in London one occasionally happens across Professional Americans, who wear small American flags in their buttonholes and sneer at the institutions and traditions of the old country, and otherwise make star-spangled, cross-barred asses of themselves. I have heard, further, that most of these interesting objects of natural history hail from New York.

There are also in New York many Professional Bohemians and Professional Californians—oh, plenty of these!—and

professional men-about-town, who are likewise men-about-broke very often; and a few, a very few, Professional New Englanders. There used to be quite a slue of Professional Westerners, but these are a decayed and a dying race, having mainly been laughed out of existence by real Westerners. But the greatest and the most numerous is the Professional Southerner. He is all over the place, dropping his r's so hard they plunk when they hit.

A few years back it was customary for the Professional Southerner to dress the part. He would never think of venturing forth into company without his low, black, rakish string tie, and his low, black, rakish slouch hat, and his strong Southern accent; and the accent, like the hat and the tie, was often acquired at considerable trouble. The newspaper humorists, however, poked so much fun at him that he was guyed into discarding the trappings; but he kept the accent. As a general proposition, it may be said that the Professional Southerner in New York is a person with the kind of a Southern accent that an actress born in East Rome Center, Vermont, uses when she is playing an ingénue Southern part; and that he opens the conversation with a stranger by telling who his grandfather was and closes it by trying to borrow two dollars. Very frequently he gets the two dollars, too, because the Southern pose is remunerative in New York.

Ladies on the music-hall stage are much given to modestly billing themselves as the Southern Blossom or the Southern Songbird or the Southern Something-or-other. Those haughty young persons called showgirls, who seem to float languidly across the stage in musical comedies, wearing from nine hundred to nine thousand dollars' worth of clothes apiece, are also prone to confess for publication that they belong to Old Southern Families.

If you read the New York newspapers you may have noticed that all Southern families are old! There are no new Southern families; no middle-aged Southern families. The interesting point about this is that most of the theatrical ladies who advertise themselves as Southern are not Southern.

There are several very capable actors and actresses in America who were born and reared in the South; but they do not find it necessary to advertise it. Their popularity is based on merit, not climate.

Those Haughty Young Persons are Prone to Confess for Publication That They Belong to Old Southern Families

Selfmade Southerners from the North

A SHORT time back there was a get-rich-quick gentleman who started one of those attractive stockselling propositions which while they live they live in clover, but when they die they die all over. Amid such a multiplicity of schemes one cannot remember whether this particular person was engaged in exploiting Amalgamated Mexican Salve, or Bull Con Consolidated, or Suckerfish Preferred—or what; but in its main essentials his plan was like all the others. You sent him some money and he sent you some handsomely engraved certificates of shares; and he kept the money and you could keep the certificates or use them to paper the spare bedroom with—just as you preferred; but the advertising he distributed was a work of art. It certainly was mighty lovely literature. On the back cover was a beautiful likeness of the old he-promoter himself, wearing his hair a trifle long and on his face the oily smile of a famished fish-duck apprehending a school of minnows. He called himself Major. Inside was the solemn printed promise that everybody who took stock would make a hundred per cent on the investment, and from this figure he refused to abate one jot or tittle. Also and moreover—so ran the announcement—the Major was a son of the Old South, with all that indescribable charm and warmth of manner which ever marks the true Southerner. Or other words to that effect. I think I quote the prospectus pretty near literally.

Whether it was the jot-and-tittle touch or the True-Southerner stuff, or merely the prospect of being expeditiously harpooned, deponent cannot say; but, anyhow, for quite a spell there was a fine run of the customary catch—roach, dace, gudgeon and goggle-eyed perch. On one of those Monday mornings, however, the post-office authorities swooped down upon the Major with a glad cry and, confiscating him, his coin, his accounts and his hired help, locked them all and severally up in places where the authorities could put their hands on them when needed. By evening the Major had thrown off all of the jots and considerably abated the visible supply of tittles; and by the next morning he didn't have a tittle to his back—but it was every bit true about his being a son of the Old South. I've forgotten whether it was Old South Bend, Indiana, or Old South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It may have been Old South Church, Boston, or Old South Brooklyn. But, anyway, it was some Old Southern point several hundred miles to the north of Mason and Dixon's Line.

Recently there was a young person of the male sex pirouetting round in and about New York, who would confess, without being unduly pressed, that his family was probably the oldest and the best and most aristocratic family in the whole Eastern Shore country—where the terrapins also come from. He spoke often and lovingly of the old retainers that had been forty years in the family and were still going strong, making frequent mention by name of such as Ike the valet, and dear old Pompey the butler, and Henry the bodyservant.

One happy day, further to impress a couple of friends—who were from Michigan or Massachusetts—he hauled out a photograph of an impressively large Colonial mansion, with a pillared portico, and passed it round, stating casually that it was a picture of the family domicile down in Maryland. One of his audience was duly impressed; but the other one, it would seem, was of a skeptical turn of mind. Maybe he had been South and knew that most of the typical old antebellum Southern mansions were burned down during the war or had fallen down since, and that, to get the best idea of the typical old Southern mansion, one should go up to Connecticut or over on Long Island, where they put them up in rows on fifty-foot lots for retired New York business men to live in. Perhaps, I say, he knew these things. At any rate, he turned over the picture and read on the other side the names of the New York architects who had designed it in the year 1909 for a rich woolen manufacturer.

Once the writer saw a well-dressed, quiet negro walk up to the bar of a small, out-of-the-way café downtown in New York and order something to drink. A youth there present with difficulty restrained himself from rending the negro apart. One might judge from his remarks that he would prefer to destroy this negro with his bare hands or with an ax, and was only dissuaded from so doing by reason of certain finicky laws framed by a benighted Yankee commonwealth. Some of us inquired the reason of his rage; and he told us quite frankly that he was one of those hot-blooded Southerners, like you read about, and that such sights made him desperate and bloodthirsty almost to the point of madness! Later I learned on reliable authority that he was born in Delaware, which is not so very far south if you remember your geography, and was reared in Trenton, New Jersey, which also lacks considerable of being a typical Southern community.

The Touching Loyalty of Bert Williams

STILL another time I overheard another member in good standing of the same lodge remarking in an offhand way that Bert Williams, the negro comedian, had been born and raised on his father's plantation in Georgia. Then he added a really beautifully artistic touch. He said:

"I never meet Williams on the street that he doesn't take off his hat to me and ask how things are back home on the old place."—Appreciative murmurs.

It seemed almost a shame to spoil the effect by telling his listeners the truth about Bert Williams—which is that he is a West Indian negro, who probably never saw a Georgia plantation or any other kind of a plantation until he went South on his first theatrical engagement. So the writer stole away, leaving the speaker giving the others the exact statistics on how many hundred slaves his grandfather owned and how many Yankees his father killed in the war. This sort of thing went fine before a strictly Northern-born audience; but where he came from—admitting that he really came from the South—it wouldn't have done for half a minute! They'd have laughed in his face. The Professional Southerner is like a snowball—the farther he rolls from the place where he started the bigger he grows!

These are scattered instances, but not uncommon ones. Everywhere you go in New York you strike the Professional Southerner. Sometimes he is selling something; rarely ever does he buy. Sometimes he is living precariously but jauntily on the glories of a splendid but more or less imaginative past. Sometimes he is young and long-haired. Sometimes he is elderly and has an iron-gray mustache and a breath like a hot mince pie—the same

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Passed it Round, Stating Casually That it Was a Picture of the Family Domicile Down in Maryland

The Autobiography of a Small Homesteader in Wyoming

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THERE is a joke going the rounds out here now that somebody asked an Irishman to explain the homestead law; and he said: "I'll tell you all there is to it—the United States Government bets you one hundred and sixty acres against fourteen dollars that you can't live on the land five years and not starve to death!" And it tickles us small homesteaders a lot, for that's just about the size of the situation. It sounds great to you, back East, to hear you can get one hundred and sixty acres of farm land for nothing but living on it five years and paying a small filing fee; and three hundred and twenty acres of desert land besides, if you want it, that "only needs irrigating to produce enormous crops." There are mighty few people, however, but the ones who have tried it out who have any real idea of what it means to take up a homestead—particularly for a young man with no capital and only his labor to fulfill the conditions the Government has laid down, live on his land and prove up on it honestly. I am not speaking of bogus settlers who file for some big company or file only to sell out, or who work all sorts of tricks with false witnesses and get a title. I mean the man who intends to be a bona-fide settler—how does he make a go of it and not starve to death?

The answer is: He doesn't make a go of it generally—he goes broke the third year. And if he does make a go of it he has so little to show for his five years' hard work that he wishes he'd stayed on wages for one of the big companies and saved his money.

What the Government Gives Away

MY PEOPLE were small farmers in the East. I thought I could better myself by coming out West and taking up Government land. I was nineteen and I had a friend in Wyoming—a boy who went to school with me. He wrote very enthusiastic letters and said I could get rich here in a little while in the cattle business. I came to Wyoming first, but I meant to look round over several states—Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah—until I found what suited me. I thought all you had to do was to select a nice piece of land and help yourself.

I had very little money when I reached here and went to work for one of the big cattle companies in the plains country. I soon saw several unfenced tracts of land near the railroad that I liked, and decided to file on one. They were all owned by the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Government gave the railroad every other square mile for twenty miles on each side of the track—a checkerboard of land forty miles wide—in return for building the road. The Union Pacific was willing to sell me all it still owned, but I had no money to buy it with.

I went on looking about and asking where there was any land to file on, for there didn't seem to be an acre left within twenty miles of the railroad. I have since found out that there was plenty of land; but people were using it, and they told me it was filed on or already deeded so I wouldn't get it away from them. How was a green Eastern boy to know enough to go to Cheyenne and look up the records in the land office? Instead, I went on looking up land and asking about it until I was discouraged.

Land itself is different here from what it is back East. In the part of Pennsylvania I came from most of the land is good and only needs to be cleared and planted. Out here there are hundreds of miles of desert land without water and covered with stones; hundreds of miles of hills and mountains—the Rocky Mountains that are well-named, indeed, for they are masses of rock, with little or no soil on them. There are miles and miles of hills that raise feed enough to graze cattle, but that cannot be plowed or irrigated. Only the draws—or valleys between the hills—are any good for farming. When the sagebrush and cottonwoods are cleared off and the land put under ditch these strips are very rich and cut large crops of hay.

The Man Who Intends to be a Bona-Fide Settler

The fact that every acre near the railroad was gone was not the worst for me—I found you have to take your land all in one lump, just as it lies on the Government survey lines. You may take it as a square in four forty-acre lots, or as a long strip, or as an L; but the Government won't let you pick out four good forties scattered round over the country and call that a homestead. You must take it just as it comes, good and bad, on one hundred and sixty adjoining acres, or go without. So, when you come right down to it, you may not have more than ten acres of tillable land on your homestead—twenty is a fair average; and you are a lucky fellow if you can get out forty—that is, one quarter of your homestead—after working years to reclaim it, clearing off sagebrush and putting in hundreds of dollars' worth of ditch.

The best ranch at Garrett—which is the best in hundreds of square miles—has only fifty acres that can be plowed; the remaining hundred and ten acres are fit only for grazing. It takes about one acre of this land to support a sheep—ten to feed a cow.

My fine dream of a homestead, free for living on it, came down to this: A small strip of soil, with a stream, and a hundred and forty acres of worthless rock, seventy or eighty miles from a railroad—and even that I didn't seem able to locate.

There was one time I thought I should give it all up and go back East; but the second summer, when I was working on a ranch at Garrett forty-five miles from the railroad, I heard of a good claim seventeen miles farther off and went over to see it. I liked the place and it appeared to be the best I could get; and I decided to file on it as soon as I was of age.

That fall there was a surveyor out our way, and I carried him over and had him locate my lines and bounds. I paid him forty dollars for his work—that was my first cash outlay. The filing fee would be fourteen dollars.

I kept my place at the ranch, saving my wages, which were forty-five dollars a month. By the end of the winter I had calculated to have three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

The first thing I did after I found my homestead was to look for a good team. Out in this country a man without a horse is a lost soul. I had bought a good cow-pony when first I came out, but I had to have a heavy team for hauling logs, plowing and working my homestead. I wanted mares to breed, and I figured that the sooner I got them and started my bunch of horses the better off I should be.

I traded my cow-pony, worth sixty dollars, and fifty dollars in cash for a young, unbroken mare that I broke to harness. On the ranch where I was working they had a good mate to her—a five-year-old broken mare that had had one colt. They wanted two hundred dollars for her and wouldn't take a cent less; but they were willing to do this for me—hold out my wages to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and take my note, payable in six months or a year, for the rest.

I now had one of the best workteams in the country. During the winter I bought a second-hand democrat wagon and double harness that I repaired almost like new, for six dollars and fifty cents. With this outfit I drove to Cheyenne and filed in April, a month after I became of age.

I found that I had about twenty-two acres of rich land that could be cultivated, though there was not so much as a square yard that didn't have to be cleared.

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

NOW a man in this country gets five dollars an acre, on contract, grubbing sagebrush, which meant that I must put in about a hundred dollars' worth of labor on my homestead before I could cut a crop of hay; and I couldn't cut even a pound of hay the first year because I could not spare the time to clear my land. I learned then—what I've been finding out more and more ever since—that the small homesteader spends his life between the devil and the deep sea. If I took my time to clear my land I could not earn money to put up my cabin and pay for my keep while I did it. I had barely enough when I got back from Cheyenne to pay for my lumber. The law requires you to put up your house inside of six months or forfeit your claim. I didn't want to starve to death waiting for my crop of hay, so I let the clearing go and earned all the money I could through the summer—working out in order to have something to go ahead with.

I got a week off the last of April, borrowed a tent, bought some grub and went up to my homestead and cut and hauled the logs for a fourteen-by-thirty cabin. My window-sashes, doors, nails, hardware, and so on, cost twenty-two dollars; my lumber for the roof, floors and partitions, eighteen dollars. I ordered these things and kept them stored where I was working, and hauled them up when I was ready to build in September.

From May until the middle of September I worked out with my team, wherever I could get haying. I earned three dollars and fifty cents a day—more than I could make at steady wages without the team. I cleared two

hundred and eighty-five dollars that summer. Except twenty-five dollars I still owed on my note for the mare, I was clear of debt when I started to put up my cabin.

I did not feel I could afford to hire an expert carpenter at three dollars a day to help me build, and during the summer I traded the work of myself and team with two of my neighbors, giving them each a week of my services, haying, in exchange for two weeks each of their work, building. I agreed to board them.

This seemed to me a very good and economical arrangement at the time I made it.

We three men lived in a tent while we put up the cabin, and we took turns cooking and cleaning up and shooting sage chickens. This used up a great deal of time—more than a person has any idea of—and the three of us got away with twenty dollars' worth of groceries and a sheep I bought for three dollars and butchered.

The men rated their time at one dollar and fifty cents a day, and their combined work amounted to twenty-four days—thirty-six dollars' worth of labor on the cabin. If I had hired a good carpenter at three dollars a day instead, he and I could have done the whole thing in a week, and it would have cost me only half as much to board him.

Every dollar counts to a man who has nothing but his two hands between him and starvation; and you can't always do things in the cheapest way because you haven't the ready money. Anyway, I was a happy fellow when the cabin was done, though it cost me quite a bit more than I had calculated.

COST OF CABIN ON HOMESTEAD

My time, with team, cutting and hauling logs, 1 week	$18 00
Board for self, 1 week	3 50
Window-sashes, hardware, etc	22 00
Lumber	18 00
Labor—2 men	9 00
Board for 3 men 2 weeks	25 00
Own time building, at $1.50 a day	18 00
Freight and hauling window-sashes, etc.	4 25
Own time hauling lumber, etc.	6 00
Tools—saws, planes, hammers, etc.	18 17
Ax and shovel	2 50
Lantern	1 00
Log chain	7 50
Post bar	1 50
Incidentals—cartridges, oil, soap, etc	3 50
Total	$158 42
Labor—not paid for	78 00
Cash cost of cabin	$80 42

A hundred and two dollars was more than I had expected to spend, though I must admit it was a very reasonable amount. Cabins generally cost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, with the labor of the homesteader; and from that up, according to the fixings. I have included the tools with the cost of mine because they were part of what I had to spend—and earn—in order to build at all.

My cabin had only two rooms—a kitchen-living room, with a bedroom partitioned off. I planned to have an L later, but not the first year, as I was thinking of getting some cattle and did not like to spare a dollar. I put a dirt roof on the cabin. Dirt is cheap—though if you do not have tight boards under it your roof leaks mud over everything inside when it rains.

There was lumber enough left over for a bunk, a table, a bench and some shelves. Still, I needed a good deal more than that to make the place comfortable and homelike. The law requires you to have a stove and a bed. While I was making out a list of what I needed—which footed up nearly two hundred dollars—Bill Moore, the man who owned the cows I had been looking at with a view to buying, came over to see what I would do about them. He had sold out his homestead to one of the cattle companies and was going to Oregon. He was holding his seven cows, with calves running by them, at thirty-seven dollars a head, with the calves.

I had a guess coming that he'd take less, as it was late in the season and he was anxious to get away. I offered him two hundred dollars cash for the bunch and handed him the roll. He took me up and drove the cows over next day. Three of the calves were heifers. I should have to wait three years for them to breed and three or four years before I could ship the steers. It did not seem a long time to me—then!

But where was my fine new furniture? It was another case of the devil and the deep sea. If I didn't get a bunch of cattle as soon as possible I'd have no income; and if I missed a chance to buy a bargain I'd lose my profits. I had only forty-one dollars left after this transaction and my housebuilding; but there were a few things I had to have, such as cooking utensils, dishes, bedding, a few chairs and the stove. I hooked up my team, drove in to Laramie—a two-days' trip—bought what I couldn't get on without and came home with just one cent in my pocket! I have kept that cent ever since as my mascot, and it has been all the cash I had in the world many a time since.

A Mascot in a Pocket Penny

MY PLACE seemed very homelike when I got my new furniture in. All the same, I realized I was in a pretty bad hole. I had the cattle, but no hay. During the summer they fed on the range, but it would cost me six dollars a head to winter them.

I had been meaning to spend most of my winter at home, clearing my land and getting it fenced; and the money I paid for the cows would have seen me through nicely; but as I had only a few groceries and a sack of flour—and one cent—I could work on my place, cutting fenceposts, only as long as the flour held out, which was two weeks.

I tried to get work with my team hauling logs, but nobody seemed to need it; and I had to take the only other job that came along—herding sheep up on Cow Creek.

It was a lonely ranch, several miles from the nearest house. The man I worked for had twelve hundred sheep, and his son was helping him—a young fellow my age.

That was a hard range to run sheep on—mostly rock ledges, where the sheep fed; but once they got up we had lots of trouble getting them down. It was climb, climb, climb all day long! At night we put the sheep in a big corral back of the cabin.

We thought they'd be safe there from everything; but pretty soon we began to miss some out of the flock and after looking around we found bear tracks about the corral.

One morning at daylight I heard a commotion among the sheep. I jumped out of bed and ran to the corral. There was a big brown bear standing on his hindlegs, with a sheep in his arms. He looked at me and I looked at him. He climbed over the fence, hugging the sheep in his arms, and made for the woods. I didn't have a rifle or anything with me, and he got away.

We kept the rifles ready for him after that, but when he came again it was in the dead of night and we never had a single shot at him to pay for the sheep he took. This happened in the fall before the bears went to sleep in their winter quarters. After the snow fell we weren't troubled with them, but wolves and coyotes were round in plenty. We tried trapping and poisoning, and got a few coyotes but no wolves—wolves are too sly now. I shot one wolf and seven coyotes that winter. The bounty on the wolf was five dollars and on the coyotes ten dollars and fifty cents. I sold the hides for sixteen dollars. This was quite a help to me and paid the balance on my mare.

I went home every little while to sleep on my homestead and spent every daylight hour grubbing sagebrush or cutting fenceposts. It seemed pretty hard to pay out my wages for wintering my cattle. I thought my homestead ought to keep them.

I did not like herding sheep—very few people do—and I was glad when the job was over. I went home with one hundred and ninety dollars on the first of May. This was my second summer on the homestead and I could not let the fencing and clearing go any longer.

One of my neighbors who helped me with the house was willing to trade work with me again on the same terms—two days of his time to one of mine with the team—up to one month. I was to pay him for whatever more he spent and board him. Together we finished cutting fenceposts and building the fence. My wire and staples cost me one hundred dollars; our board for five weeks amounted to forty dollars. He helped me finish clearing, plowing and seeding five acres of meadow and getting it under ditch. From this I could cut enough hay to winter my cattle.

I paid him nine dollars for his extra week and bought a plow. These expenses and a few incidentals left me with my one cent again.

I had a hay contract of a month in July and August that would about see me through the summer and leave me free to go on clearing my remaining land and getting it seeded, so it would bring me some income; but when I came to study out the rest of my proposition I made a very painful discovery. I found I could not get the head of water to irrigate the upper meadow unless I started nearly a mile upstream and run the ditch half of the way through solid rock. If I had known this at the time—if I had thought to ask the surveyor, who could have told me—I should never have filed on the homestead at all, for it meant all of five hundred dollars' worth of labor and blasting-powder to get even those few more acres under cultivation. That settled my land-clearing for the present. There was but one thing for me to do—work out all summer at anything I could get and save every dollar!

It is the truth that I was so discouraged at this prospect that I had serious thoughts of renouncing my homestead, selling out and following Bill Moore to Oregon. He had written me that there was no place like it and for me to go in with him on an apple-orchard proposition. I believe I should have done it, too, only I was interested in a young lady, the daughter of the people for whom I had been working; and she did not want to go so far from her father and mother. She said she couldn't see why I couldn't make a go

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We Don't Want These Things Anyway

The Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VII

MISS LEWIS had heard the crash and came running with the hall nurse from the floor below. Tish was sitting on the floor among the pieces of glass, with Tommy's head on her knee, crying over him, when they got there. He opened his eyes just then and lay staring up at the hole in the skylight above as if he was puzzled. Then he turned his head and saw who was holding him, and made an effort to sit up.

"You—needn't look so tragic, Aunt Tish," he said. "I'm—I'm all right."

Then he fell back on her lap again.

Miss Lewis got down and began to feel him for broken bones.

"Skull's whole, thank goodness!" she muttered. "Can you move your legs, doctor?"

Tommy lifted them in turn, making grimaces of pain. Then he lifted his right arm. It fell as if he couldn't support its weight.

"I've bruised my shoulder," he said, and lay back with his eyes closed.

"Get his coat off," ordered Miss Lewis, and I knelt to help her; but Tommy resisted.

"I'm all right," he said crossly. "I'll look after it later myself."

"Tommy!" said Tish. "Let them take your coat off."

"I won't have it off!" he insisted; and when she persisted he was almost vicious.

Miss Lewis sat back on her heels and shook her head at me.

"He's a little dazed," she said. "How in the world did it happen?"

"I was walking on the roof," said Tommy, more agreeably, "and I stepped on the skylight by mistake. It was dark underneath. It was a darn-fool thing to do!"

The hall nurse and Miss Lewis exchanged glances, and the hall nurse looked at me and smiled.

"He is still dazed," she said, smiling. "How could he step on the skylight? It has a four-foot fence round it!"

We waited for him to explain further, but he let it go at that, and lay for a little while with his mouth shut hard and a queer, thoughtful look on his face. He roused pretty soon, however, and grunted as if his shoulder pained him. Then he made Tish get up, and after a minute or so he sat up himself. He sat there gazing at the skylight, and a few drops of rain came down through the opening. Tish and I shivered. We were only partly dressed.

Tommy saw it and was on his feet at once, pretty much himself.

"Now don't let's have any fuss about this, please," he said, addressing us all. "I forgot the skylight—that's all. I'm not hurt, Aunt Tish, and you and Miss Lizzie must go to bed this instant."

"What are *you* going to do?" Tish demanded sharply. "Going up on the roof again?"

"I'll be down pretty soon," he evaded. "Jacobs and I will just straighten out this mess a bit."

I caught a look of intelligence between the two of them and Jacobs spoke up:

"If the doctor'll lend a hand ——"

"Tommy," Tish said suddenly. "The shoulder of your coat is soaked with blood!"

Tommy put his hand up and felt it.

"I've got a scratch somewhere up there," he said coolly. "It isn't going to be touched until two ladies in negligee and curl-papers are safe in bed, with hot-water bottles at their feet. Miss Lewis, Miss Carberry is using her knee again!"

"I'd use a switch if I had one," said Tish almost with tears in her eyes. But Tommy has the same will that she has herself; and we were downstairs between blankets—I on the couch in Tish's room and Tish in bed, with our feet against hot-water bottles, and drinking cups of hot milk—almost before we knew it.

But Tommy and the watchman did not clean up the broken glass in the upper hall. Whatever they did, that glass was still there the next morning, and none of us disturbed the general belief that it had been broken by the hailstorm that came just before dawn.

I was so hoarse the next morning that I could hardly speak, and Tish kept me on her couch. Her knee was stiff again too. Including Aggie, though she had slept through the skylight incident, we were pretty well used up; but Tish would not let us go home. It was just as well. She could hardly have faced the events of the next two days without us.

Aggie had her breakfast in bed, but Tish and I had Briggs, the orderly who carried in our trays, set out a table for us, and we were really very snug. Tish was as cross as two sticks until she'd had her tea, when she grew more companionable.

"I want to ask you something, Lizzie," she said as she poured her second cup. "How, when we saw Tommy go into the mortuary as plain as day, could he fall down from the roof?"

"Well," I said, buttering my toast, "you know about the what-you-call-'ems in India. They send up a rope into the sky and then a boy up the rope, and after he has disappeared they give the rope a jerk and he falls—apparently from nowhere. It's some sort of optical illusion."

"Don't be a fool!" Tish observed sharply. "I've been thinking it over in bed. There must be a fire-escape there somewhere."

"Oh!" I hadn't thought of a fire-escape.

"Now then," said Tish, "suppose there is a fire-escape and the Blake girl went up by it to the roof and Tommy followed her—which is what happened, Lizzie. I'm nobody's fool. I've got eyes in my head. If that young woman had jumped off the windowsill Tommy Andrews would have jumped too. Now then, *why* did the Blake girl go to the roof?"

"It Came Down With the Skylight. What Do You Make of It?"

"Maybe she wanted air," I suggested. Tish waved her napkin at me.

"Air!" she snapped. "When you want air do you generally climb a fire-escape to a roof, when there's a staircase up to it, and entice young men to fall down through skylights and break their shoulders? Lizzie"—she leaned over—"Lizzie, that young vixen pushed him through that skylight and I can prove it!"

"No!"

"Yes!" She got up and, going to the cupboard, lifted down her best hat.

"Look here!" she said, and took from its crown a brass candlestick, the base bent almost double. "I was sitting on that while I held Tommy's head last night. It came down with the skylight," she said. "That's the candlestick the Blake girl was carrying. What do you make of it?"

I was speechless. Tish unlocked the lower bureau drawer and put the candlestick in it, beside the roller-towel marked S. P. T. and something else, which I learned later was the bandage Linda Smith had found in the upper hall and identified as the one that had tied Johnson's hands.

"Now," she said, locking the drawer again, "I'm going to have a little chat with Miss Blake. It's my belief she let old Johnson die from neglect or gave him poison by mistake. And now he's haunting her—or she's haunting him, which is what it looks like."

We had no chat with Miss Blake that day, however. The day nurse, taking her a tray of breakfast, found her delirious in bed with a raging fever. Miss Lewis went over to see her.

"She's been preparing for this for some time," she said when she came back. "She was queer yesterday—you remember, Miss Lizzie—and last night she did a funny thing. She got the night nurse to give her a bottle of morphine—enough to kill a horse. And I found it under her pillow this morning, almost half of it gone!"

"Great Heavens!" Tish said. "Why, the girl's a potential murderess!"

Miss Lewis turned, with a pillow in her arms. "Not a bit of it!" she said. "There's something queer about this place lately—and I don't care who hears me say it. But folks will have to make insinuations against Ruth Blake over my dead body." She glared at Tish and Tish at her.

"I have reasons to doubt that Miss Blake is all you think her," said Tish stiffly; but Miss Lewis came and stood over her unpleasantly.

"I'm not for making any trouble, Miss Carberry," she said; "but this house was calm enough until two days ago,

"No, Ma'am; if You Think I Did That You Think I'm a Braver Man Than I Am!"

and Ruth Blake has been here six months; and, what's more, I notice one thing: The most of the excitement has been round where you are. Maybe you're a psychic, as they call it, and don't know it. Maybe it's—something else; but it wasn't Miss Blake who first saw Johnson hanging by his neck, and it wasn't Miss Blake the skylight all but fell on, and it wasn't Miss Blake's nephew that fell through the skylight, and it wasn't in the room of Miss Blake's best friend next door that a death-cold foot ——"

Tish put her fingers in her ears and fled to Aggie. Nevertheless, Miss Lewis had set me to thinking.

VIII

AGGIE'S hay fever was bad that morning and she stayed in bed. Tish and I went in and sat with her after breakfast, and she was very disagreeable.

"I shall certaidly tell Tobby whad I thig of hib!" she grumbled. "I told hib I could not hold that therbobeter. That is what gave be that dreab—if it was a dreab!"

"Certainly it was a dream," said Tish.

"I'b not so sure!" Aggie retorted.

Well, relieved of the hay fever, Aggie's story was something like this: She had been asleep and was dreaming she had turned into a thermometer herself; and as she got hotter, having too many blankets on, she said she felt herself expanding until her head touched something that she thought was the head of the bed. She said, in her dream, she kept on expanding; and she was just saying to Tommy Andrews, in a fury, that if it grew any hotter she'd burst, when something gave way at the head of the bed with a sort of tearing sound -and she wakened. She said it was a full minute before she was certain she wasn't a thermometer and hadn't expanded right up through the top. Then she reached up to turn over her pillow—and just beside her was a dead foot! She had thought she was still dreaming and had actually caught hold of it; but it disappeared under her fingers—dissolved, as you might say—and there was no body. Aggie was positive about that. It was then she sat up and screamed.

Well, we kept the knowledge of what had happened to Tommy from her and left her sitting up in bed using a nasal spray. Tish was wonderfully better after breakfast and we walked up and down the corridor, she without the cane and with hardly a limp.

It was Tish who suggested that we go into the nurses' dormitory and ask how Miss Blake was; and after we had located Miss Lewis, gossiping with the day nurse in a corner, we slipped in. Patients are forbidden in the dormitory.

The door to Miss Blake's room was closed, but somebody was inside, talking. Tish and I waited outside, and we could hardly help hearing what was said. It was a woman's voice—familiar enough, but I couldn't place it.

"You must stay in bed, Ruth," she was pleading. "Oh, my dear, how can I forgive myself!"

"Let me up!" Ruth Blake's voice, insistent and querulous. "They are hanging him up by the neck ——" Her voice died away in a groan.

The other woman broke into frightened sobbing and Tish put her hand on the knob; but I held her back.

"I have killed her!" said the voice. "Always thinking of myself! Ruth! Listen to me!"

"Through the skylight!" babbled Ruth. "I say he's dead!"

"Ruth!" begged the voice, and there was more sobbing, growing gradually quieter. Then silence, as if the sick girl had dropped asleep.

Tish and I slipped away and back through the connecting door to our room. Once there, by common mute consent we left the door into the corridor open and took up such positions as enabled us to watch the people who passed along the hall. Ten minutes brought nobody. Then we heard the door open and brisk steps coming along the hall.

"Well?" said Miss Linda Smith in her cheerful way. "Well, how's the knee this morning?"

"Better," Tish replied genially.

"That's fine," said Miss Smith and hurried along, humming a bit of a song. Tish and I looked at each other. In spite of the cheerfulness, of the eyes bathed in cold water and face carefully powdered, it was Miss Smith's voice we had heard in the Blake girl's room.

When we got to talking it over, however, we couldn't see that what we had heard had really any importance. Miss Smith had left the girl alone in the mortuary and was reproaching herself for having done it—that was all. But, as Tish said, what did she mean by saying she was always thinking of herself? It was hardly, as Tish pointed out, an act of supreme selfishness to go down and get an armful of sheets to cover a corpse!

Tommy came in at eleven o'clock, freshly shaved and linened, and apparently as well as ever. He had been over to see Miss Blake first, but found her sleeping, which he considered a good sign. I noticed that he kept his right hand in his pocket and did not use the arm at all. He said the shoulder was stiff, naturally, and that he must have been sleep-walking himself to get over that fence and through the skylight the way he had.

"Sleep-walking!" said Tish sharply. "Do you think that girl was sleep-walking?"

"I certainly do," said Tommy.

"Then you're a fool," said Tish. "If she was sleep-walking, so was the burglar who took my disciple spoons last fall. Sleep-walking!"

"I wish you ——"

"You're wishing me bad luck if you feel the way you look!" said Tish shrewdly. "Now, Tommy, I'm going to get to the bottom of all this—and so are you. It will take twice the amount of effort separated as united. Don't try any evasions with me—half a truth is worse than a good lie. Now—out with it. What happened on the roof?"

"I wish I knew!" said Tommy, and looked at us gravely. "You saw what there was to see upstairs. I happened to see Miss Blake going up the stairs with the candle, and I noticed something strange in her expression. I followed her and you followed me. She went into each room and then to the mortuary. That's proof, isn't it, that she was sleep-walking? I've worried over it all night and I'm sure of it. Anyhow, why would she take a candle, when there is electric light everywhere? I tell you, the shock of the night before was on the girl's mind while she slept."

Tish had got out her sheet of letter paper.

"Well?" she said, putting something down.

"I saw her go into the mortuary and I heard her talking. I couldn't make out what she said. Then there was a crash and I ran. When I got there one of the stained glass windows was wide open and she was climbing up the fire-escape outside. The candle had gone out. Aunt Tish, that fire-escape up there is five high stories from the ground. Awake, she couldn't have done it."

"Humph!" said Tish. "It isn't hard at night, when you can't see how far it is to the ground." Then, seeing that Tommy was looking sulky, she added: "Still, you may be right."

"Up to that point," said Tommy, "I'm perfectly clear. I was out on the escape by the time she got to the roof, and I lost her there. I saw her again, however, when I climbed on to the roof and went toward her. I've heard a lot about the danger of waking sleep-walkers suddenly, and I spoke to her quietly. I said: 'Miss Blake!'"

"Well," he continued, "that's about all I remember. Or, no; it isn't. The girl was asleep and not responsible. She turned like a flash when I spoke and cried out; and—I think she threw the brass candlestick at me! Then, I seemed to be falling forward—and when I knew anything again I was in the hall below."

"Having fainted over a four-foot fence!" Tish observed sharply. "Tommy, that won't do."

"I give you my word, Aunt Tish," he said, "I haven't any idea how I got over that fence and through that skylight."

"I have!" Tish said, and put away her notepaper. We both stared at her and Tommy even smiled.

"Exactly," he said. "I've thought of that; but how do you account for the fact that not a patient left his ward or private room last night—that every servant and nurse was in his proper place? Jacobs and I took pains to find that out. And that I've got as pretty a bite in my right shoulder as you would care to see!"

"Bite!" Tish exclaimed, and reached for the paper.

"Bite!" I repeated. "Then it must be an animal ——"

"Who knows?" Tommy said quietly. "Jacobs and I got it cauterized. I don't want the internes to get hold of that part of the story—they're apt to talk to the nurses. I hardly know what to do next. Since Mr. Harrison had the trouble last night with the medical men he is too busy holding down his job to have much time for anything else. If there's to be anything done I think it's up to me."

"It's up to *us!*" said Tish firmly.

IX

AFTER all, it was my suggestion that we bring in Briggs, the orderly, and ask him about the night Johnson's body was moved. Tish acknowledges this; and if she does not realize how much poor Briggs helped us in unraveling the mystery I am not the one to remind her. Briggs was on night duty and went to bed after carrying the breakfast trays on our floor.

Tish, however, having approved of my idea, had appropriated it as her own—which is a way most self-willed people have; and she insisted that Tommy send for him.

Briggs came about twelve o'clock, looking rather surly and presenting a general appearance of having his coat and trousers on over his nightshirt.

"Come in, Briggs," said Tommy when he knocked. "Sorry to wake you, old man."

"I wasn't sleeping," he replied sourly. "The noise in the place is enough to waken the dead."

"Perhaps," said Tish—"perhaps that's what ailed Johnson!"

Briggs turned quickly and looked at her. He was a tall man with a heavy black mustache and powerful, stooped shoulders. He had one drooping eyelid that gave him an unpleasant appearance. Whether it was consciousness of this, or shiftiness, which was Tish's theory, he never looked directly at one. As Tish said, his gaze seemed to stop at your collar; but if you averted your eyes you were sure to have the feeling that he'd darted a stealthy glance at you and got away with it before you could catch him.

"No," he said, after a moment: "nothing will waken Johnson but the trumpet on the last day."

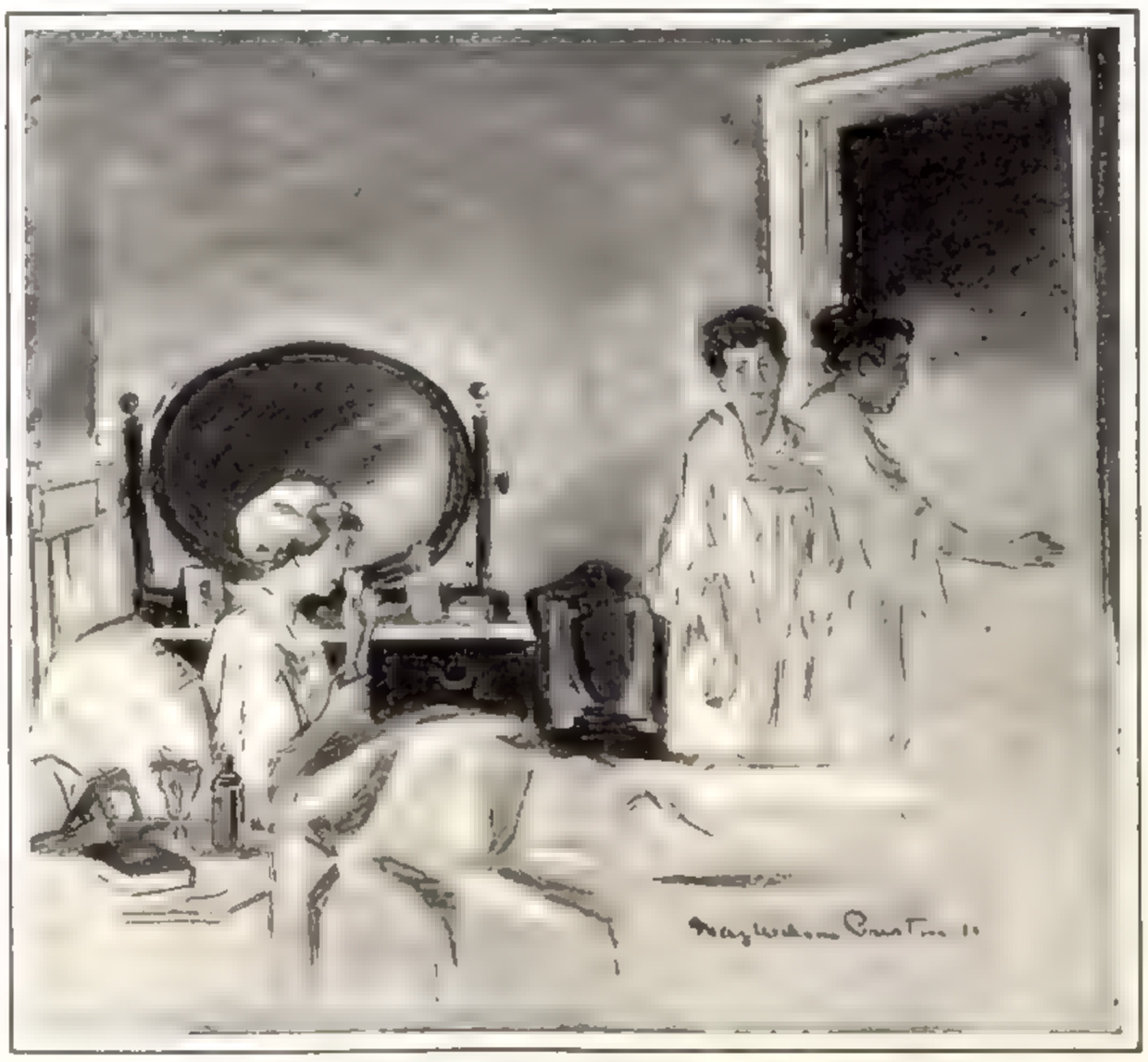
"Do you know, Briggs," Tish said coolly, "I have my own little theory about that night. You don't like Miss Smith; and you and Marshall prepared a little surprise for her. Shame on you, Briggs!"

He positively looked straight at her. It was so surprising that it presented him in a new light, with a sort of aureole of outraged virtue.

"No, ma'am!" he said. "You're right, I don't get along with Miss Smith; but as for playing a trick of that sort ——!" He took his handkerchief out and wiped his forehead. "I wouldn't have done it on anybody," he said; "and as for Johnson"—he glanced at Tommy, half ashamed—"I tell you, the things I've seen about that man's bed would make me respect him, dead or living—raps on the footboard, and his bedside stand with two legs in the air and beating time like a drum. No, *ma'am;* if you think I did that you think I'm a braver man than I am!"

"Humph!" said Tish, and put down "raps and bedside stand—Johnson."

"Suppose," Tommy suggested, "you tell us exactly what happened the night Johnson died."



We Kept the Knowledge of What Had Happened to Tommy From Her

"He died at ten minutes after twelve on Tuesday night, sir. I was staying by a delirious patient in the next ward, doctor. Miss Durand, the night nurse, was busy and asked me to watch him. It wasn't until an hour after he died that I was notified to take Johnson's body to the mortuary. I called Marshall from the floor below and we took the body up on the elevator. Jacobs runs the elevator after midnight, it being not used except for emergency—night operations, ambulance cases coming in, or a death.

"We put the body on the receiving table and Marshall uncovered his face. Maybe we were both nervous, having talked many a time during his sickness with the old man, and him saying he'd come back and bring us some sign from the spirit world after he'd passed over. Anyhow, Marshall uncovered his face and looked at him, and he said: 'Johnson, now's your time to make good. Here *you* are and here *we* are. Come over with the sign!'"

Briggs looked at Tommy, and Tommy nodded for him to continue.

"Sign," wrote Tish on her memorandum. "Then what happened, Briggs?"

Neither of us would have been a bit surprised if he had said the dead man moved a foot or that unseen hands pulled the pipe-molding loose and bent it down before their very eyes; but Briggs shook his head.

"Nothing—then," he said; "but when I heard about what happened later I had a talk with Marshall. I don't believe in fooling with things you don't know anything about."

"Briggs," Tommy said suddenly, "you say the body lay in the ward almost an hour before removal. Why was that?"

"Because," Briggs replied significantly, "there was no nurse in that ward when he died or for nearly an hour after. The ward was in charge of a convalescent typhoid named Bates."

"Why was that?" Tommy demanded. But Briggs only shrugged his shoulders with his good eye fixed about four inches below Tommy's chin. When he got no answer——

"Bring Bates here!" Tommy said sharply; and during the interval, until the two men appeared, he walked somberly up and down, his face thoughtful.

Bates was hardly prepossessing. He shuffled in in a pair of carpet slippers much too large, a pair of faded trousers and a garment that was evidently his nightshirt with the tail tucked in. But Bates was shrewd if unshaven, as we found out.

"Bates," said Tommy, "you are a patient in K ward?"

"Yes, sir."

"You helped to look after Johnson—the man who died night before last?"

"Sometimes—when the nurses were busy."

"Have you heard anything about—what happened after his death?" Bates smiled.

"There's been a good bit of talk going round, sir," he said. "He'd got the ward worked up some—talking about coming back after he'd cashed in. One of the men claims to have seen him looking in the window near his bed last night, and there's a story about his corpse being found hanging—but that's quite too ridiculous, sir."

"It's true, Bates."

Bates' jaw dropped. "Oh, no, sir! Surely not!" he said, and changed color.

"Now, Bates," Tommy said, "we are men of sense—you and I. We know Johnson didn't do it himself, don't we?"

"Yes, sir." He was not so convinced as he might have been.

"Then it was done for him."

"Yes, sir."

"Presumably by somebody in the house."

"Yes, sir."

"Bates, was any one missing from your ward, during either last night or the night before, that you know of?"

Bates thought. "No, sir," he said. "I don't sleep much—that's my trouble, insomnia; I can hear a kitten stir in my ward—not, of course, that we're liable to kittens, sir. Night before last I was up and dressed all night, wandering round; and last night I sat up with that railroad case. The boy was out of his head."

"Then, either night, no patient could have stolen out from K ward into the house and been absent for any length of time without your knowing it?"

"It's hardly possible," Bates said. "Mr. Briggs or I would know for sure, sir."

"Do you help in the other wards on the men's floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are there any delirious patients?"

"None able to stand or walk about."

"I see," Tommy said thoughtfully. "And now, Bates, is it correct that Miss Durand, the night nurse, left her ward for fifty minutes, knowing that Johnson was dying?"

"Fifty-five minutes, sir." Bates' shrewd eyes said more than his words.

"It was, possibly, for night supper?"

"That's at two o'clock." Bates knew a good bit about the hospital and enjoyed showing his knowledge.

"You have no idea why she left?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Smith came to the door, and they went away together. Miss Smith looked upset and nervous—as if she'd been crying—if you will excuse my saying so, sir."

"Did you notice in which direction they went?"

"They went down stairs. When they came back Miss Smith was looking more cheerful and she had a bundle in her hand."

"What sort of a bundle?"

"Darkish. It might have been clothing. Miss Durand was frightened when she found Johnson had died and she asked me not to say she had been away."

"Thanks, Bates. You'd better go back now," said Tommy. "And, Bates, if you hear or see anything that strikes you as curious, let me know, will you?"

Bates promised and flapped out, with Briggs behind him. Tommy called Briggs back.

"Briggs," he said, "I have asked the superintendent to let me put on a few guards tonight. This thing has gone beyond a joke. Mr. Harrison will give us the scrubbers, Frank from the elevator and two assistants from the laundry. The internes have volunteered also—that makes eleven—with you and myself, thirteen."

"Thirteen!" said Briggs. "Would you mind making it fourteen, doctor?"

Tommy looked surprised.

"Briggs!" he said. "Surely you ——" Then he took a good look at Briggs' pasty face and nodded. "All right," he said. "We can have Hicks, from the ambulance. And just a word," he said as Briggs made for the door. "We are not talking, Briggs. Most of these men are watching for a thief. Do you understand? And I'd be glad to have your help in placing them where they'll do the most good."

Bates Was Hardly Prepossessing

x

MISS LEWIS came in a few minutes after Briggs had gone and, closing the door behind her, looked at Tommy.

"Miss Blake is conscious," she said. "Temperature only ninety-nine; pulse a hundred and forty."

"Good!" Tommy said heartily. It was evident to us all how relieved he was. "But I don't like the pulse." He was brushing his hair back with Tish's brush. "She's had some terrific shock."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Lewis over her shoulder.

Tommy leaned over and kissed Tish's cheek. He was delighted at the mere prospect of seeing the Little Nurse, and showed it. "Now try to be good until I come back—both of you," he said. "All right, Miss Lewis, we'll have a look at our patient in the dormitory."

Miss Lewis looked flushed and uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry, doctor," she said. "Miss—Miss Blake doesn't—she has asked for Doctor Willson instead."

"What!" said Tommy, and turned a dark red.

"She's asked for Doctor Willson," repeated Miss Lewis. "There's no mistake. I've been coaxing her for ten minutes."

"She's still delirious," Tish snapped. "And it is not necessary to coax people to retain my nephew's professional services, Miss Lewis."

"Why, that's all right," Tommy said with affected cheerfulness. "Willson's a fine chap—she couldn't do better."

"Fiddle!" Tish was angry. "Who is Willson anyhow?"

"Big fellow; dark eyes—very distinguished-looking man," said Tommy humbly. Tommy is handsome, if being straight and slim and young counts for anything; but I dare say one could hardly call him distinguished. Tish and I differ about this. "Good gracious, Aunt Tish, the girl ought to have the privilege of selecting her own doctor!"

"Humph!"

"Suppose you go back to the dormitory, Miss Lewis," Tommy said, "and say to Miss—Miss Blake that she's made a wise choice and I'll send Willson to her as soon as he comes in. And ask her if she will let me see her for a moment—not professionally."

Miss Lewis looked doubtful, but she went. When she came back in five minutes she was evidently irritated, and her cap was more than ever on one ear.

"She's sitting on the side of the bed, half dressed," she grumbled, "and she says she won't see anybody."

"Then she doesn't want Willson?" asked Tommy, looking relieved.

"No. Says she's all right; and if people don't stop bothering her she is going out somewhere in the country where they have a dog and kittens! That's what she said! Not cat and kittens ——"

"Sensible girl," said Tommy, happy again. "She—hasn't changed her mind about seeing me?"

"No; nor about locking the door. And what's more"—she stopped and glanced at Tommy—"I'd like to speak to you a moment in the hall, doctor."

"What sort of shilly-shallying is that?" demanded Tish. "Can't you speak to him here?"

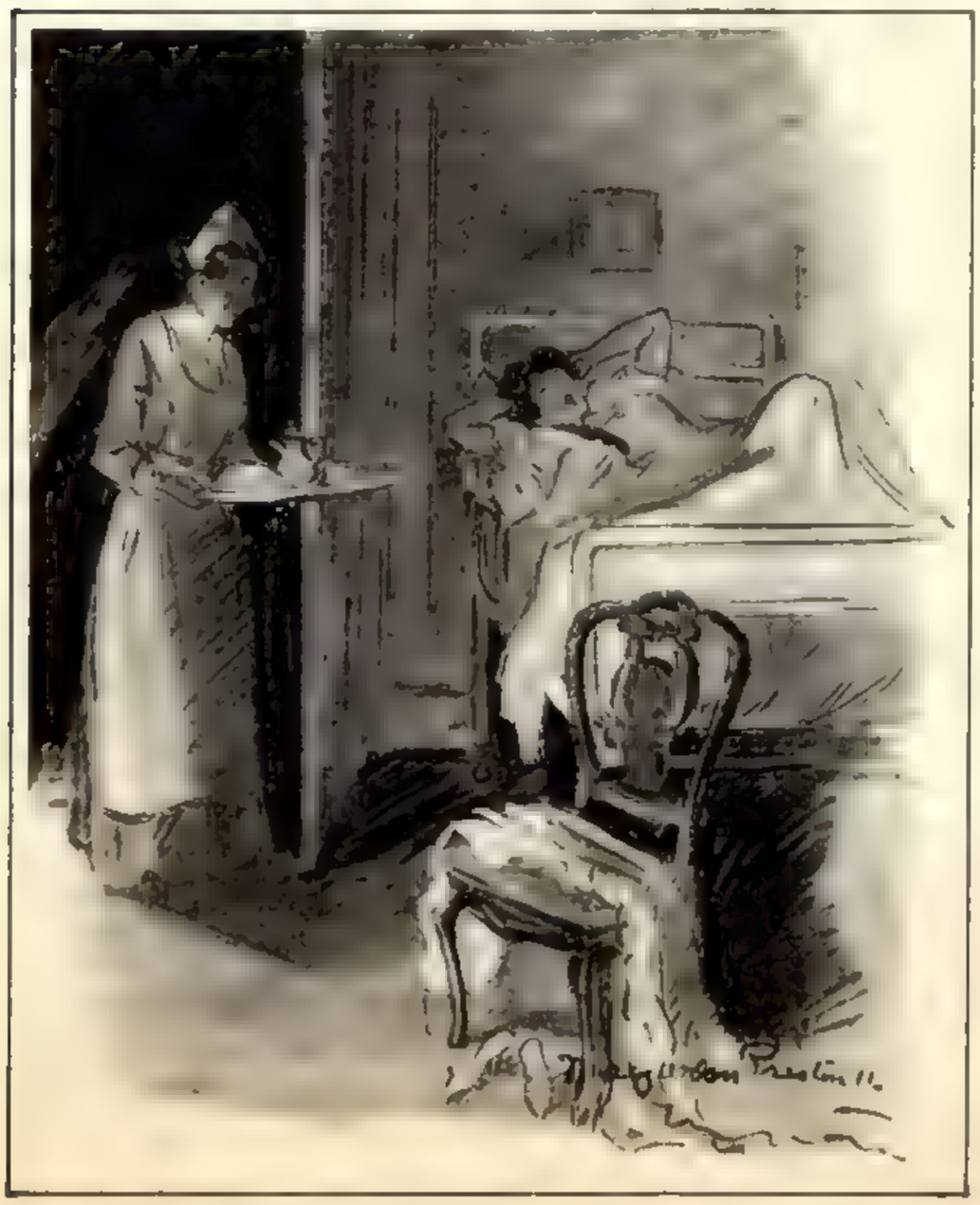
"I can *not*," said Miss Lewis, glaring back at Tish, and with her thumbs inside her apron belt. "It isn't considered shilly-shallying in this hospital for a nurse to make a report to a doctor; and if you'll read the rules on that door ——"

"I'll speak to you in the hall," said Tommy. "Miss Lewis is right, Aunt Tish. If it's in line with what we've been discussing, I'll tell you."

Tish isn't a woman to take chances. Afterward she justified her looking through the keyhole on the plea that she was making a scientific theory to fit the case, and if it were not for keyholes many a murderer would have gone unhanged to his grave. At the time, however, I was rather horrified.

She had plenty of time to tell me what she saw, as it happened, for Tommy did not come back until late in the afternoon, after the guinea-pig incident.

(Continued on Page 61)



The Day Nurse Found Her Delirious in Bed With a Raging Fever

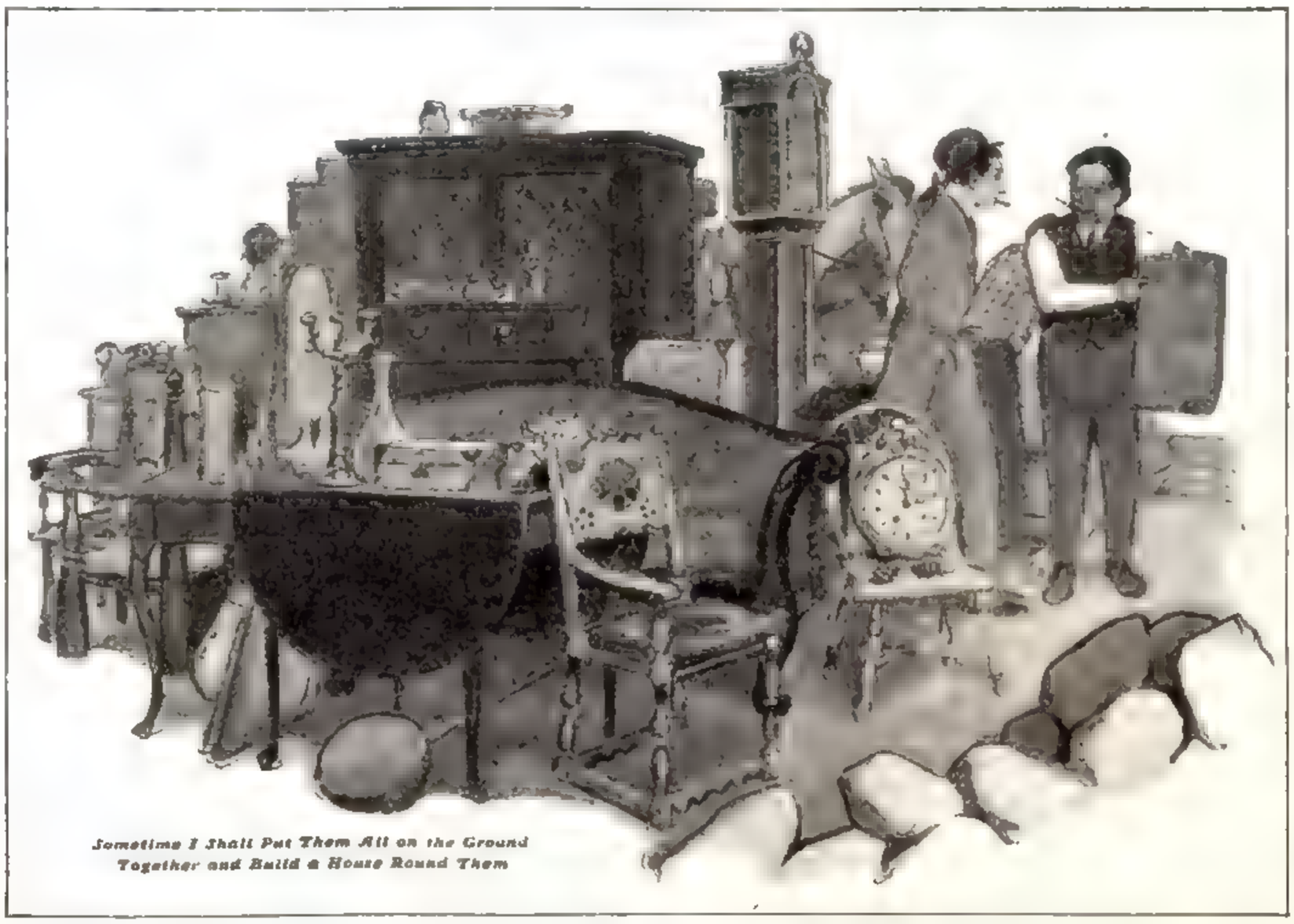
ADVENTURES IN ANTIQUING

Studies in Total Depravity—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

VERY much can be learned about antique furniture in the many books which have been written on the subject. Much also can be learned about horseracing by studying the form books. The best way for you, as a sportsman, either in antiquing or horseracing, is to get your own money down, or—in sporting parlance—to get in and get your feet wet. The literature of old furniture, old china, old silver, old pewter and the like is large and fascinating; but it is discouraging to see appended to the photograph of some handsome old piece the comment: "Owned by the author. Price paid, two dollars and thirty-nine cents." There are, of course, no very great opportunities today to get collectors' pieces at two dollars and thirty-nine cents, and envy and hatred are not good for the human soul. The successful antiquer must dree his own weird.

A study of the types of antique furniture is very useful, and a study of actual pieces in collections or in the houses of your friends is far more useful. When once you get the "feel" of old mahogany it will become more and more difficult to deceive you in it. An expert cannot tell you how he distinguishes ivory from bone, or a diamond from glass, or a real ruby from a manufactured ruby; yet he will make few mistakes. The market is full of fakes and of reproductions, of course, but it requires no very great skill to avoid these if you want to avoid them. Beautiful furniture, made today on the old lines, can be bought. It is the worst of folly to buy anything simply because it is old. If you seek out good material, good lines and good workmanship, and if you can secure these in an old piece at a price less than you can get a reproduction made today, the argument in most minds is in favor of the antique and not the modern product. The old makers had better wood and more time than we have today. They furnished the best models.



Sometime I Shall Put Them All on the Ground Together and Build a House Round Them

Sometimes, on rare occasions, the eager collector even today will find a desirable piece which has not been picked up by a dealer. This, however, rarely happens, for the country has been combed out thoroughly by dealers these many years. If you take into account your traveling expenses you will find it cheaper to collect your assortment of antiques from dealers than to collect them yourself directly. The dealers are now going into reproductions and into importations very largely. There remain, however, a few good stocks of genuine old pieces, mostly of American Colonial make. Nearly all of this furniture has been picked up in a very dilapidated condition.

Most dealers are finishers and repairers also, and the cost of an antique piece of furniture today is perhaps a third for the purchase price and two-thirds for repairs. A perfect piece in need of no repair and over a hundred years of age is something you are not apt to see. Chairs are especially fragile. Sofas come down in fairly good condition; bureaus not so good. Sideboards are apt to show wear Bureaus and highboys will be apt to retain their old lines and the feel of the old material, but the drawers and backs and corners show wear.

Perhaps within twenty-five years the black-walnut furniture of the horrible era beginning some forty to sixty years ago will acquire value, for the wood is very scarce. For a long time the beautifully carved rosewood pieces which antedated the black walnut—sofas, chairs, and so on, of the Louis XIV and XV styles—were not sought for by antique dealers. They are now beginning to come into notice and can still be bought for much less than they can be reproduced today.

Earlier than this rosewood furniture comes what we usually, although loosely, call the "Colonial period"; and it is the furniture of that type, made in either this country or the old country, which offers keen appeal to the average student in mahogany. The type of this furniture we are accustomed to call English. It was really Georgian; and the Georgian ideas really came from Italy, brought from that land of classics to the British Isles by Sir Christopher Wren. In architecture, and in sideboards and other pieces, also of that time, you will see the trace of Rome and of Greece, original homes of beauty. The Victorian mahogany and silver do not compare with the Georgian.

What can you get today in these old things? Certainly you cannot get genuine Chippendale or Heppelwhite chairs—they were broken or collected long ago. Sometimes you can pick up very old chairs made later than the time of Chippendale or Heppelwhite by American makers on their lines—very beautiful and worth having. Most of the old-furniture books sneer at the idea of collecting the old American-made fiddle-backed, spindle-backed or ladder-backed chairs—the three sorts which used to stand in grandma's parlor or those of her neighbors. Do not let these scoffing litterateurs affect your judgment. The day of Chippendale is past for you, except in reproductions. All these American chairs can still be found once in a while, the fiddle-backs in greatest numbers—the old ladder-backs and spindle-backs much more rarely. They are all worth having, no matter what the writers say. Pick them up, for the supply will never be greater and is rapidly lessening.

When the funereal black walnut got too much on our nerves we turned madly to brass and iron beds. At that time, too, we began to build flats with low ceilings. The four-posters went into the barn or under the porch. You can still get a four-poster, and sometimes the old solid mahogany posts are beautifully carved. As these things have never been very possible for general use in our cities, they have never reached fancy prices, unless in instances of rare old pieces which have developed into artistic things under the finisher's hand. Some of the best mahogany went into these old beds, and I have known beautiful specimens bought of dealers at from twenty-five to fifty dollars, though the finishing sometimes cost four or five times as much as the bed itself in the rough. These old pieces are worth collecting.

The amateur collector ought to have relatives, friends or neighbors of charitable and kindly instincts. Thus, it is my fortune to live for the time in a city apartment—commodious, it is true, but none too large now in view of the fact that it is packed full of old mahogany. Yet last winter I made a tour of some of the Southern states and casually picked up forty-three more chairs and seven additional tables to add to the earlier family possessions of nineteen tables, of all the known types, makes and brands of the Colonial period. Added to this were a four-poster bed, a lowboy, a highboy, a French *lit de repos*, a hall table or so, some more rocking-chairs, also four divans or "baby sofas," and a lot of other things—for none of which was there any room whatever!

Ah, well! How fine it is to have friends! I have sofas, sideboards, highboys, chairs, bureaus, card tables, and so on, scattered pretty much all over the American continent. They are not for sale. Sometime I shall put them all on the ground together and build a house round them. It is much wiser to buy the furniture of a house before you build a house Otherwise you may not know how large to make your residence. Besides, it is much better to buy antiques than to buy some stocks, even though antiques are not listed. Some very comfortable fortunes have been made by dealers in antiques who held on to some of the old stuff they bought long ago.

At different times in the last dozen years I have bought old things in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and many other American cities—not to mention Paris, London, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Edinburgh, and many English towns, such as Chester, Warwick, Stratford, and others. In some way all these things have been preserved and none sold. The habit of prowling round antique shops has now become a fixed one. Beware lest you fall a victim likewise!

You never can tell where you are going to have the best luck in antiquing. There is a certain amount of shifting of the visible supply; and occasionally the supply is increased as some old family estate breaks up, so that the mahogany and silver come on the market. Old things keep on working to the top, like rocks in a frosty field, no matter how many you carry away. Not wishing to hurt the feelings of many dealers with whom I have had pleasant hours, it is only fair to say that there is no sort of merchant who requires closer watching than the antique dealer. Dealers in certain localities I once found to be especially unreliable—possibly an unusual thing. Let us hope so, at least. New York is high-priced and the home of many importations. The highest prices paid for genuine old pieces are received in New York, and there is more money spent there than

anywhere else for things which are not in the least valuable. Philadelphia is good, though once in a while you strike a place there which has a suspicious number of highboys all just alike—whereas you know, of course, that genuine old highboys are very difficult to find. Baltimore, though it has had some fake firms, has long been a fine collecting place for some genuine things.

Richmond, of course, had a lot of fine things at one time, though it has been much combed out. One time I wanted to buy a dressing table in Richmond. I was taken into a loft and shown two dozen "antiques"—all alike and all of them reeking with fresh varnish. You may perhaps find something good in Richmond, and you surely will find something good in Charleston even yet. Mobile has been pretty well sold out; but sometimes, even yet, you can get something there reasonable and fine.

All of New England and the eastern part of the South will extol the old English furniture and decry what they call the French Colonial; yet the city of New Orleans, where the French influence is strongest, has collected and sold into the North more splendid antiques than any five cities of the entire country. The French style was a trifle more ornate than the English, but it held to the classic lines and it was rich rather than meager and scrawny.

The old sugar planters before the Civil War would make perhaps a hundred thousand dollars a year and go to Paris to spend it. They brought over shiploads of the finest mahogany, silver, glass and porcelain ever manufactured in the world. After the war these things began to come out from the homesteads of the shattered families. Had I known twenty years ago what I now know about antiques, I could have grown rich with small capital invested in antiques at New Orleans—always provided I could have had the heart to part with such things, once in my possession.

It is only fair to say, however, that the glory of New Orleans has departed, and that the fame of New Orleans has been tarnished very much by the operations of more than one unscrupulous dealer who sold goods that never were delivered, or misrepresented them in one way or another, or made substitutions in shipments.

The Story of the Orphan Highboy

THE buyers from New Orleans work out all the South today and even go to Europe. At the time that city was counting on the Panama Exposition there was imported, for sale to the expected tourists, a shipload of walnut furniture, mostly from Italy, much carved, but not having the quality of the old American Colonial stuff. The supply of American Colonial was below the demand. New Orleans is worth visiting today, but purchases should be made with care and there is little genuine stuff left. There are dealers, of course, who will give you a square deal and who have goods very well worth owning.

One meets all sorts of curious adventures when following out the habit of prowling round after old things. Sometimes they are interesting and expensive as well. Long ago I learned, when starting out on a trip of a month or so, to make the estimate of expenses double or treble those of conventional travel. There is a fatal certainty that something will turn up which one will be obliged to have. For instance, I made a solemn resolve to buy no more furniture—that is to say, made the resolve over again not long ago—with one reservation. I did not have a good highboy and would not accept a reproduction. There was no place in the flat for a highboy, anyhow, because I had just bought a new cow-saddle and bridle which took up the only remaining hole along the wall in the front parlor; but in Baltimore I ran across an old friend in a dealer who had sold me knife urns, girandoles, sideboards and chairs many times in the past when I did not think he was going to.

She Was Simply Frozen to That Pink-and-Gold Teapot

This time he led me softly into the presence of a highboy—a big one, an old one and a genuine one. Ah, but it was a honey! I should think it would take up about as much room as a sixty-horsepower automobile. It was very old and made of light walnut—probably at Annapolis, Maryland—by a good dealer, before mahogany was generally used in this country, and was collected at Hagerstown. Most of the really old highboys were made of walnut, applewood, cherry, or the like, though few fancy these woods so much as mahogany. This one had a massive hood, and it stood high on its cabriole legs, just as its maker left it. The needed repairs were but trifling and the piece was in the rough, as I always prefer to buy old pieces. There was nothing in the world I needed so little as a highboy, or wanted so much. Ah, well! Some good friends who have a country place near Philadelphia took in this orphan highboy and have given it a home. I have never seen it since—but it is mine, and some day I shall assemble it. If that shall never happen it is mine just the same! It makes you feel kind of warm and comfortable to know you have a highboy, even if you never see it.

I don't know just why, either, I accumulated eight carved posts originally belonging to two four-posters. I don't really need these posts and was obliged to store them; but they are beautiful and give me as much delight as any painting of perhaps much greater cost. An artist made these things, and they endure. Neither do I know why I should have two fenders—genuine brass and beautifully chased—when no place remains for them; nor why I should have five sets of andirons which never get into use. But they are beautiful! As much can be said of five ancient door-knockers picked up in old Alexandria, Virginia. You may not need a door-knocker at your apartment, but somehow it seems more comfortable to know that you have five or six under the parlor sofa. Besides, my daddy used to go to school in Alexandria when electric bells were unknown.

A good way to play the game is to pick out something which you want and then keep after it till you get it. Eventually you will find what you wish. I have been pursuing a genuine Pembroke table for many years, and did not land it until last March. A revered aunt of mine had such a table—short drop leaves, a drawer in each end, and inlaid in white—but selfishly insisted on retaining it for her own use; and none had come down in any of the other branches of the family. I finally found my Pembroke in the exact center of a woodshed full of tables, sofas, chairs, and so on, in a far-off Southern city—and twenty-five dollars seemed little for it.

Of course any collector has a vague and almost hopeless dream of sometime owning a piecrust table—one of the old tip-top teatables, with scalloped edges and a raised rim carved out of the solid wood. They fake these things horribly and one has to be very careful. At the same time it never rains but it pours. I found what we finally concluded to be a genuine piecrust in Baltimore. Two weeks later I found another in Charleston. We managed to get them both into the flat somehow. The clawfooted legs do rather stick out in a narrow hallway.

Of course every one knows the distinction between the tip-top table and the turn-top. The latter pattern was used in card tables made by Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and countless later makers in England and America. The most beautiful of these tables—to my fancy, at least—were found in the South, in the Empire clawfoot or lionfoot pattern. A few years ago I found two of these tables, actually a pair—twins—resting in fragments in a repair shop in a Mississippi city. They were genuine San Domingo, and I have never seen such carving in mahogany. Price for the two, forty dollars! For once in my life—though I knew the price might be called low enough—I tried to drive a bargain, since a friend said the tables were worth no more than twenty-five dollars in the rough, as they were. Two years later I bought these tables, one at a time, for forty dollars each, and spent about fifty dollars on each in restoration and finishing! Perhaps they are not worth it, but I should not like to take two hundred dollars each for them today, because of the interesting chase they led me. Neither could be made new for that sum.

Sometimes, however, you get a bargain even from a dealer. Once I bought in New Orleans, of a dealer, two French clocks, the model and decorations of which appealed to me. I paid twenty-five dollars for the two, took them to a Chicago watchmaker and had them put in order. One day I strolled into the shop and saw two resplendent French clocks standing on the shelf, shining as I had never seen clocks shining before. The watchmaker had to argue with me quite a while to make me believe these were mine. "I just used soap and water on them," said he. "That's the old mercury gilt, baked in; and you can't get it today. In cleaning these clocks I found a cleaner's date scratched on the works of one, showing it was cleaned in 1824. Repairers always or often leave these secret marks. The other was cleaned in 1820. The clocks must be quite old, for the pendulum is suspended by a silk thread; and I haven't seen one of that sort for many years."

"How much would one of those clocks be worth today?" I asked quite carelessly.

"I should say about two hundred and fifty dollars apiece," said the dealer with equal carelessness. I caught at the edge of the counter. For once, in spite of myself, I had fallen into a bargain. Not that the clocks are for sale—because there is room for them under a bed.

"All Right, Boss, ef Yo'll Do Dat I'll Throw in the Bureau!"

The Empire Candelabra

ONE time, in a remote little canal in the back part of Venice, a friend of my gondolier brought out a pair of old bronze candlesticks. I have no idea when they were made, but they are old and beautiful bronzes. They cost me about five dollars and about five hours of the most interesting conversation one can imagine. I presume I could sell them for fifty dollars if I liked. One time, in a Southern city also, I picked up a pair of old candelabra—dating back to the Empire, I should say.

Not long ago, while walking through some of the showrooms of the Royal Palace, in Rome, I heard Willie Lou gasp as she touched my arm. There, on a grand malachite table, stood exact duplicates of the bronze candelabra which we thought were perhaps worth ten dollars or so. We marked them up a bit and found a good place for them in a shoebox.

One time, coming home from Europe by way of the St. Lawrence, I saw in a Montreal repair shop a couple of beautiful old Chippendale girandoles, or bull's-eye convex glasses—bird on top and all. Dealer said he thought they were worth about seventy dollars the pair, since he had fixed them up after importing them from a little town in Southern England. Buyer didn't have the seventy dollars, else would have had to walk home from Montreal, of course. Yet somehow those girandoles lingered in my mind, and one year later I wrote to the Montreal man to ship them. He did so, in a heavy box. The express company apparently thought this box contained pig iron. The delicate frames arrived badly smashed. Of course

You May Not Need a Doorknocker at Your Apartment, But Somehow It Seems More Comfortable to Know That You Have Five or Six Under the Parlor Sofa

the express company said this was my fault; but at last the worm turned. Threatened with suit, the company came across and paid the cost of repairs.

Meantime Uncle Sam had soaked me for duty on the mirrors, broken though they were. A recent ruling of the Treasury Department is that works of art over one hundred years of age, proved to be such, may be imported free of duty—provided you have proper affidavits and all that sort of thing. I next tackled Uncle Sam, bringing action for recovery of the duty. So far as I know, Uncle Sam never has been known to pay back any duty when he once has got his hands upon it. In this case, however, after a pretty little trial and a pretty little wait of six months, Uncle Sam graciously admitted that he had been in error and consented to refund the duty! As this puts the seal of authenticity on my judgment in the matter, I have marked up the girandoles. There is a perfectly fine place for them in one of the closets.

Of course any of the insane people who like to collect antiques will have plenty of superior friends who will blow in and loftily say they wouldn't care a cent for anything old unless it had come down in the family. That is all very well if families all ran true to form, which they don't. In my own case, a pioneer parent moved from Old Virginny into the Far West just at the beginning of the black-walnut era. I can remember old brass candlesticks and blue sugar bowls, and old clocks and things, that we threw away out there. Meantime other descendants of grandpa and grandma, who had not moved into the Far West, had also given away or thrown away a great deal of the old mahogany and replaced it with nice new brass, iron or black-walnut stuff. The trouble was that when our parents moved West—say, sixty years ago—transportation was not good and they could take little with them in the way of household furnishings. What are you going to do in a case like that?

A Reunion of Ancient Heirlooms

ONE thing you are going to do is to go back to grandpa's house and comb it out for relics and heirlooms. Unfortunately there was such a thing as the Civil War, and in some parts of Old Virginia it did not leave all of everybody's ancestors very well fixed. In this particular case, a son of grandpa had let go of the old home. Of course the usual system had gone on there. Some of the old chairs still existed within recent memory; but "somebody" had come there from New York or some other city and asked for them, and they had been given away. I traced the two ancestral grandfather's clocks, but their present owners hold them in too grim a grip. At last I found a cousin who had a woodshed, and in the woodshed I found one little broken-legged tip-top table, which he gave to me. Repaired and finished, it made a nice little candlestand. Later on, by mere accident, I found that this was one of the pieces which had come out of the old house in Virginia. Maybe a certain old clock, with wooden works, did also.

It became rumored about that a fool and his money had dawned in that neighborhood and it was considered excellent good to separate the two. I got a solid mahogany dining table through a commercial transaction—one of the old family pieces without doubt. Then a lady living out in the country was insistent on selling me a pair of andirons purporting once to have been owned by a great-uncle. I bought them and learned later they had stood for many years at the fireplace of the old home, and had been given to the kind lady who sold them to the descendant! Again, I found in a negro house six old handsomely painted chairs, and have reason to suppose that these also once belonged in the family—long, long before the Civil War. Grandpa's ancient hickory cane, grandma's fire-tongs and shovel, and a few other things, by theft, purchase or gift, I accumulated. The old silver was gone, I know not where. There remained one teapot, pink and gold, on the what-not in the parlor of the old family home, which no longer was in the family.

I can't tell how long I was in getting that teapot, but it was several years. Every time I was in Washington I would take a trip out into Virginia and go and look at the teapot, and ask the lady if she wouldn't let it go to a survivor of the family that built the old house three generations back. She was a kindly old widow-lady, but she was simply frozen to that pink-and-gold teapot, cracked and lidless though it was. With much finesse, on the fourth trip I made into Virginia after this teapot, I at last succeeded in getting her to say that if her son consented to its sale she would do so. Great suspense for several days! At last I kept my appointment at the old place and demanded my fate at the widow's hands.

"Well," said she, "my son told me that he didn't really care to part with this teapot; but that if you would give as much as three dollars for it he would let it go!"

Discretion keeps me from saying how much I really would have given for this teapot and how much I really value it today. I packed it in a box and carried it in my own hands all the way home. Yes, it is nicer to have things that came down in the family; but sometimes the accumulation of heirlooms is difficult. When you can't get the original get as close to it as you can.

Willie Lou has a sofa which is known to be over one hundred and thirty-five years of age and portraits of the two old people—ancestors—that owned it; and other family things of various ages in descent. In the generation last before our time the family had on the dining-room walls—nicely framed in oval walnut frames that would cost fifty dollars apiece today—four engravings known as The Seasons, taken from the statuary in the Louvre in Paris, and once very popular in parlor decorations in this country. These pictures I always coveted, but they went elsewhere. Not long ago I found a full set of them in a dirty little shop in Indianapolis, and the dealer was glad to sell them at fifty cents apiece! It is the truth that you get everything you want in this world if you want it badly enough—even heirlooms!

Any totally depraved and hopelessly abandoned collector is sure to meet all sorts of odd adventures in the pursuit of his operations. Once in an aristocratic Southern city there came to me a dainty note from a maiden lady of good family but rather reduced circumstances. She had some old mahogany and silver with which she was willing to part. Result, a very interesting interview with the lady herself. She really was of good family, and she really had some good silver and some good mahogany—among other pieces some excellent chairs worth about their weight in gold, I presume.

After two days of polite negotiations we were so far along that I tendered the lady my check for some pieces which I fancied and on which she had put a definite price quite large enough. To my surprise, the check was declined, she saying that she was not used to business operations and would rather not have a check. Very well, I told her; I would bring her up the cash the next day. I did this, only to be told that she did not see how she could get the things packed for shipment—and finally to be advised that the lady had changed her mind and really did not wish to sell anything at all!

Chagrined, I told a dealer of my experience. He laughed heartily. "Those old heirlooms have been on sale by Miss —— for five or ten years to my personal knowledge," said he. "I don't know how many times I have bought them myself, and two or three times I have had my wagon up to accept delivery. She wouldn't sell any of them for any price. It's simply a game with her and she does it for the excitement. She's all alone in the world and has to have something to amuse her." She was a dear little woman—such as would have delighted Dickens.

One time, in another Southern city, I was drawn into an adventure in aristocratic quarters in a singular way. I was in search at the time of a pair of old glass candleshades or *culindres*—"seel-*ans*," they call them in the South. Some of these old glass candleshades stood three feet high and were beautifully engraved. They were used, of course, before lamps were invented. Ten years ago you might have got them for four or five dollars a pair, but today you will have them offered up to a hundred and fifty dollars a pair. This dealer knew of just one pair in all his city, and they were in the possession of an old negro woman named Aunt Charlotte, who had always refused to sell them.

A Deal With Aunt Charlotte

AFTER half a day's search I found old Aunt Charlotte, a fine old "befo' de wah" darky lady—a widow, perhaps eighty or ninety years of age—who lived, the angels of the Lord only know how, in a falldown shanty. Aunt Charlotte was courtesy itself, but she did not have the seel-*ans*. No: she had "done sont 'em back" to her old "missus" about two years before. "Dey stood right dar on dat dar bureau for more'n thirty yeahs," said Aunt Charlotte. "I couldn't sell 'em nohow, because I only taken 'em to keep fo' my family."

Dear old Aunt Charlotte! There remained little in her cabin except three spindle-backed mahogany chairs. She didn't think she ought to sell these either. In such cases, even the hardest-hearted collector is helpless. She finally made me a "present" of the chairs, and I made her a "present" of about five times their worth. The seel-*ans*, however, now rested on the mantelpiece of Charlotte's old missus, who lived on the best boulevard. Even I myself hesitated a little bit about approaching the owner. I did this eventually, however, though very much ashamed of myself. The result was a cordial invitation to call and a very pleasant acquaintance, which I hope is not yet ended. The seel-*ans*—which had been left with Aunt Charlotte and forgotten for thirty years—remain where they belong, in the house on the boulevard, with many other beautiful heirlooms of an earlier day. Happily, however, within a week I found in New Orleans another pair, not quite so good, but purchasable—and an odd one as well. Good fortune brought these all home, each safely packed in a barrel of rice chaff. They may be considered almost safe in their new surroundings—carefully stowed behind the bookcase, where no one can see them.

Once I saw a splendid pair of old glass decanters, without a nick on either bottle. I would gladly have given twenty-five dollars for the pair, for I have paid as much for a pair no better, it being very difficult now to get old pairs in perfect condition. They were not for sale, though their odd shape pleased me very much. As luck would

(Continued on Page 44)

I Have Been Pursuing a Genuine Pembroke Table for Many Years

They Found in Each Other an Intellectual Solace

IN JUNE

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON

HE HAD written a book, in the intervals of teaching biology for a small salary, to prove how much better things would be if they were entirely different from what they are - wherein he was undoubtedly right; she had reviewed it for the highly socialized magazine that employed her services at a rate that barely permitted her to live at all in a world of things as they are. This was what originally brought them together. They stayed together because that had no doubt been intended in the scheme of creation from the beginning, but this they would have been the last to admit, for they were essentially reasonable beings, governed by law and an unconsciously carefully cultivated myopia. According to them, they stayed together because each appealed to the other's unbiased judgment. They had more and better reasons for their choice of one another's society than had the Vicar of Wakefield for choosing his wife.

She admired his "clear mentality" and he respected her "power of logical thought"; she rejoiced in his lack of a "coarse masculinity" and he in her "superiority to feminine weaknesses." He was thirty, she twenty-eight; of a seasoned maturity, according to themselves, therefore; about the age of their grandparents at eighteen or twenty actually. He had a lofty brow, from which he was forever boyishly tossing back a lock of hair, and deep-blue eyes; she had a broad forehead and a firm chin, also a wave in her brown hair to which she made no concessions. They found in each other an intellectual solace, and since nobody has ever classed intellectual solaces among intoxicants, they imbibed freely.

It was at the end of the first six months that they decided—not impulsively or on the spur of any moment, but by the aid of a well-reasoned afternoon—that it would be wisdom to marry. It was obviously inconvenient for him to have to carry all his manuscripts, proof sheets and bound volumes twenty city blocks for her criticism; and she had been more than once delayed, if not absolutely impeded, in her literary labors by an inability to consult him at a scientifically critical moment. Both were thus losing time, and time, to reasoning beings, is an appreciable entity. They knew that to squander it is to squander your capital—therefore the world's—therefore it is doing a species of grand larceny to the universe. We do not live to ourselves alone. And there was every indication that things were going to get worse instead of better, for each had made the independent discovery that he—and she—could not do his best work without the other.

"This alone," said the Biologist gravely, "would seem to make marriage almost a duty."

"For our work's sake, and with our views of marriage," she acquiesced guardedly—"perhaps ——" For she was not quite sure what the Biologist meant by "alone."

"Of course—with our views of marriage," he assented hastily.

If they had been two hot-headed young people it would have been the highest imprudence, they were both agreed; but since they were neither hot-headed nor young—on this point, too, they were both agreed—and since they had the same ideal of marriage, seeking in it only the higher satisfactions of intellectual companionship, there was really nothing to be urged against it. Why wait another six months, after all—why even three? They would simply be two friends under one roof instead of two friends under two roofs. There would even be a positive economy in the arrangement, since they could occupy one common sitting room, to the sparing of coal and gas.

"It is surprising we did not think of it sooner," said the Biologist, tossing back the lock of hair and running his fingers through it in the excitement of the moment -but this was a month later, in the garden of an infinitesimal suburban cottage they were exploring, having long since exhausted the city.

She also in the excitement of the moment—with her hat and veil caught in the long arm of an impertinent rose thicket and her hair half pulled down, was prying her way through to what lay beyond. As she had divined there was actually a clearing in it, and a bench. She clapped her hands like a child. With her lost hairpins she had also lost ten years.

"A bower—a real bower!" she cried exultingly, looking up at him for sympathy, and then she stopped abruptly. He was gazing at the tumbled down masses of her hair. She put up her hands and began to coil it hastily. The Biologist stopped gazing and began instead to hunt for hairpins on the ground. But when he had found them he kept them in his own hand and doled them out to her one by one, standing beside her and making an unconscionably lengthy operation of the job. What a lot of hair—also, what a lot of hairpins! He had never realized before how different women looked with their hair down—or how prettily they put it up.

"It will be a nice, quiet place for your work," she said with primness when she had finished, giving the bower a glance of measured disinterest. Probably because she had had to keep her arms up so long her face was flushed.

"Or yours," he said; he gave the rose a secret look.

"'And Who are You?—Said One Dim Shape'"—She Quoted With a Nervous Little Laugh

"For that matter we can have seats on either side of a table." Then she waxed enthusiastic again. "If this were Europe we should eat out here."

"Why not, even in America?"

"Tea, possibly—sometimes," she made cautious concession.

The Biologist was looking at the shrubbery; he put up a hand and touched one of the leaf buds with which it was already covered.

"Lilacs! It will be very pretty here in a month."

"Yes," she assented, "and we shall have the fun of seeing it get pretty. I am glad we happen to come in the spring."

He agreed soberly enough upon the advantage.

"There were lilacs in our dooryard when I was a boy," said the Biologist thoughtfully. "They were my mother's favorite flower."

She looked at him with sympathetic understanding; every man needed a mother, she reflected—or at least some one to mother him. Men were helpless beings. Well, she was glad she could do that for him.

They walked back to the cottage, as soberly discussing improvements—on a scale proportioned to their joint lack of income.

"This will be my expense," he said from time to time.

"And this mine," she responded.

It was a part of their admirable compact that there was to be no "ours"—nothing plural. Everything, they kept repeating, was to be exactly as it had been. This was inconsistent, considering the book that had brought them together, but so it was. More than a little talk there was accordingly of mine and thine. Their work, their incomes, their lives—it could not be repeated too often that these were to be kept jealously separate. Instead of two good friends under two roofs they were to be two good friends under one; this was the true relation of which only high souls were capable. Any modifications of this plan of life were to be referred to an indefinite future. The possibility of such modifications they did not refuse to admit, for they were, above all, reasoning beings and acknowledged a duty to the race—but every duty had its time and place in the scale of action. When they should be older, when they should be richer, when they should have done many great works, then with dignity and without the degrading intermixture of any element of impulse they might deliberately and rationally assume closer ties, as they were now rationally and deliberately assuming this. In the meantime it was distinctly understood that they were not marrying "on that plane"; they would offer to their world the spectacle of a rational union, of a lofty, disinterested companionship—a friendship raised to the *n*th power. This would not be their least important contribution to the social welfare. Above all they were resolved to preserve their illusions. This preserving of their illusions was a great point with them, who believed in none; they insisted upon it with a hard realism.

From the garden they went back to the house and apportioned it between them. As it was a very little house this did not take long. They wandered through it side by side.

"It is so easy for two reasonable people to arrange anything," she said.

And he assented evenly: "Is it not?"

"This will be the dining and sitting room, of course; and this—shall it be mine?"

"No." He spoke with decision. "The other is to be yours—it has a view."

"That is no reason ——" she began, but he interrupted her.

"It is every reason; I insist."

"Very well." She smiled a little; he looked so young when he insisted like that, and the lock of hair

had fallen over his forehead again—she was tempted to push it back. She gave him an almost maternal glance. "This then is mine ——"

"And this"—he pushed open the adjoining door—"naturally mine."

"No." It was she who spoke with hasty decision this time—why so hasty or so decided she did not herself know. "Yours must be the one across the hall; this will be the study."

"As you please, of course."

He resigned himself to the room across the hall; it is so true that anything is easily arranged between reasonable people.

They were married on Friday, the thirteenth of May; it was not their fault that they could not obtain a more unhappy combination of circumstances a "numerically larger protest against collective superstitions," they called it—but it was the best they could do. Even to do it they had to sacrifice a good deal of budding and blossoming lilac, as the Biologist pointed out to her—but she was firm.

"I want every step of our new life to count as an affirmation of the rational," she said.

There were no new clothes and there was no wedding; they went before a magistrate and signed a paper. On the plane on which they were marrying it was not quite clear why they should take even this trouble, but they were integrally law-abiding people and acknowledged society's interest in a contract. After the event they notified their friends.

"Why before," she asked, "since we are merely changing our addresses and making slightly different housekeeping arrangements? Surely these concern nobody but ourselves."

"Quite so," replied the young Biologist a little dreamily, for they were again in the little garden and the lilac showed purple in rich clusters. The Biologist had never had a home since his boyhood, and he was vaguely stirred by many things.

"I remember now," he said; "we used to break branches of them for Decoration Day."

"We will break some now for our -for the table," she said graciously. "They will open wide in water."

He helped her to break the heavy sprays, and as they walked back to the house the low sun shone on the gold in her hair and the mass of pale purple in her arms. It was certainly very pleasant to have a garden to walk in and some one to walk in it with one, and the Biologist wondered greatly that more men did not make early rational marriages. He wondered more as the days went on. They took up their life with a sweet reasonableness.

"Nothing," she exultingly bade him observe, "is changed"; and he repeated obediently, "Nothing," while watching her hands emerge from the ruffles of her housegown as she poured his breakfast coffee. She really could not be expected to live in a tailormade suit forever!

Once, through the accidentally half-open door he had caught a faint glimpse of her in a soft white kimono, with her hair in two long braids down her back. He had gone at once to his own room across the hall on that occasion, and had shut the door closely behind him; and—perhaps to withdraw still more completely—he had leaned out of the window a long time and listened to the birds in the lilacs.

It was she, on the contrary, who urged him to put on his studio jacket when they were alone—just as if she had not been there. She told herself she liked to see the line of his firm throat above the low rolling collar—and she did not blush at all. She had a good conscience.

Nothing could have been more admirable than their arrangements. The little favorite possessions of each took up their respective stations in their respective rooms where each worked except when the exigencies of their professions obliged them to seek one another in their common study for consultation. This occurred rather often, but as it was exactly one of the foreseen advantages of their common home there was in this nothing inimical to their program. They ate their simple meals together and discussed

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KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

III

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

PROMPTLY at a quarter to eight Oglebay's car arrived. I tingled with a little touch of exhilaration as I took down the telephone and heard the operator say: "Your motor's at the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, Mr. Agnew."

"I'll be down directly," I responded, affecting an air of unconcern I nowise felt.

Jennie's one dinner dress was her wedding gown. With her own hands, unaided, she had cut and altered it skillfully, converting it to its present use. It was a pretty dress, I'm sure, but long before this its prettiness had palled on me. I knew it too well. I had seen it far, far too often. There was no denying, though, that in it Jennie looked very fetching. The tint of the white satin was just right to show off her rosy cheeks, the color of her deep gray eyes, the softness of her girlish arms and throat. If I were not proud of Jennie's dress at any rate I was proud of my Jennie that wore it.

"You look bully, dear!" said I buoyantly. It was the truth, moreover. I'd never seen her looking better.

Jennie turned from the tall pier-glass in which she had been critically eying herself with a little puckering of her brows. "Do I? I'm so glad!" she answered, smiling as if reassured. "I was afraid the dress was getting a little out of date. I guess not though," she added lightly.

Out of date? Jove! It was at least five years old. As I helped her on with her wraps I, too, eyed it critically. There was a worn spot where the back laced together. It was the first time I'd noticed it, and I wondered whether the other guests would see it.

Oglebay's car I shall always remember. I recall it especially inasmuch as it bore me straight into a new life, new scenes, new experiences. It was a limousine, big, of foreign make and costly. One knew it at a glance to have been built from a special design. It was lined throughout with dove-colored cord almost like velvet to the touch and otherwise was as dainty as a boudoir. A cut-glass vase filled with pale pink roses and a spray of fern hung from the front window-casing; beneath it was a silver-mounted morocco case fitted with other cut-glass ornaments, vials containing smelling salts and perfume. A small, jeweled dash-clock of finely wrought French gilt ticked on the front panel, and within easy reach of the hand was a silk speaking-tube with a silver mouthpiece through which to communicate with the driver.

The car, in effect, was not a man's car, and Oglebay was unmarried. To have a toy such as this, a limousine, was merely part of the game, the game of riches. I imagine, however, it must have been an excellent investment besides. In Oglebay's garage were two other cars, a runabout and a big motor with a touring body. These and the limousine were put constantly at the disposal of his friends—mainly his business friends. In the open cars he took favored clients on a whirl up through the country. The limousine he devoted to their wives.

Jennie was enraptured. She sniffed the roses, rubbed her cheek on the soft, velvety cord, tried the salts and perfume, and for a moment I feared she meant to experiment with the speaking-tube. I began to see now—at any rate I thought I saw—what the something was Jennie would do had I the money to let her do it. She was still exclaiming delightedly when we drew up at the restaurant.

He Was an Old Bird in the Wall Street Game

Oglebay had yet to arrive. In the foyer a few smartly dressed women sat waiting, negligently staring at each fresh arrival. Not all were in evening dress. It was late June, you remember, and some women were even in blouses—handsome, of course, yet still blouses.

One group in particular at once caught my attention. It comprised two men and three women. Two of the women had on street costumes, quiet yet smart to an extreme. One knew indisputably that the dresses, for all their quietness, had cost something. A string of matched pearls, small but faultless in color, adorned the first of these women, while there dangled in the ears of the other a pair of emeralds that would have paid the ransom of a Burmese prince. The third woman—she in the dinner dress, a soft, clinging effect of pale gray, cloudlike silk—wore but one gem. It was a diamond pendant, a single stone, large but rather yellow, coarse.

As for the two men, each was in flannels with soft shirts, colored ties and tan shoes. In contrast my evening coat and white tie looked conspicuous. They were big men, but in their bigness was a difference. One was fat, a mere soft and flabby bulk, while the other was all brawn and muscle—a well-kept, clean, vigorous fellow, clear-eyed and stalwart.

It was Ainsworth, my old classmate, the last of all persons I'd expected to see.

"Jim!" he cried, and came blundering toward us, as blushing, as shy and delighted as a schoolboy. Meanwhile, the other man and the three women sat and still eyed us casually. Ainsworth was genuinely glad to see me. "This is Jennie, isn't it? Mrs. Agnew, I mean!" cried the big hobbledehoy, reddening furiously as he corrected himself. Jennie knew him at once. "Of course it's Jennie," she laughed gracefully. "And you're Butch Ainsworth, the Big Wagon," she added, giving him his college nickname. "You see I know all about you!"

He fairly beamed. "I call that real pleasant now," rumbled the awkward colossus, in his shyness falling unconsciously into the down-East vernacular of his early youth. "Say, you come over now and get acquainted with Prentiss and the ladies."

My ear alertly caught the name Prentiss. So this was Oglebay's partner. As it happened to be my first sight of him I stared with interest. Ordinarily the mind pictures the successful financier—Prentiss was truly successful—as a lean, hawk-eyed figure, a machine, a bloodless mechanism, rather as a man, chary in speech and responsive only when the dollars jingle. The truth is, such men are in Wall Street surprising by their rarity. Prentiss was fat, as I've said—all grossness, heavy bulk. A more loquacious, not to say jocose and familiar, person I have rarely met. That is, he was such, at all events, when things were going his way. A bartender then could not have been more friendly. It was his business to be so. When things were not going his way, however, Prentiss was a bit of the bear—that or a fretful porcupine.

Though in age only forty he was an old bird in the Wall Street game. Self-made, like Ousley, he too lacked a college education; and, again like my former employer, he had begun at fourteen as an office boy, from then on impetuously forging ahead. Here, however, the likeness between Prentiss and Ousley ends.

Ousley aimed neither at being a good fellow nor at being a good mixer; in fact, I suspect he would have disdained the title of either. But Prentiss —— Well, there is a multitude of good fellows, good mixers, in the Street. That you be one is almost a requisite to success.

And Prentiss' success was indisputable! Indeed he would assure you of it himself; though, to be sure, he could well have saved himself the breath. As is the case with so many in the Street, his appearance—his dress, manner, expression, even the way he was barbered—everything, in fact, fairly shouted the information.

I've often wondered what brought Prentiss and Oglebay together. Away from the Street the two had exactly nothing in common. Prentiss spent his nights mainly along upper Broadway, while all of Frank's leisure was put in at dawdling, as I once heard a hanger-on express it, among the *faubourgs* of Fifth and Madison Avenues. I don't say he was a social climber. I mean merely that he was welcomed at good houses, among good people, and was a member of several good clubs. A good club helps a lot in the Street. If one has high social connections these help even more. Understand, though, one must not mix the two—mix Wall Street with one's social life. Drumming up trade in a drawing room is part of the game, yet none dares do it openly. Nor may you mix your two kinds of friends, business and social. There was one broker, a member of New York's best clubs and noted as a leader of the four hundred's cotillons, whom at noon I have seen slapping a customer on the back, and in the Avenue at five o'clock the same broker I saw cut dead the selfsame customer. Of course it may in the mean time have

happened that the customer had been cleaned out. I do not know. I merely report the circumstance.

But I return to Ainsworth.

Here he was now presenting Jennie to the others, and a blundering mess he was making of it too! In the midst of this I saw Oglebay enter.

Apparently Frank did not see us. Two women were with him and together they passed down the wide room. Prentiss gaped unaffectedly, while the woman beside him—she in the dinner dress—stared openly, all agog. Somehow I sensed the fact that these two others must be persons of note, personages, though they were indeed in street gowns, inconspicuous, even more quietly robed than the bloused and hatted pair with us. Oglebay, oblivious to our presence, walked with these friends as far as the main dining room. As they passed I heard the woman at his right say in a low, modulated voice that still carried far: "Not dining with us then?"

He shook his head. Then Oglebay said something, what I could not hear; yet it seemed to me I saw his lips frame the words: "Business friends."

"What a bore!" the woman murmured.

Ainsworth's voice recalled me. "Hey, wake up, Jim!" he laughed, or rather rumbled in his big, hearty voice; and I turned to find the two in blouses smiling at me. The other, Mrs. Dinner Dress, was eying me also with a smile—superciliously.

The lady with the matched pearls was Mrs. Parmlee. She was a big woman, rather dull, I thought—the wife, I learned later, of one of Oglebay's best customers. Parmlee himself I never saw. He held some sort of a high position in the insurance world, and—for reasons best known to himself—communicated with Oglebay's office by telephone rather than in person. At the moment he was out of town.

As a matter of fact each of the women owed her presence to a business reason. Mrs. Hodge, the lady in the emeralds, was the wife of another of Oglebay's traders.

Mrs. Hodge—Amy! Even now I recall our first meeting with a vivid sense of its pleasure. If ever a woman was born to enjoy life it was she. I will not say that she enjoyed it intellectually or that the life she led would appeal in any way to cultivated minds. The fact is, enjoyment was Mrs. Hodge's one and only pursuit, and she got it—without stopping to think—by whatever means was handiest.

She was a plump, roly-poly person with flashing white teeth, big and innocent gray eyes and the features of a child. She seemed to have been born to laugh. Good nature radiated from her presence, and in all the time we knew her I fail to recall hearing her make an unkind speech against another. Her age was about Jennie's.

Both husband and wife were New Yorkers by birth. Hodge, a lively rattletrap in his ways, was still shrewd and alert in business dealings. He had quit a small but prosperous business in the metal trade to become a Wall Street speculator. Reversing the usual order of things, however, Hodge not only had made money, but seemed to be able to hold on to it.

Jennie and I were at once attracted to the pair. They seemed to personify in every way that brighter, happier life I had come to New York to get. They were very friendly, Mrs. Hodge especially so. Certainly she had no airs. I believe Amy would as cheerfully have rubbed elbows with a charwoman as with a countess—that is, if the charwoman were amusing. Likewise, the countess.

There was a plenitude of airs, however, about the other lady, she in the dinner dress. Mrs. Figler was wife to Mr. Figler, Oglebay's downtown manager. One needed but to glance at the lady to know her sort, for in New York there is a legion of Mrs. Figlers. Each and every day is begun by them with a feverish, consuming study of the social column; on Sundays they gorge, revel in it. Not a notable in all the smart world of New York society lived unknown to Mrs. Figler—by hearsay at any rate.

Figler drew four thousand a year and at least a half of this he and his wife spent on dress and in Fifth Avenue and Broadway public places. They were assiduous "first nighters." Few of their friends ever saw their home. It consisted of a parlor and bedroom in a West Side apartment hotel. But for a recent—and luckless—stock venture of her husband Mrs. Figler would not have been at the dinner. She would have been at Narragansett Pier. I presume you know the type.

Turning down the corners of her mouth, Mrs. Figler bobbed her head at me.

"Oh, howdy-do," she murmured indifferently. I knew then that at least one of the guests had seen the worn spot on Jennie's gown.

If Ever a Woman Was Born to Enjoy Life It Was She

Oglebay had just left his other friends. Looking suddenly toward us, he advanced with outstretched hand. "Why, here you are!" he cried, his tone surprised. Laughingly he elbowed the embarrassed Ainsworth to one side and warmly greeted Jennie. Prentiss had merely grunted when presented. At college it used to be said that Oglebay's smile could charm a bird off a bush. Now I saw little change in its cordiality.

Mrs. Figler edged up to him, a simper on her face. "Oh, we saw you!" she laughed mincingly, her tone exactly as if she'd said "Naughty! naughty!" and tapped him on the arm. "That was Tessie So-and-So you were with, now wasn't it?"

The name she mentioned was that of a noted fashionable. A slight frown contracted his brows.

"Possibly," he murmured. Though his tone was polite, his annoyance was still evident. Mrs. Figler flushed at the rebuke; she folded up exactly like a fan. "Where's Pete?" Oglebay inquired.

Pete was Mr. Figler. Before she could reply her spouse answered in person by emerging from the neighborhood of the bar. With him was Hodge.

If you lack an image of the usual broker's tout Figler perfectly fills the bill. For years he had been a Wall Street hanger-on and the life had set its mark on him. Though in age over forty he had the light buoyancy of a college freshman, a steady flow of high spirits to which were coupled the fawning manners of a lapdog. His face was dark, almost Latin in its hue, and cadaverous, not to say lean and hungry. His manner was apologetic, and when he spoke he smiled constantly, even when you insulted him. Behind the smile, though, there was less earnestness than cunning, and one also often detected in the smile a little shadow of care. Duns pestered him constantly. He was run to death by them. Even so, Figler always talked big, though always, too, his hearers knew it to be bombast. Still his affability was pachydermatous. "Good old Oglebay!" "Good old Prentiss!" It was even "Good old Agnew!" too, when Figler had no one else to fawn upon. But, as is often the case with brokers' touts, all Figler's good nature was purely surface. He meant to trim you if he could. Even in the small club to which he belonged not even his clubmates were safe from him. There every afternoon, from four to six, Figler could be found playing either pool at a dollar a corner or bridge whist at ten cents a point. Inasmuch as he always picked his opponents he almost invariably won.

"Here, Figler," Oglebay curtly ordered, "you go tell the head waiter."

Our table was in the center of the room. It was specially decorated, and from that and the anxious deference of both the head waiter and his aides one saw instantly that Oglebay was a known and favored patron.

Frank nudged my elbow as we entered. "Sorry not to have a few of the old crowd, Jim. They're all away. Ainsworth I just happened to meet downtown."

I answered that it made little difference. I was glad to see him and to meet his partner. Oglebay nodded brightly. "Lots of time yet though," he added. "Later on we'll have plenty of chances to get the gang together."

The dinner was a great success. Mrs. Hodge sat at my right, chatting amusingly—incessantly, I may add; on my left was the big and dull yet pleasant Mrs. Parmlee. Across the table I saw that Jennie, too, enjoyed herself. She sat between Oglebay and Ainsworth, and next to Ainsworth was Hodge.

Poor Mrs. Figler! Now pensive and detached, she found herself hedged in between her husband and Prentiss, who for the moment had on one of his fits of bearlike grumpiness. The dinner was an old story to her. She was there only for business reasons. It was cruel of Oglebay, I think, not to allow her at least once to meet his social friends.

But I, who then knew nothing of New York's distinction between social and business friends, merely wondered that Mrs. Figler should look so downcast. I saw her even glance at us with disdain. Presently, however, the lady revived. Jennie, smiling mischievously, was relating our day's adventures in search of a home.

"Only twelve rooms—imagine!—and they asked us five thousand dollars a year!"

Inwardly I writhed. Rather tactless of Jennie, I felt. Oglebay smiled politely. "Rents are ridiculous in New York, aren't they?"

Then Mrs. Figler raised her drooping crest. At the same time she also raised that languishing voice of hers.

"Have you seen the new Mogador apartments? Some friends of mine have taken an apartment there. They pay fifteen thousand a year."

A distinct pause followed. Though Mrs. Figler's tone was offhand, casual, it could be seen how much satisfaction she got from her statement. Then she sighed. "You can get anything in New York—if you have the money." Here Mrs. Figler raised her brows briefly in Mr. Figler's direction. I should hate ever to have Jennie fling me such a glance. Figler winced.

Mrs. Hodge relieved the strain. "Fifteen thousand a year? My! Why, that's more than Sam makes in a month!"

Sam gave his wife a profound wink. "Nix, child wife, not this month!" chuckled Sam.

Together they laughed. "I forgot!" bubbled Mrs. Hodge, who felt consciously of her emeralds, then blushed.

There was a good deal of the bulldog about Mrs. Figler—in conversation, I mean, as well as other ways. Having once got hold of a good thing, she clung to it tenaciously. "Of course not all the flats are fifteen thousand. Some are as low as three thousand. I wonder you don't look at them."

The question was put at me. Before I could answer there was a diversion.

Cocktails had been served with the oysters. With a grunt Prentiss had snatched up his and gulped it down. In the same way he had given happy dispatch to the oysters. Thus fortified by both food and drink, Prentiss apparently revived.

"Hey, what?" he boomed in his loud, swaggering voice. "Say, Mrs. F., why don't you look at 'em yourself?"

There was a coarse innuendo in this that fell upon all like a dash of icy water. Mrs. Figler started. A tide of color swept up in her face, then with a struggle she somehow regained her aplomb. "Mercy, man!" she exclaimed. "What would I want with an apartment like that? Why, it has eighteen rooms and four baths! I'd have to hire a housekeeper!"

"Aw, you'd keep a housekeeper, would you?" rumbled Prentiss contemptuously. "Well, I don't mean the fifteen-thousand kind. I mean the cheap, twenty-five-hundred kind. Yes," he drawled, "I was wondering why you don't look at one yourself."

I imagine Mrs. Figler would have answered or tried to answer, had he given her a chance. "If some folks hasn't the price," said Prentiss with a loud laugh, "that doesn't mean others hasn't. I guess you don't know about Agnew here, Mrs. F."

I suppose you'll think this pretty vulgar—rough and raw, in fact. It was. But the name Agnew—my name! Why had he dragged me in? I found out soon enough. Any pretext suited Prentiss, for if there was one thing he lacked it was subtlety. His attack on Mrs. Figler was merely the way he took to drag conversation into a channel that interested him. His next words disclosed his intent.

"Agnew can get what he wants, I guess. I'd have the same too—yes!—if I was old Jessup Agnew's nephew!"

They all stared. Distinctly I heard Jennie give a little gasp. Oglebay, himself astonished, flashed at his partner a look of sharp annoyance—of warning too. As for myself,

I sat gaping like a country clod. Yet the bull in the china shop, so far from heeding, kept on trampling the crockery. "Say, old chap," he remarked, leering affably at me, "I hear your uncle's getting busy in Aches and Pains?"

Aches and Pains? It was a sample of the man's jocose wit. In the same way that he would have spoken of Steel Preferred as "Big Steal" and Steel Common as "Petty Larceny," he now referred to the Corn Products Company whose stock had just grown active.

But if my uncle was again at his thimble-rigging, if indeed he had a hand in the stock's activity, I was the last to know it. Not that I confessed it however. Instead I sat there debating, and for the first time now a chill of apprehension shook me.

For I had guessed right. Oglebay had not brought me to New York out of sheer friendship only. Should I tell the truth? For a moment it hovered on my lips. Then before me rose an image, a clear and vivid picture.

It was a picture of myself. Together with Driggs, Agnew the clerk sat at a desk in a musty Ohio coal office, drudging away his life.

"Yes," drawled Prentiss carelessly but with a half-tipsy cunning. "Something's doing in the stock. I guess your Uncle Jessup's going to mark it up."

There was a pause. My wits were working fast.

"Or down maybe," Prentiss prompted insinuatingly.

Then I caved. I lacked courage to lie; I feared to tell the truth. Like any weakling I fled to the middle course of weak deceit.

Said I with a laugh:

"Up—down, did you say? Well, if my uncle's getting busy you can make up your mind he'll do one thing or the other."

At once a burst of talk broke out round the table. "Huh!" grunted Prentiss, baffled. For the moment I'd staved him off; still I wondered how long I could go on dodging him. Prentiss had made a small sensation. None had known I was my Uncle Jessup's nephew. Mrs. Figler now eyed me with interest, not to say seductiveness. My position, so to speak, was established. Spuriously I'd put myself among those that money places. I awoke as if from a dream to hear Jennie exclaim in surprise:

"But why a larger apartment? Seven rooms seem plenty just for two."

Mrs. Hodge laughed amiably. "It isn't the number of rooms; it's their size. Western people that have been used to lots of space and air just perish at first in our New York flats. I don't know what sort of an apartment you've rented, but take my advice pick out one with at least a large drawing room. When you entertain you don't want your guests literally tumbling over one another."

I think it was on the tip of Jennie's tongue to say she didn't mean to entertain. Possibly she realized it would sound ungracious. Mrs. Hodge rattled on.

"Sam and I started out in one of those West Side bandboxes—we didn't know any better. Our only idea was to save money—yes! It makes me laugh even now." Here both she and her Sam chuckled as if reminiscently. "I tell you, though, we got sick of it soon enough—skimping. Life's too short," Mrs. Hodge added decisively. "When I save I prefer to save in comfort." Her philosophy was self-evident. If indeed she was determined to get on in the world not even this ambition must stand in the way of enjoyment. "Anyway," she laughed, "what's the use of saving till one is earning something worth saving?"

Jennie laughed too. Then she said seriously: "But we mean to save, willy-nilly."

Through all this Oglebay had maintained a polite interest. It was clear, though, how bored he was. Prentiss, lounging with one arm over the back of his chair, yawned openly; and I saw the Figlers exchange disdainful glances. Mrs. Parmlee, however, leaned forward, clearly intent on Mrs. Hodge's proclamation. So far Mrs. Parmlee had said little; now she dropped an observation. "Not many in New York have the courage to save, Mrs. Agnew. I'm glad to hear you say it."

There was a significance in her tone rather than in the speech itself that made her words surprising. Mrs. Parmlee smiled faintly. "One never needs an umbrella till a rainy day," she added; "then one needs it badly."

I fancy many other women have felt this, especially the women whose husbands dabble in stocks. Parmlee, as I've said, gambled heavily in Wall Street.

Again as amiably as before Mrs. Hodge gave a little laugh. "I don't mean that you need spend recklessly all you make. No, indeed! But I do mean, just the same, there's nothing in living stupidly. And more than that," cried the vivacious little woman, giving her brows a funny, serious twist of distaste, "stupid, dowdy people never get anywhere. Mark me now," said Mrs. Hodge decisively, "no one ever gets prosperous in New York till first they've learned how to look prosperous!"

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Hodge. "Regular little stump speaker, isn't she?"

A loud yawn echoed him. Prentiss, with no pretense of concealment, was gaping cavernously at the ceiling. Oglebay, too, had ceased even to show a polite interest. To be sure, it was rather unusual dinner conversation. Besides, I suppose he felt himself as far above it as I would have felt myself had I heard, say, a pair of housemaids discussing their weekly wages. Oglebay's eyes drifted to a distant corner of the room, where those two other women sat chatting animatedly in a party of eight. In New York one may talk of money—that is, inferentially; but one may not talk of the want of it. Not only Prentiss and Oglebay were bored; the Figlers, too, had long ceased to heed us. Figler was signaling the waiter to give him more of the Chablis, while his wife's eyes followed Oglebay's across the room.

Mrs. Hodge broke off suddenly. "There's a vacant flat just under ours, just what you want. I'm going to send my car for you in the morning."

She had hardly finished when Mrs. Parmlee, after a queer, not too approving glance at Mrs. Hodge, suddenly leaned toward Jennie. "If you're not doing anything later, Mrs. Agnew, will you lunch with me at one?" she asked.

Mrs. Hodge at once interposed. "Oh, but she's going to lunch with me!"

As she spoke, Mrs. Hodge made a funny little mouth of defiance at Mrs. Parmlee. Hodge grinned, while I smiled. It pleased me immensely that already the ladies were tilting to possess Jennie.

For a moment Jennie looked baffled. However, she was not called on to decide, inasmuch as Mrs. Hodge saved her the trouble.

"I spoke first," said Mrs. Hodge triumphantly; "I guess, Mrs. Parmlee, you'll have to try some other time."

Mrs. Parmlee sat back quietly. "Yes, some other time," she murmured. Her tone, however, lacked interest.

Through all this Ainsworth had remained a silent auditor. A stone image of the sitting Buddha could not have stared more impassively. At the tilt between Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Parmlee his eyes had brightened a little; then when Mrs. Hodge declared herself victor he settled down in his chair almost with a shrug.

Conversation at this point became general. As New Yorkers they talked of the things that make up New York life and living. It was talk I hungered to hear. Jennie, too, I saw, was exhilarated by it. Much of it was perhaps beyond us, but we were learning now. In Ohio, as I've said, money talks. Here, I began to see, it also talked, but more politely. Instead of shouting—as in Ohio—it spoke in a cultivated, lower tone. One heard it just as clearly.

I learned one fact beyond question of a doubt. In New York, to save, to be thrifty and far-seeing, stamps one as bourgeois. If you save you must save secretly. It is not a thing to be known.

I've said the Hodges saved their money. They did—and they didn't. Hodge told you he invested his. It is a broad distinction. A wide gulf exists in New York between those that save and those that invest.

These people did not talk of money—that is, none but the Figlers, who hadn't any, and Prentiss, who had nothing else. By inference, though, every topic they touched on denoted cash. All but the Figlers and I had motors, Ainsworth included. All but Ainsworth talked of their motors; and motors, at any rate the kind they had, mean money. They talked also—and as lightly, unconcernedly—of expensive travel, of trips abroad, of jaunts to Palm Beach, Monterey, the Hot Springs and so forth. They spoke of London, Paris, Rome, the Riviera and all the rest of it, exactly as if a trip abroad meant no more than a week's end run into the suburbs.

To be sure, plenty of my Ohio friends enjoyed as much. At the same time, though, when my Ohio friends talked of this it was in a tone as if they themselves were astonished at how much they themselves had seen. For months, perhaps years, at a time they lived perfectly humdrum, ordinary lives, then they made a splash! Either they went abroad or they hied even more expensively to some American resort, and for a brief period blew in their money like sailors. Their splash was a large event, an epoch in their lives.

But in New York—well! With the Hodges, with Oglebay and Prentiss as well—in fact, with all of each class they represented—the case was different. It was a case of splash every day in the year. Even the Figlers attempted it. They made their little ripple. It was in the air.

Halfway through the dinner I was already figuring mentally how much I must have to buy my wife a limousine!

It was close to eleven when at last we arose. One more surprise awaited. As we left the table that other party in

(Continued on Page 53)

"I'm So Glad! I Was Afraid the Dress Was Getting a Little Out of Date"

Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Time Element—By James H. Collins

THE world's chief steel center, when it comes to quality and the making of special steels for special purposes, is Sheffield, in England. Our own Pittsburgh district leads in tonnage, and the German steel industries are important; but Sheffield is the mother of modern iron and steel working. She developed the great processes of the nineteenth century and she is still the active head of the family.

One of the most necessary factors in the making of Sheffield steel is the Sheffield workman. Iron has been wrought in that district from prehistoric times. Father and son, grandfather and great-grandfather, have smelted and forged the metal from generation to generation. The Sheffield workman was an ironmaster in the days when fine steels often came from as far as India and their cost ran to thousands of dollars a ton. He was the first to take hold of Huntsman's crucible, Bessemer's converter, the open-hearth process and other basic inventions; and he developed the powerful machinery needed in working iron and steel for present-day uses, and followed the application of steel to countless modern useful purposes.

The Sheffield workman's knowledge of steel, according to an English expert, Dr. Arthur Shadwell, is instinctive and unerring. The workman is not versed in the subtleties of modern metallurgical science and may be but indifferently schooled in the three R's; but he can take a piece of steel and, by the precision of his senses alone, tell its composition with certainty. After his offhand estimate of the percentage of carbon has been given, based on temper, the metallurgical chemist may take the same specimen into his laboratory and confirm the percentage by delicate tests. What the chemist ascertains by scientific refinements, the Sheffield workman has long known by watching the behavior of the metal, following its caprices in working, and by his sympathy and feeling for steel, acquired from previous generations.

What is true of the Sheffield workman in steel holds good in John Bull's other basic industries. Lancashire workers have this same instinct for cotton; Yorkshiremen for wool; the people of Staffordshire for clay and pottery.

Two Yankees in New York

DOCTOR Shadwell has investigated these peculiarly English industries in other countries and finds that when they fall short of efficiency it is usually the workman's instinctive knowledge that is lacking. Capital may be raised for a steel or cotton mill in a British colony. Demand for the product is there. Materials are close at hand. Shorter distance gives market advantages. Money will buy the latest and best machinery available to the English manufacturers. English workmen may be brought from Sheffield or Manchester. The management will probably be English. The feeling and experience of the industry cannot be transported however. The colonial mill will show that this something is missing. Processes slacken; things run at loose ends somehow, compared with the solid efficiency found in England.

Here is an interesting factor in business—the factor of growth. Call it the time element, and regard any business from the standpoint of whether it has it, or has it not. Many a staid old house, that ought apparently to be out of existence by reason of its conservatism, is found running along prosperously because the time element is behind it. On the other hand, many a vigorous, enterprising young concern falls short of complete success because the time element is lacking or not properly utilized.

Nearly twenty years ago a keen young man from a small town in New England went to the city of New York and started business for himself. He had practically no capital, but possessed some ideas regarding the trade he entered. He thought he knew what the public wanted and that trade was not supplying it. He believed he could make this necessity both better and cheaper than the trade had ever made the goods, and get his product to the consumer by a shorter route. His ideas were exactly in line with the tendencies in the trade at that time, though he was the only one who saw conditions clearly. For several years he had a hard fight. From one month to another it was never clear whether he would pull through. Bills and notes had to be met and business houses persuaded to extend the modest line of credit that would keep the enterprise going; but the young Yankee was right—and he was square. He hung on until the tide turned; and when it did the flood of prosperity came so high and flowed so fast that he was quickly made rich. Ten years after he started he was a millionaire.

The time element was with this Yankee. For two generations or more, other men had been at work developing the goods identified with that trade. First, they had made them known to the public when they were new and novel, and then made them familiar, and finally staple. Some had succeeded at the business and others had failed, but all had helped along the general welfare of the trade—building demand. When the young man from New England came along the public was prepared for better and broader things than even the trade itself perceived, and he stepped in and carried the business farther. The need for going slowly saved him from making costly mistakes.

About the time the tide turned, another Yankee came into the business. He was a young fellow from the same town, and they had worked together as clerks at home. This newcomer soon had such a grasp of the business that the management shifted into his hands. The founder was fond of foreign travel and, as money came, spent more and more of his time abroad. Finally matters got to a point where he stayed in Europe most of the summer and in Egypt all winter. Twice a year he would come home for a few weeks, bringing a lot of fussy, half-baked plans for modifying his business, and setting the offices in a turmoil while he was there. Everybody was relieved when he sailed again—and his plans were promptly pigeonholed. The manager had entire control. People dealt with him and saw nothing of the founder.

By-and-by a belief grew up in the trade.

"Seamon started that business at the psychological moment," said the trade. "Anybody else might have made the beginning; but Weybridge has the brains and the ability. Weybridge is the real business head. Weybridge is the power behind the throne."

Naturally the manager heard this. It came to him from all sides. Eventually he inclined to believe it himself. As years went by, the idea took firm root in the trade. Weybridge prospered and his success as manager created strong confidence in him. Again and again the tempter came to him and whispered; and in the end he yielded, and announced that he would start in the same business for himself.

"There!" said the trade. "Now you'll see something happen! Seamon has lost the real executive. Without his whims and freaks to hold him back, Weybridge will do something magnificent!"

And Weybridge did. He made the most magnificent failure ever known in that business. Capital was easily secured, for everybody believed in this power behind the throne. Instead of starting on a modest scale, as Seamon had done, thoroughly adjusting his enterprise to conditions and making his mistakes on an economical scale, Weybridge laid out an organization larger than Seamon's. The time element was disregarded. He disregarded what had gone before in the trade, and the factor of growth was so little considered that the business had no babyhood. It was expected to walk the moment it was born. For months ahead, Weybridge canvassed the trade for bright particular stars. Every young man who had distinguished himself with another concern in details such as factory management, selling, and so forth, was bought up with a long contract at an unheard-of salary. Even the office boy came all ready to be set up and operated.

Trade That Went Down Grade

THIS great organization assembled on a given day in an office and factory designed to be set going at the pressure of a button. It started out to clean up the earth after an elaborate housewarming lunch, and for about three weeks the trade was horribly scared at the unexampled competition looming up; but in a month the trade laughed. Weybridge's business became a joke. All the bright young men, drawn from different concerns and accustomed to working by different policies and methods, ran at cross-purposes. There was abundant ability and energy, but

they got nowhere. The factory force was out of joint with itself and could not deliver the goods, and the sales force was too much at sea to sell them. Within six months Weybridge failed—and it was a failure in three rings and an elevated stage! The trade still remembers how his picked men hustled for jobs again—the bright particular stars coming down. As for the business of Seamon, his old boss, that went right along making money as usual. Its famous "power behind the throne" was not missed. An obscure assistant took his desk, and production and sales continued automatically. The concern was so rooted in the time element that even the caprices and neglect of its owner seemed not to impair it.

One of the commonest figures in business life is the man who can never be found twice in the same place. He may be a salary-earner who has a new job every time one meets him and a long explanation of why there was no chance for him to develop properly in the old place. Again, he is the small promoter who sends out several times a year an engraved announcement to the effect that, on account of the unprecedented increase in his business, he is reorganizing and moving into a smaller, cheaper office. This type is also found among the executives. Many a corporation falls just short of paying dividends because it is hampered by a president who will not stay long enough in one spot for the lightning to strike again.

A shrewd policymaker at the head of an Eastern concern says that there is a definite advantage in staying in the same place. If a little cobbler sticks to his little shop in a city neighborhood fifteen years he may be only a little cobbler after all, earning about the same income with his piecing and patching; but a certain unearned increment will have resulted from his staying there so long. For a year or two at the start, he got chiefly odd jobs. Then customers who liked his work and himself began to come back again and recommend him to others. In five years everybody knew him. In ten years he had become a neighborhood landmark. By the time fifteen years have passed, people assure one another that he has been there in that same shop for forty years at least—to their personal recollection; that he cobbled the shoes of their fathers and grandfathers before them; that he looks today exactly as he did forty years ago—not having changed a bit; that he is about the only cobbler left in town nowadays who can be trusted to do a job of tapping in the good old-fashioned way.

Business is largely a matter of healthy roots.

The Naugatuck Valley, in Connecticut, is famous for brass-working. Three-fourths of all the brass goods made in this country are turned out there, and the district takes a large proportion of our copper output. The roots of that industry date back almost to Colonial times. In the days of the old Yankee tin pedler—long before steam was available for manufacturing—every little stream in the hills roundabout had its little workshop, run by water-power, or sometimes a horse and treadmill. The Yankee tin pedler brought in old copper kettles, taken in trade, and the small manufacturers turned the metal into brass buttons and other light trinkets that could be shipped to New York. By-and-by, when steampower came and the more successful manufacturers moved into towns, the knack of brass-working had become general enough to serve as a basis for expanding the industry. Many staples in brass were then imported from England. The Connecticut men took these up one by one, sent over to Birmingham for skilled workmen and gradually captured our home market. There still stands in Waterbury an old stone mill where the first brass wire ever produced in this country was drawn and the first brass pins made.

There is an old trade story about the workman who drew that first American brass wire and furnished the knowledge upon which the industry was founded. British manufacturers greatly feared the growing competition in Connecticut and opposed every attempt to take skilled workers to America. After a Connecticut manufacturer had persuaded this man to come to America he had to smuggle his new employee over to Ireland and put him aboard a ship in a hogshead.

As copper production developed in the United States, the Naugatuck Valley thrived. All the new ideas for brass goods gravitated there and the district furnished ideas of its own abundantly. The workmen manipulated brass naturally and worked in a brass atmosphere. Today, despite the fact that other big brass centers have arisen in the Middle West, the valley still leads. Newer centers owe their establishment to Naugatuck workmen. The time element in this valley is as strong as yeast. A bit of it transplanted elsewhere sets a brass-mill going, but the original leaven is in no way decreased.

Similar stories of growth can be found in connection with our other staple industries—collars and gloves in New York, pottery and silk in New Jersey, textiles in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Our great Trusts are all founded on industries that, through solid development of technical practice and sure linking with basic demand, have sent strong taproots into the time element.

Ireland furnishes an interesting illustration of what happens when such roots are pulled up. After the introduction of tobacco from America the Emerald Isle became an important producer of the leaf. Irish peasants learned how to grow and cure it; their product was so much in demand during the time of Charles II that growers in the American colonies complained and the production of tobacco in Ireland was stopped by law. Act of Parliament did not wholly kill the industry. For years after the prohibition, tobacco was raised surreptitiously in Ireland and smuggled across the Channel; but finally, by sending soldiers to root up the plant, the industry was obliterated and the peasants who understood this crop died off.

Within the past few years there has been a general movement to build up Irish industries—tobacco among the rest. The law has been amended to permit tobacco-growing, and the leaf is now being cultivated again in various parts of the island; but everything had to be begun from the very bottom. All the strong old roots of the industry had died out. Peasants had to be taught to take care of the plant in the fields. When the leaf was ripe and harvested there arose the difficulty of curing. All the men who knew how to cure Irish tobacco had been in their graves two generations, and it was necessary for rich land-owners to establish warehouses where the crop could be properly handled, even though no profit resulted.

(Concluded on Page 57)

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VII

IVAN stepped to the little door, opened it softly and took a quick look up and down the street; then closed the door again.

"Will you come down?" said he in a low voice.

I reached for the branch of a tree, swung silently clear of the wall and dropped to the ground. Even through the murk I could see the gleam of Ivan's white teeth as he looked at me with his thin-lipped smile.

"Let us go inside," said he. "I should like to talk with you."

I followed him up the path and into the house, and as we entered I heard a rustle from an adjoining room.

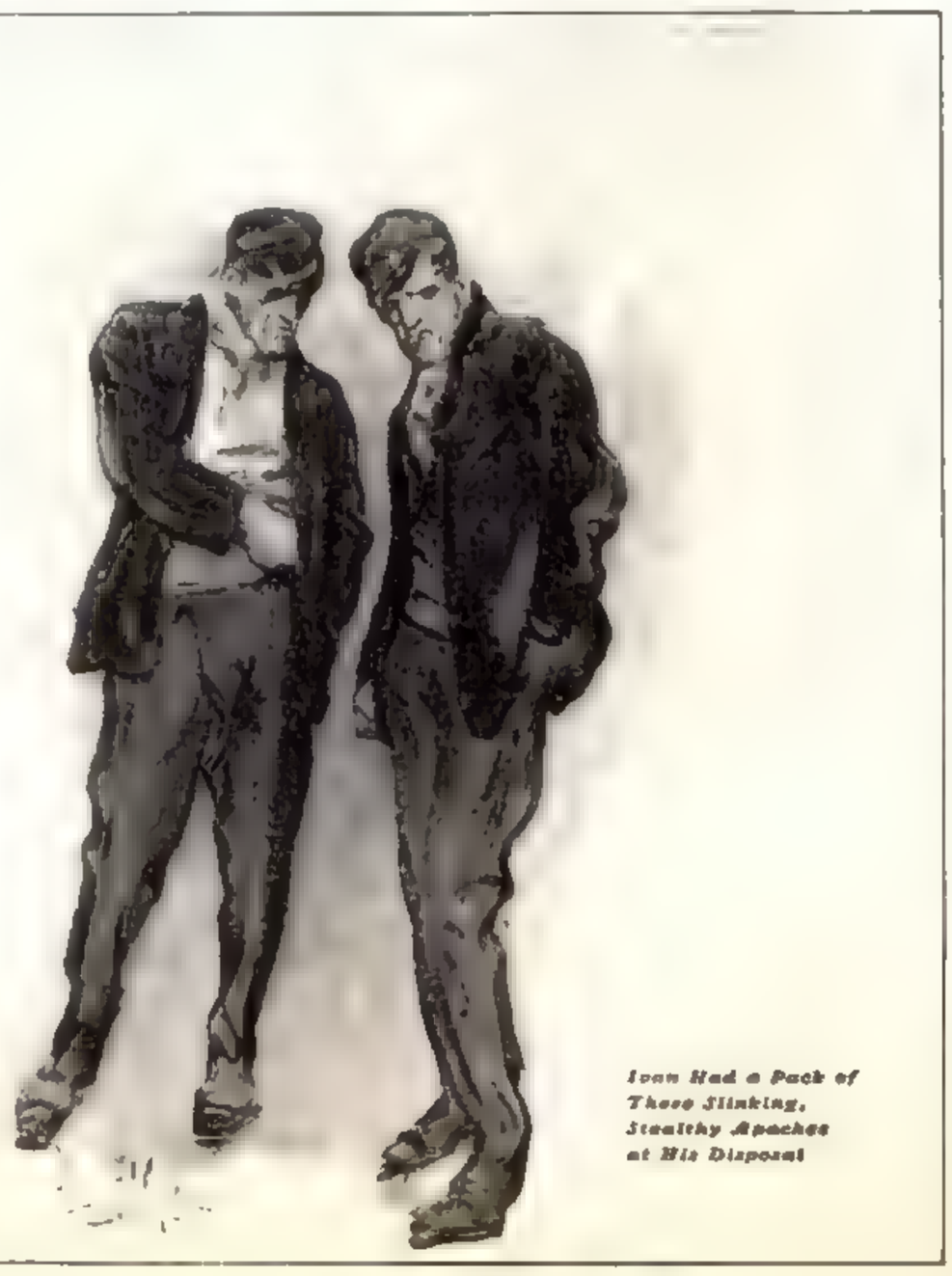
"It is all right, Pierre," said Ivan. "*Merci, m'sieu'.*"

Ivan touched a button and the light streamed out.

"Let us go up to my office," said he. "We can be more comfortable there, and I have quite a good deal to say to you."

So up we went to the handsome room, with its stately Empire furniture, Oriental rugs and valuable paintings, for Ivan was a connoisseur and collector. He seated himself behind his desk and motioned me to sit down in a big easy-chair opposite.

"Let me compliment you upon your quick recovery of health," said Ivan, eying me keenly. "Chu-Chu told me he shot you through the body and ripped a hole through your arm with his knife. He was unable to understand how you made your escape, and has been cursing modern high-velocity pistols with small-caliber, steel-jacketed bullets ever since. He is also inclined to suspect Léontine."



Ivan Had a Pack of These Slinking, Stealthy Apaches at His Disposal

"He drilled me through the shoulder," I answered, "and the knife wound was nothing much. For my part, I've been cursing my own clumsiness."

Ivan gave that peculiar smile which might have stood for amusement or malice.

"I wonder you didn't drop on his back just now," said he.

There was no use in telling him of my promise to Sœur Anne Marie, so I answered:

"I might have done so if it had been anywhere else. Naturally I would not make a row on your premises. Besides, I gathered from your talk that you had need of him and I did not want to run against your interests."

His eyes bored into me like gimlets. "You are getting very considerate of my interests all at once, Monsieur Clamart. You were less thoughtful the other day at Baron von Hertzfeld's. That little interference of yours cost me a good many thousand francs, a sum of which I stand in considerable need just at this moment."

"I am very sorry, Count," I answered; "but how was I to know? When we last met you told me that you were finished with Chu-Chu and that I might do what I liked to him for all you cared. I supposed, of course, he was working on his own hook."

Ivan leaned back in his chair, twisting the waxed end of his thin black mustache, his pale, handsome

face clouded. For several moments he did not speak, but his luminous eyes shot up at me from time to time from under the long black lashes.

"Why have you come to see me tonight?" he asked suddenly.

"Because," I answered, "it occurred to me that perhaps I might be running counter to your interests, after all, in hunting Chu-Chu, and I wanted to make sure that it was all right. A man may carry on a feud with another man, but there's no use trying to fight a whole organization."

"But what made you think that I might be employing Chu-Chu when, as you just said, you believed that I had done with him? Whom have you been talking to? Léontine?"

His eyes were snapping now and his delicate features were as hard as steel.

"No," I answered. "Léontine has told me nothing. Nobody has told me anything. It was merely a surmise on my part—and it appears that I was right."

Ivan stared a second, then nodded. "Yes," said he, "you were right—confound it! I did not expect to use Chu-Chu again, nor did I intend to; but I was driven to it. I have recently lost two of my best men and there was nobody else to do the work. There were two or three big jobs I wanted to finish up, then leave France for a while. I do not quite like the way things are going. To tell the truth, I have a vague instinct that I am under observation"—he gave me another of those ocular dagger-thrusts—"and that the prefecture is beginning to smell a rat. That is the reason why I closed up the house and went to Trouville for a fortnight. I wanted the secret-service men to make a search in my absence, and I find they have done so. I left everything prepared for them—a few letters to indicate that I am somewhat involved in a Balkan conspiracy, and so on. Balkan conspiracies don't interest them much, but they had to find something. I just returned tonight, having got hold of a good proposition and wishing to see Chu-Chu. There is no one else. You heard the conclusion of our conversation?"

"Yes," I answered; "and it made me feel ashamed of myself for the trouble I've made you. I'd never counted on your squareness to me resulting in your own loss."

Ivan gave his thin smile. "It has though," he answered. "First it was Miss Dalghren's rope of pearls, which I gave back to you; then you came within an ace of doing me out of that big Calais boat haul; then you broke up the Hertzfeld job, and now it looks as if you might spoil the best thing yet. I won't say anything about the Rosenthal stones that you took away from Chu-Chu, though he swears that he would have turned them over and was waiting only until the other business should have been disposed of. Now, Monsieur Clamart, I am like yourself a man of my word; but, after all, there are limits to one's patience." He smiled again.

Was he starting to threaten me? I could feel the muscles of my jaw harden. It was one thing to try to keep Ivan's good-will and another to be cowed. The blood started up my neck and I think that Ivan saw that he'd taken the wrong tack, for he went on smoothly:

"Don't misunderstand me. What I mean is that keeping my word to you is proving more expensive than I can afford; and it seems to me there exists some little obligation on your part. Don't you agree with me?"

"I certainly do," I muttered.

"I have stretched some points for you," Ivan went on; "and I don't mind telling you that, all money loss aside, it has hurt my authority with the association of which I am the head. Chu-Chu has been intriguing." His face darkened and grew sinister. "He is accusing me of favoring a renegade and traitor who has great influence at the prefecture. The mob knows your story; it knows that you got caught while working the Cuttynge house and that for some miraculous reason you got off scot-free. It's been hinted that you belong to the police, and it's also been hinted that I am too well disposed to you. Do you understand? Now one good job on your part would remove that impression and restore confidence in myself and enable me to put Chu-Chu where he belongs."

"But, my dear Count ——" I began, almost stammering; for now I saw what Ivan was after. He interrupted me.

"Listen, Monsieur Clamart. It is true that you passed your word to Mrs. Cuttynge never to steal again; but I understand that she believes you to have broken your faith and that the circumstances are such that she can never be undeceived. What you wish most of all is that she should continue to believe you guilty and her husband, the real thief, innocent. Is that not so?"

"Yes," I stuttered; "but ——"

"Let me finish." Ivan leaned toward me across the desk and projected the whole weight of his powerful magnetism. "Mrs. Cuttynge, I take it, is the only person whose faith in you you value, and hers is irrevocably lost. She believes you have dropped back into the underworld – back to your old trade; but if you were to reëmerge you could resume your former position in your half-brother's motor business and his wife would gradually regain her faith in you, and at the end of a certain time it would be absolutely restored. Now what keeps you from going back? Chu-Chu le Tondeur? I do not wish to tempt you, Monsieur Clamart, nor shall I offer you a cent of money as inducement; but I am going to appeal to your sense of obligation to me and offer you the means of extricating yourself from your difficult position. I have a job on hand which would be practically impossible to a bungler, but presents no difficulties to the expert. Moreover, the loss will fall upon a rich and dishonest organization. If you will undertake this one bit of work and are able to carry it off successfully I will promise never to call upon you again and I will give you my assurance"—his face grew hard as flint—"that you need have no further cause to be on your guard against Chu-Chu le Tondeur. And that part of my compact would be a real pleasure to carry out."

The cold, deadly hate streamed out of Ivan's burning eyes as he said these last words; and let me tell you, my friend, I had no fear of his not making good on that part of the contract. For the first time I realized how Ivan loathed and hated the Shearer; but it showed me, also, how badly the Chief must be crowded, hating Chu-Chu as he did, to put up with him.

Well, here was the proposition, as cold and square as a flagstone in a prison yard. I could take it or I could leave it. If I took it I broke my word to Edith—and what did that matter, when she would live and die thinking that I had broken it anyway? If I left it there were Chu-Chu—and the thought of him didn't bother me any, because, after all, he wasn't much more than a bloodthirsty animal with an animal's cunning—and Ivan.

And let me tell you, my friend, that Ivan was a very different sort of type to tackle. It was within the range of human possibility that I could be afraid of Ivan. He was a man of cool thought, acted on impulsively. Ivan, I felt, could be swift and cruel and terrible; and his acts would not be governed by any principle, but purely by the emotion of the moment. Personally he could never have frightened me; but a braver man than I might easily dread that swift, cruel intelligence, directing such ferrets as you catch sight of slipping in and out of the shadows about the *barrières*. Ivan had a pack of these slinking, stealthy Apaches at his disposal; and, though he had probably never so much as laid eyes on one of them to recognize him, they were nevertheless ready and waiting to do his will as transmitted through one of his sub-lieutenants. Once this cheerful horde was loosed on a victim, he might as well try to fight a swarm of mosquitoes, of which the sting of any might easily prove fatal. They represented a disease rather than an enemy.

So here, on one side, was the promise of freedom from the underworld and life in the open again, all for a few hours' exercise of the skill that had taken me years and years to perfect. Just one theft added to the many which I had done and gloried in the doing of! It may seem strange to you that the odd chance of making a fluke of it and getting nabbed never entered into my head. The idea of getting caught never had entered into my head except in a vague sort of way just as the thought of being taken with cramp might occur to the strong, long-distance swimmer.

No, I had no fear of getting caught; in fact, I had and have still a supreme contempt for the Continental police, and you can take it as a great truth that the reason there are no more big robberies in Europe is because people take better care of their dust. When a Frenchman gets a bone he buries it; he doesn't give it to some big dog to guard for him, the way we do at home. And as for jewels—well, if folks knew how few of the sparklers they see are the real thing they'd stare at the moon instead. There's plenty of petty graft in Europe because the people are naturally suspicious and therefore suckers, but there's never such an awful lot of money in any one place; and when there is you're apt to find a couple of dozen people guarding it.

I took so long to answer that Ivan must have thought it was all fixed, for presently he said:

"I am glad to see that, though you are a straight man in your dealings—just as I am when personal questions are involved—you are not, nevertheless, pigheaded. You kept your word at great sacrifice; and now, when this sacrifice has proved futile, you are quite at liberty to ——"

"To break my word?" I asked quietly.

Ivan gave me a startled look, then his eyes narrowed.

"So far as that goes," said he, "the person to whom you gave it considers that you have already broken it. To all practical purposes, Monsieur Clamart, you have broken your word to Mrs. Cuttynge."

"Perhaps," I answered; "but I have not yet broken my word to myself."

Ivan smiled. "Perhaps when you come to try yourself before the tribunal of your own conscience," said he, "the court might find extenuating circumstances ——"

I interrupted him impatiently.

"Count," said I, leaning forward, "there is no use in our saying any more. Nothing would please me more than to be able to pay my obligation to you, though my own position is not one that I am in any way keen about. If I could do what you suggest I would in a second; but I can't. I don't pretend to be a reformed character or anything of the sort. It's simply that I've passed my word and can't go back on it without losing all my self-respect and going all to pot generally. If I were to do this one job do you suppose I'd stop there? Not for a second! I'd pitch in again and make Chu-Chu think he was the apprentice that you called him a little while ago. It's not as though I'd given my word in a fit of uplift ideas, or to please a woman, or because I happened to feel noble for the moment and wasn't in any particular want. I did it to square a debt—and I'm going to stick to it!"

Ivan stared at me gloomily. I'd rather expected he would threaten or sneer—or possibly, because there were some fine streaks in his complex nature, approve my stand. Instead, he sat and tugged at his mustache and stared at me from time to time in a sort of bored, despondent way, just as a man might at being turned down in some business proposition.

"Eh? Well," said he, suddenly rousing himself, "I was afraid I might hear something of that sort. I know your sort and I won't say you're not right. Only, it's apt to be a bit unfortunate for both of us."

"You mean that I can no longer count on your friendship?" I asked.

"No more than I can count on your help!" he snapped. "Mind you, I'm not going to order your assassination or anything of that sort; but, if you decline to take up the work and Chu-Chu decides to come to terms, I can't have him interfered with. Naturally I've got to protect my own man."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Just this, Monsieur Clamart," said Ivan, looking me squarely in the eyes. "If you want to prolong your life you will have to leave the country. As long as you leave Chu-Chu alone, all right and good. I need him for my business."

"Then order Chu-Chu to leave me alone," I answered.

"He wouldn't obey. Chu-Chu means to kill you or have you killed; but, as for your killing him"—he lowered his head and looked at me fixedly—"take my advice, Monsieur Clamart," says he, wagging his slender index finger at me, "and leave Chu-Chu alone. That is all."

Well, it was enough. At least he'd put the case plainly. As long as Chu-Chu was working for Ivan, I could hunt his scalp only at the risk of my own, though Chu-Chu was perfectly free to murder me. On the other hand, I had nothing to fear from Ivan so long as I left Chu-Chu alone. It was all logical enough. If I didn't like the situation I could always get out of the country; but there was my business and the desire to make good, and—oh, there were many reasons why I did not want to clear out.

Ivan reached over rather wearily and touched a bell. His servant Pierre, who looked rather like a mink, came to the door.

"Get a bottle of champagne and some sandwiches," said Ivan; then looked at me, and his thin smile parted his lips again. "You'll join me in some refreshment, won't you?"

So we drank a bottle of champagne between us and ate some sandwiches and talked about different things. Ivan asked me no questions about my stalk of Chu-Chu. The business seemed to bore him. It was plain enough he was bothered by troubles of his own; and once or twice, when there came a step outside on the pavement, he stiffened like a birddog that scents game. It was after two when I got up to go, and Ivan went down with me through the garden and let me out through the little door in the wall.

"Some day, when we've both retired and are living in the world where we belong, we may be good friends, Monsieur Clamart," said he in a tired voice. "But, meantime, business is business. Take my advice and clear out for a while. If you don't Chu-Chu will surely get you, because, as I said before, I need the man and can't have him interfered with. I've offered you your chance, and if you haven't chosen to profit by it you have only yourself to blame if anything unpleasant happens."

"Is that a polite way of saying that if I scrag Chu-Chu I'll have the association down on my back?" I asked.

"I'm afraid that's about what it amounts to," said Ivan; and he wished me good night.

The night seemed darker than ever when I went into the street; but, let me tell you, it wasn't any blacker than my own feelings. There seemed mighty little left but to skip the country and to go somewhere else and make a fresh start, this time on the level; but the very thought of that was hateful. To begin with, I couldn't stomach the idea of being chased out by Chu-Chu with a gang of Ivan's Apaches at his heels. Then, there was the business that I'd got so well started! And then there was the biggest thing of all—the wish to win back what I'd lost in Edith's eyes! Don't make the mistake of thinking for a second that I was in love with Edith. My feeling toward her was the sort a child might have for an angel. The distance between us was too great to admit of anything else.

There were other reasons too. I had an awfully warm spot inside me for Rosalie, and I wanted to see her often and be free to be with her. The remembrance of her bare arms round my neck and her tear-stained face against mine set me all aglow. I realized that I was on the verge of falling in love with Rosalie. And there was my life in town, and the clubs and theaters and cafés and spins over

the road—no, sir; to tell the truth, I almost regretted for an instant that I hadn't taken Ivan up on his offer. I knew, however, that things would never have been quite the same for me afterward if I had. Such a step would have cost me my self-respect even more than getting out of the country would; and when a man of my stamp loses his self-respect there ain't much left of him but his clothes.

So here I was, forbidden to hunt Chu-Chu under pain of being exterminated by Ivan's rat-terriers—and Chu-Chu free to do for me the first chance he got! It was a pretty exasperating state of affairs, and the more I thought it over the less good I was able to see in it—until suddenly I had an inspiration.

In the very beginning of my feud with Chu-Chu I had asked Ivan if he had any objection to it, and Ivan had unequivocally answered "No." He had told me that, as long as I did not furnish any information which might be dangerous to the mob, I could go ahead; and he had even given me a tip as to Chu-Chu's familiar. At that time Ivan had decided to break off all relations with Chu-Chu. Since then, however, he had come to need him again; and as a result he had now forbidden me to interfere.

When I had given Ivan my promise not to furnish information to the police it had been with the understanding that he was not to interfere with my feud with Chu-Chu. And now he had done it—and his doing so let me out. Mind you, the last thing in my mind was to turn state's evidence and actually lay information against the mob. That's a thing I've always despised; and besides, there were too many old, extraditable accounts against me to make such a move healthy. As the girl said when her young man wanted to kiss her: "I'm not that kind of a girl—and besides, mamma would hear!"

At any rate, I could make the bluff and put Ivan in the position of my guardian angel. And the minute that idea struck me I laid a course for an all-night café on the Avenue Wagram, where I called for writing materials and scratched off a letter something like this:

My dear Count: Since it has pleased you to declare the hunting season closed to me in the rôle of *chasseur*, though wide open if I am to be considered as game, I feel the necessity of falling back on the close preserve.

I am preparing tonight a full statement which, by the time this has reached you, will be in the custody of a trustee, with instructions to place it at once in the hands of the prefect of police should I happen to be the victim of any accident of a violent character.

I would, therefore, advise that our mutual acquaintance be issued instructions similar to my own.

In acting as I have, I am actuated solely by a sense of fair play. As to my good faith, you may remember that when I passed my word to make no revelations which might incriminate your associates or yourself it was done on your assurance that I should not be interfered with in the carrying out of my personal affairs.

Tomorrow morning I shall return to my place of business and resume the administration of my affairs as formerly, trusting to your discretion to prevent aught of an unpleasant character.

Please accept, monsieur, my most distinguished sentiments. FRANK CLAMART.

This note finished, I sealed and addressed it and took it straight to Ivan's house. There I yanked at the bell until finally Pierre came to answer it.

I handed him the note.

"Take this to your master," said I, "and tell him it was brought by Monsieur Clamart himself."

Then I turned on my heel and went back to my little hotel in Passy, with the feeling of a man who has come to the surface after a deep dive.

VIII

IT DOESN'T take long to step from the underworld into the upper when you happen to be at home in both. I paid my little hotel bill, walked out into the Bois with my old black valise, found a thicket over by the bicycle path and did a lightning-change act from a goggled *prédicateur* into a young man of fashion, then walked over to the Pré Catelan, picked up a taxi and went to my quarters.

The concierge seemed glad to see me. I told him I had been working up the car in England and had run over for a few days to see if there was anything new. Naturally I'd left the black valise in the Bois and my being without luggage meant nothing, as he might have thought that I had left it at the Cuttynges' or the Automobile or Travelers Club. Your Paris concierge is a past master in the art of never being surprised at anything; and if you happen to be a foreigner the only thing that could possibly surprise him would be at the lack of things to be surprised about.

"Take My Advice, Monsieur Clamart, and Leave Chu-Chu Alone. That Is All"

I read a few letters and then walked over to the office on the Avenue de la Grande Armée; and, let me tell you, the luxury of that walk in the open was greater than any I'd ever enjoyed. Chu-Chu might have walked up and shoved a knife into my solar plexus, and I'd scarcely have tried to stop him. I was enjoying my respectability just as a respectable person might enjoy a dip into vice—not because it was vice, but because he was a bit fed up on the other.

Gustave, our little *mécanicien*, was the only person at the office. He seemed very glad to see me back and said that there had been practically no business at all since I had been away. He had taken several people out to show the car, but did not know that anything had come of it. He believed there had been two sales from the Basle office and one from the Geneva.

I next called up the Cuttynges and learned from the butler that monsieur and madame were expected home the following night, but only to stop over twenty-four hours en route for Baden, as monsieur had been suffering from his stomach. Gustave told me that he had been forwarding all letters to Monsieur Cuttynge.

There was really nothing for me to do, and I was about to lock up my desk and stroll down to the Automobile Club when Gustave brought in a note that he said had just been left by a man who looked like a *valet de chambre*. One glance at the envelope showed me that it was from Léontine. It read:

Dear Frank: Ivan has just called and showed me your note. We both think that you have gone mad or else that you must have a wild and exaggerated idea of Ivan's authority over our mutual friend.

Let me warn you to get under cover at once. Ivan is practically powerless, and you are doing him a great injustice in the action you are taking. He has now gone to keep a rendezvous with our friend. There are many urgent things I wish to say to you, and I want you to lunch with me today at noon, *chez moi*. It will be quite safe.

Sincerely, L.

This note caused me no surprise. I had expected something of the sort—but from Ivan. However, as Léontine might expect to be entangled in the net of any general revelations, and had no idea how much I might have told in my statement, she was naturally uneasy and no doubt wanted the chance to convince me that I was behaving foolishly and meanly.

There seemed no special reason for not complying with her request as, now that I had broken cover, I was in no more danger in one place than another. If Ivan dared he could have me assassinated when he liked—and so might Chu-Chu. Mind you, I wasn't feeling so dead safe, by any means; what I was doing was simply the best of several poor choices—leaving the country, killing Chu-Chu and then taking a chance on Ivan's carrying out his threat, or skulking round in disguise and waiting for something to turn up. I don't count the possibility of going back to graft as a choice, because I never for a second considered it.

A little after eleven a man whom I knew came in and the clocks were striking twelve when I jumped into a taxi and started up to Léontine's. It seemed nice to be going about the city openly and well groomed again. After all, I thought, maybe it's better to take a chance of being scragged like a gentleman than to go slinking about like a street cat. I'll keep my eyes open, and if he can get me let him go ahead and do it. As for Ivan and his mob, they can go to the devil too.

It was in this frame of mind that I arrived at Léontine's; and then, as I got out and turned to pay the driver I got a jolt that knocked all the newborn impudence out of me—for there on the terrace, sitting at a table on the edge of the cleared space leading up to the door, was Rosalie, watching me intently; and at a table just abreast of her on the other side of the opening was a man in an artisan's blouse and a black straw hat, with one of the little round carpetbags in which plumbers, locksmiths and others carry their tools, on the pavement at his feet.

Bearded though he was, I knew him at a glance for Chu-Chu. Even if I had not seen him vaguely in the dark the night before, I think I should have known him. Some instinct seemed to label him with his true self, and the same instinct warned me to let my eyes move absently past and to turn slowly on my heel and reach for the bell of Léontine's little door.

"Was it a trap?" I thought like a flash. Did they mean to put me quickly and silently away and take a chance on such revelations as might or might not be produced? Was I a fool to go into the spider's web like an innocent little fly? The butler's steps were coming down the path. Had I better leave a verbal message and go away? I could say that I had just got back to the office and found the note and was sorry that I was engaged to lunch in the Bois, and had stopped on my way to make my excuses.

All this went through my head like a single thought. Then the door opened and I entered in the most natural way in the world and followed the *maître d'hôtel* up the path into the house.

Why did I do so? Was I fascinated by the danger? Hypnotized? Hardly that. I'd got too used to danger to

(Continued on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1911

An Opinion From the Ticker

THE Oil Trust is legally dead. The New Jersey corporation is divesting itself of ownership in all the subsidiary companies and is distributing their stock pro rata among its own shareholders, thereby reinstating a condition of free competition and fully complying with the Sherman act as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

The latest Stock Exchange quotations, as this is written, show that six hundred and forty-five dollars a share is asked and six hundred and twenty-five dollars a share is bid for the stock of this defunct, dissolved and virtually buried Trust. In May, 1906, when it was announced that the Government would sue for a dissolution of the Trust, Standard Oil stock sold at six hundred and thirty dollars a share. In fine, the Trust is worth exactly as much after its legal death as it was before. Obviously six hundred and twenty-five dollars a share would not be bid for oil stock, nor would the lowest offer be six hundred and forty-five dollars a share, if anybody supposed that the concern's profits were going to be a penny less in its dissolved, disintegrated and "unscrambled" condition than they were before; and nobody with wit enough to possess six hundred and twenty-five dollars dreams that the constituent parts of the oil combine could begin actively competing with one another without decreasing the aggregate profits.

The ticker opines, in short, that there will be no more competition than there was before—that oil products will not be cheaper to the consumer; nor will the price paid the producer be a bit higher.

Deposit Insurance in Kansas

KANSAS is progressive, but she progresses with deliberation. Her bank-depositors' guaranty law is an illustration. Unlike the Oklahoma law, which brings every state bank into the guaranty plan, the Kansas act is optional; a state bank may join in the guaranty or not as it pleases—except that no bank can join without the approval of the state bank commissioner, and he approves only institutions that are beyond criticism in every respect. No bank that pays more than three per cent interest on any form of deposits is admitted; and if any officer of a bank whose deposits are guaranteed under the act promises to pay, directly or indirectly, more than three per cent interest on any deposit he is liable to five thousand dollars fine and a year's imprisonment.

Having joined in the plan, a bank deposits with the state treasurer approved Government, state or municipal bonds equal to one-half of one per cent of its deposits, and pays in an annual cash assessment of one-twentieth of one per cent of its deposits until the accumulated cash amounts to five hundred thousand dollars.

If a guaranteed bank fails the commissioner shall, as promptly as possible, issue to each depositor a certificate bearing six per cent interest for the amount of his claim. He shall then wind up the affairs of the bank and apply its assets to the payment of depositors; if any deficit remains he shall draw upon the guaranty fund to make it good. Thus, the commissioner's certificate issued to a depositor in a failed bank is sure to be paid, plus interest; and the depositor can realize upon it as upon a gilt-edge note.

In his last annual report, Bank Commissioner Dolley says: "I hold that the first duty of the banking department is to protect the depositing public; and I believe firmly that when the banking department issues a permit, bearing the state's seal, for a bank to do business, every dollar deposited in that bank should be returned to the depositor—a hundred cents on the dollar and no less."

To anybody belonging to the depositing public, that certainly sounds like a reasonable doctrine; and under the guaranty law Kansas seems to be working her way toward that goal—progressively, yet with due caution. Over half the state banks are already participating in the guaranty plan and the proportion tends to grow.

Strikes and Government

WINSTON CHURCHILL has propounded a capital-and-labor puzzle to his British constituents.

To a modern state, he says in substance, railroad transportation is a necessity of life—and how literally true this is of England was shown in the general strike of last August, when the food supply in some localities ran down to only a few days' requirements. So the Government cannot permit railroad transportation to be paralyzed indefinitely by a strike. It cannot sit by and see communities starve. A point will soon be reached where it must intervene and force resumption of transportation.

Strikes, however, form one of the modern means of collective bargaining between employer and employees. They are, in fact, the workmen's final and most effective resource in driving a bargain. Denied the right to strike, labor unions would be only so many wooden cannon at which employers could laugh. If the employer knew absolutely that the men could not strike he might offer any terms he pleased. In wage-bargaining the men would not stand on a level footing but be bound and gagged.

If, then, the Government takes away, or seriously restricts, the right of the men to strike, isn't it bound to step into the breach and readjust the balance between them and the employer, by compelling the employer to pay them fair wages? There can be no free bargaining if it is known that at a certain point the Government will intervene on one side. Must it not, then, also be known that at a certain point the Government will intervene on the other side and compel payment of adequate wages?

Mr. Churchill carries his puzzle only that far. On our own account we add, How far will that leave us from regulation of wages as well as of rates by the Government, and how far will that leave us from Government ownership?

Taxing Extravagance

THERE is something to be said for the crude window tax which was one of the props of British revenue for many years. The present income tax retains some flavor of it in the distinction between earned incomes and those not earned. The ideal tax, no doubt, would be one upon expenditure rather than income, the expenditure that was necessary for decent living being exempt. Until the Socialists revolutionize us, a steady accumulation of investible capital will be necessary if trade and industry are to expand. Thus, an income of ten thousand dollars, of which half goes to the maintenance of a family while the other half is saved, swelling the investible fund that supports industry, deserves better than an income of the same size which the family next door "blows in." A ten-thousand-dollar man who is trying to live in a twenty-thousand-dollar house ought to be taxed four times as much as a ten-thousand-dollar man who lives in a five-thousand-dollar house. A fifty-thousand-dollar income, four-fifths of which is put back into the business for enlarged plant, additional machinery and the employment of more hands, is much more healthful than an income of the same size that goes for cutting a figure in the society column. The number of persons in the United States that extravagance supports in absolute unproductiveness, which is economically the same thing as complete idleness, must be huge. There are ninety thousand bartenders, for example, of whom half no doubt could be released to productive toil without any serious inconvenience to society.

The trouble lies, of course, in devising a tax to fit the case. Windows are a very humble and inconsiderable item in ostentation, and the man with an income from investments may be no more extravagant than one with an earned income; in fact, he himself may have saved the money for the investments.

The German Elections

INSURGENCY afflicts the Fatherland also, and Berlin reports say the ministry is rather aghast at an intimation that the Emperor proposes to take a personal hand in the pending elections, "swinging round the circle" and making speeches in the approved manner of an electioneering American President.

The last general election, nearly five years ago, gave great comfort to the Conservatives, because the Socialists lost thirty-eight seats in the Reichstag. Victorious conservatism proceeded to mangle the plan for electoral reform in Prussia, where one rich man's vote counts for as much as a dozen poor men's votes. Burdens incident to supporting the finest army in the world and building a navy to rival England's were still further increased. Partial crop failures this fall, cooperating with a high protective tariff framed in the interest of the big landowners, gave a painful upturn to the cost of living. American cattle are still virtually excluded, while the only meat with which many thousand tables are familiar is horseflesh. Recent bye and local elections indicate an alarming turn of the tide toward the Socialists. There are gloomy forebodings of a landslide which will disrupt the "bloc" by which Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg gets his majorities in the imperial parliament. It has been noted of late, indeed, that the several parties which occupy a more or less middle ground tend to lose weight, leaving the battle drawn more and more decisively between the extreme Radicals and the extreme Conservatives.

The outlook, no doubt, is displeasing to the Emperor. If the Prussian suffrage had been honestly reformed; if there had been some lightening of military burdens, some moderate tariff concessions but when and where did true-blue conservatism ever yield an inch until it was hit over the head with a club?

"Typically American" Success

ONE of the heroes of the old chapbooks is that "famous and worthy clothier of England, Jack of Newbury," otherwise John Winchcomb. It is recounted as a wonderful thing that he kept a hundred looms at work in his own house and marched at the head of a hundred of his own workmen to the battle of Flodden Field. More exact history records his will, but does not commit itself as to his antecedents. No doubt, however, he was born in the humblest circumstances and worked his way to the top by native genius, thereby achieving a "typically American" success not long after America was discovered.

We are reminded of this by reading in various quarters that Joseph Pulitzer's success was "typically American"—as much so, indeed, as the success of that other poor young immigrant, Andrew Carnegie. Sons of Austrian Jews and of Scotch weavers, beginning poor, succeed everywhere, and have always succeeded by the same combination of genius and luck which, once in a hundred thousand times, wins preëminent success in America. These preeminent successes signify nothing anywhere.

Writing of poor Corsica before Napoleon was born, Rousseau said: "I have a presentiment this island will one day startle Europe." If that was prophetic of Napoleon one may, with confidence, make the same prophecy of any civilized tract of earth. Wait long enough and, in the inscrutable dispensations of Chance, some preeminently successful man will arise there.

The Judicial Mind in Politics

CHICAGO voters, under the referendum, were privileged this month to say "Yes" or "No" to the following proposition:

"For consenting to the act entitled An act to amend the act entitled An act in relation to a municipal court in the city of Chicago, approved May 18, 1905, as amended by an act approved June 3, 1907, entitled An act to amend an act entitled An act in relation to a municipal court in the city of Chicago, approved May 18, 1905."

The proposition actually was whether salaries of the judges and other employees of the municipal court should be raised one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year; but to state it in such bald and intelligible terms would presumably have been shocking to the fine legal sense of the persons most directly interested.

The referendum is supposed to be a method of submitting public questions to the common-sense of the average voter. We have wondered before this why it is so often deemed necessary to present the questions in a technical jargon which no common-sense can penetrate.

The Fortunes of The Sun

NEW YORK CITY, November 3, 1911.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

IT WOULD be improper for any one to assume—as I understand some have assumed—that my story, The Fortunes of The Sun, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, September second, ninth and sixteenth, was a literal chronicle of actual events that occurred in St. Joseph, Missouri, when I was the editor of The St. Joseph Star.

The story portrays a condition broader than that of any particular city. Some of the incidents actually occurred in St. Joseph, and some were taken from my experiences and the experiences of other editors in other cities.

My purpose in writing the story was to show fairly typical newspaper conditions in a typical American city. The incidents should not be applied to any particular places, individuals, or associations. OLIVER P. NEWMAN.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

T. R.'s Trustbuster

ONE morning, when The Colonel needed something to do—of course The Colonel needed something to do every morning; but this was one particular morning when the need was great, for the ordinary divertisements of the Presidential office, such as chasing General Miles across Lafayette Park and giving E. H. Harriman the third degree, had begun to pall—one particular morning The Colonel was being shaved, eating his bacon and eggs, dictating to Bnly Loeb, composing a message to Congress, writing an ancient Irish ode and chastising a Nature-faker—and a thought struck him!

Now when a thought struck The Colonel the impact was terrific!—something like the irresistible force impinging on the immovable object, but not quite. That comparison only went when The Colonel struck the thought—not when the thought struck him. Well, to be explicit, The Colonel was occupying his time with a few little trifles of work when he and the thought met. Everybody in the vicinity of the White House imagined the boilers had blown up; but such was not the case. What happened was this: The Colonel decided to bust a few Trusts.

"By Jove!" he said -or exclaimed, or ejaculated, or shouted, or yelled—it all depending on how near the hearer was to The Colonel—"I'll do that!"

Hence, he did—that is, of course, he didn't; but he started to. And what Trust should he bust? For the nonce The Colonel hesitated -there were so many Trusts in eminent shape for busting. His hesitation lasted but a brief moment. It seemed so ridiculous that he hesitated at all! Often, in later days, The Colonel was wont to refer to this hesitation as an inexplicable display of temporary weakness. There was nothing to it, you see—absolutely nothing. From that day dates the immortal axiom of Trustbusting: When in doubt soak the Standard Oil. So The Colonel decided to bust the Standard Oil—a job not without its difficult angles; but, none dismayed, he so decided. We had had Trustbusting rash before on the body politic; but then and there the thing became epidemic. And since that time Trustbusting, which began with The Colonel, has become an industry, and the profession of Trustbuster is recognized in all walks of life—like being a Scotchman or a Southerner.

Having decided on the bustee, it was clearly up to The Colonel to pick out the buster. Nobody expected The Colonel to do aught but supply the impelling thought. He couldn't take a few days off from lambasting the coördinate branches of the Government—jabbing the judiciary and chastising Congress—to do the actual busting. It was not to be considered. So he looked round for a competent Trustbuster who should be able to take the Standard Oil Company apart and see what made it tick; and his choice fell on Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul.

Now there are various methods of crimping a corporation and desiccating a combination in restraint of trade. I have always held that the late Colonel Mose Wetmore, of St. Louis, had about the right theory. He contended vigorously that the way to bust a Trust was to sell out to it. He was in the tobacco business; and many an otherwise bright morning of Thomas F. Ryan's life has been saddened by the chilling news from his secretary: "Well, Mr. Ryan, Mose Wetmore has organized another tobacco company and American Tobacco will have to buy him out again!" Mose was right. The acutest agony that can be imparted to a Trust is imparted by taking money away from it. You may abuse a Trust, and write scathing articles about it and hold it up to public condemnation, and the Trust will worry along; but subtract money from it and a Trust will instantly begin yelling like a living skeleton with the lumbago—than whom there is no more agonized individual extant.

Having at Them

MANIFESTLY, it was impossible to start another Standard Oil Company and sell out to it, for the Government could not go into the oil business, though a good many people connected with said Government are pretty oily, at that. Hence, the thing to do was to select a man to bust this Trust who had a good general working knowledge of Trusts—knew their vulnerable points, so to speak. Well, Frank Kellogg had what might be called a fair line of information on the subject, having worked for Trusts and corporations for a period of lucrative years and having accumulated a million and a half or so in the process, whereby he was amply justified in snapping his fingers at Trusts all and sundry, and engaging in this holy work.

Frank had a wire from Washington on the day the thought occurred to The Colonel and hastened down.

"Frank," said The Colonel, "I want you to bust the Standard Oil! Have at it! Go out and walk round the block three times, and when you come back bring me John D.'s head on a salver, garnished with the remnants of this giant monopoly. I'm going to be busy this afternoon, and I'd like to have it all done and cleaned up before I go to luncheon!"

"But, sire," protested Frank, "this is an enterprise that requires time!"

"Time!" roared The Colonel. "That's the idea! That's what I want. Make 'em all do time. Have at them!"

So Frank went out and walked round the block three times—somewhat nonplused, to be sure, but eager for the fray; and when he got back to the White House The Colonel was engaged with a covey of authors he had at luncheon and had dismissed the episode from his mind. Thus Frank had all the time he desired; and The Colonel didn't refer to the subject again until he left for Africa. Nor did he refer to it much there—because the safari wouldn't understand, of course.

Kellogg plugged along and was the chief inheritance of Mr. Taft when Mr. Taft came into office. Presently Kellogg, after producing enough law and references and such gear on the subject to stuff the dome of the Capitol, yanked the S. O. into the United States Supreme Court; and presently the United States Supreme Court busted the Standard Oil, in a reasonable and entirely judicial way, you understand—but let that suffice.

Meantime Kellogg had become a National Character. It was a legitimate growth too. When he dropped in at the Chicago Convention, in 1908, where Mr. Taft was nominated, the newspaper correspondents mentioned him for Vice-President—and there was no forty-cent cigar appendaged to it either, as in the case of John Hays Hammond. To be sure, Kellogg hastened to say his nomination was out of the question—which it was; but that detracted nothing from the fact that he was mentioned. There were heaps of people at the Chicago Convention who were not mentioned for Vice-President.

Time wore on and the Standard Oil suit remained in the Kellogg workshop. Likewise Mr. Kellogg grew more and more a National Character. He was in the papers pretty constantly; but he deprecated that, as well he might. The reporters were very presumptuous. For example, the newspapers printed, with appropriate comment, the fact that Mr. Kellogg happened to be abroad at the time The Colonel emerged into the glare of the courts of Europe from the jungles of Africa, and by an odd coincidence came home on the same boat with The Colonel. Then, almost immediately, when Mr. Kellogg happened to be contiguous to the summer capital, there was some small chronicle of the fact that he played golf several times with Mr. Taft—and so it went. It did seem as if Mr. Kellogg couldn't get a quiet chat with T. R. or a quiet game of golf with W. H. T. without publicity. Very annoying, I should say.

He Was Mentioned

A whole lot of people expected Kellogg would be the Attorney-General for the present Administration. Indeed, it may be said, nearly everybody except Mr. Taft—including Mr. Kellogg—expected it; but instead, Mr. Taft annexed the eminent, though somewhat incendiary, Mr. Wickersham. The expectation then became general that Mr. Kellogg would run for the United States Senate against The Black Eagle of Fergus Falls—to wit, the Honorable Moses E. Clapp. Once more expectation languished and became limp. Mr. Kellogg did not run.

Then he won his case against the Standard Oil—won it in a manner that further increased his reputation as a great lawyer; and now he is resting on those laurels—resting with his eyes turned toward the future. They are talking of him for Vice-President in some parts of the West. Who knows but he may go on the United States Supreme Bench? Answer: Mr. Taft knows.

However—and this is the main point—he is big enough for the Vice-Presidency and big enough for the Supreme Bench; a big lawyer is Frank B. Kellogg. Any person who doubts that statement is at liberty to inquire concerning its truth of the large bunch of handpicked hothouse lawyers who opposed his contentions *in re* the Standard Oil Company, said lawyers being the flowers of the bar—except that nifty little blossom, Mr. Kellogg himself.

A Realistic Performance

THE manager of a moving-picture factory wanted to depict a lynching. He hired a darky whom he found loafing about one of the New York piers to play the part of the victim and selected a quiet corner of Bronx Park for the scene of the make-believe hanging.

First the darky fled from a pack of ravening bloodhounds that had been borrowed from an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe. The dogs treed him and a mob of ten, twenty and thirty cent actors, made up as stage Southerners, dashed up on horseback and dragged him down. A rope was thrown about his neck, fitting over a leather harness that was supposed to protect his throat and enable him to breathe. His arms were bound and he was yanked up high in the air, while the cameras clicked and the counterfeit lynchers capered about and brandished revolvers.

The manager and his assistant stood some distance away studying the general effect.

"Do you know," said the manager admiringly, "that colored man with a little training would make an actor. I told him to kick and wriggle his legs and carry on, and just look at him. Did you ever see anything more realistic in your life?"

"I never did," said his assistant. "He's even bugged his eyes out and stuck his tongue out."

Just then a mounted policeman rode up and took in the situation, and cut down the darky actor in time to save his life.

The noose had slipped up over the leather neckguard and in another minute or two there would have been a dead negro on somebody's hands.

The policeman revived the strangled victim and took him and the rest of the troupe to the station house, and there the story came out.

A Wise Old Man

THREE aged Yankees wanted to go from Portland, Maine, to St. Louis, but got on a wrong train and missed connections. Cy Warman, the author, found them. The men were between ninety and a hundred, and had with them a lady aged ninety-two, the wife or sister of one of them.

Warman expressed regret that they had been misdirected.

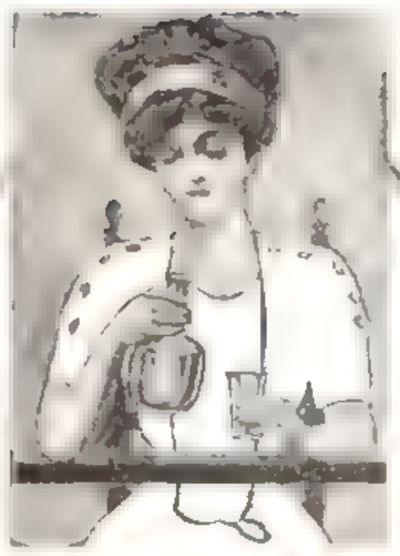
"It's all right," said the older man. "There's jist two things I never worry about—things I can help and things I can't."

Dix's Fix

MRS. DIX, the wife of the Governor of New York, has decided ideas of her own on various political matters. Mrs. Dix's name is Gertrude.

At a dinner party at the executive mansion in Albany the talk turned on the difficulties of the Governor's position, with some comment concerning Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall.

"Yes," piped in the Governor's niece, who was present; "Uncle John certainly is in a dickens of a fix trying to compose what Aunt Gertrude says he must do with what Charley Murphy says he must do."



THERMOS

The Gift That Is Never Exchanged

"It is exactly what I wanted." How much pleasure is added to your Christmas when you hear that said enthusiastically. Give Thermos articles and you will surely make presents that will be appreciated. Thermos never returns to the shops for exchange.

Thermos Bottles now $1.00 up

In past years you may have felt that Thermos was a gift more than you could afford to pay. To-day it is within the reach of even the most modest income. Handsome full pint Thermos Bottles are on sale at all our dealers for $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 each. One quart Thermos Bottles can now be had for $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 each. Seven pint or more bottles in a carrying case can be had at moderate prices.

Any man, woman, boy or girl who is fond of outdoor sport will be enthusiastic about a Thermos Bottle. They will use it not only in the field, but on the road, but in the home as well. For the invalid and the aged, for the young mother and the baby it is the ideal gift.

Thermos keeps any liquid ice cold for 72 hours or piping hot for 24 hours.

The New Thermos Carafe

The Thermos Carafe is made for indoor use. Its handsome design and finish have earned for it the title of "Thermos De Luxe." For serving ice-cold water, cream, fruit juices, milk, etc., at the dinner table, at the sick bedside, in the nursery, at the soda fountain, in the club, in the office, in the factory, in the home—in fact, wherever cold drinks are served—the Thermos Carafe is the ideal vessel. Many hotels, restaurants and clubs, including the Waldorf-Astoria and Knickerbocker of New York—have equipped all guest rooms with the Thermos Carafe.

Thermos Carafes sell for $5.00.

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters make splendid gifts. Price $5.00.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets

Thermos Lunch Kits contain two compartments—for sandwiches, etc.—and a Thermos Bottle. They are built in various combinations for all requirements, from a simple lunch for the office worker to a complete outfit for a party of automobilists. Thermos Lunch Sets range in price from $3.00 to $15.00, and are made under ten trade-marks, covering practically all grades at $3.00.

The most attractive and a good choice. These Thermos Lunch Sets are in the best taste and give you the greatest value for your money. They are packed in neat boxes, ready for delivery as gifts, and protect you against worthless imitations.

Thermos Carrying Cases

Thermos Carrying Cases make acceptable gifts for those who already own Thermos Bottles. They sell for $2.00 and up.

Write for Catalog

The Thermos Catalog and Price List will be sent upon request. It is a handsome booklet, beautifully illustrated with many suggestions for Thermos gifts. You should not fail to write for it before you do your Christmas shopping. You will be wise to guard against forgetfulness by writing now.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Thermos Building, New York

THE PENNY PANIC

(Continued from Page 8)

Mr. T. B. Binks, president of the company, will then turn the spigot and permit a number of pennies to run into the lower, soundproof box. Next, a representative from each of the five daily newspapers will be asked to turn the spigot and allow some pennies to run into the lower box. Inasmuch as the size of the spigot is unknown to any one except Mr. Binks, and as the lower box is soundproof, it will be absolutely impossible for any of these gentlemen to estimate the number of pennies that have run into the lower box.

From the moment the spigot is turned for the last time until the end of this great contest, the lower box will not be touched—this precaution being taken in order that no one may judge, by the weight, the number of pennies in either box. A heavy sheet-iron case will then be placed over both boxes and bolted to the floor. It will be secured with padlocks and seals placed upon the padlocks by the newspaper representatives present, and the box will be guarded night and day by armed guards from the Everalert Detective Agency until the close of the contest.

Now, it is obvious that in the lower box there is more than one penny and less than two thousand. It is up to *you* to guess the exact number of pennies in the lower box. If you guess the correct number you will win

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1—If more than one person guesses the correct number of pennies in the lower box the prize of one hundred thousand dollars will be divided equally among them. If one person only guesses the correct number of pennies in the lower box he gets the entire sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

2—With every five-dollar purchase made at the store of the T. B. Binks Company, a numbered ticket will be given the purchaser. This ticket will be printed in two sections. Tear off the gummed section at the perforated line, go to Counter K and ask the clerk for a Contest Box. If you guess there are twenty pennies in the lower box place twenty pennies in the small box which will be given you at Counter K, seal it with the gummed section of your numbered ticket and leave it at Counter K. The remaining section of your ticket you will retain to identify your guess in the contest. *Do not lose this Identification Check!* No award will be made under this contest unless the ticket bearing the number corresponding with the box containing the winning guess is first presented.

3—Award will be made to any person presenting a ticket for the winning guess.

4—The boxes containing the pennies representing the amount of your guess will be stored in a safe place, under guard day and night. When the contest is over, and you find that you have not won the prize, present your ticket at Counter K and receive a receipt. The box, with your pennies in it, will be delivered to you *free* by our drivers within three days. If you should be fortunate enough to be among the list of winners you will receive your pennies back just the same! *The T. B. Binks Company is giving this one hundred thousand dollars away free. It is not running a lottery. It takes this means of sharing its profits with its customers—that is all.*

5—The seals on the locks of the box in the store will be broken in public and the pennies counted in the presence of a committee of ten bankers of this city.

6—In order to arrive at an *approximate* determination of the winning number and thus save months of delay in counting the pennies deposited in the small boxes received at Counter K, these boxes will be weighed on the best possible scales, adjusted by an employee of the United States Mint. All contest boxes within half a pound of the winning weight will be opened in public and the results published.

7—These boxes will be opened in the presence of their owners; and if any box is found to contain anything but pennies it will be thrown out of the contest and the contents returned to the owner.

8—In order to assist contestants in this GRAND GUESSING CONTEST to obtain pennies, every article for sale in the store of the T. B. Binks Company will be marked in *odd cents*, and pennies given in change.

9—The contest will run for six months. You may put in as many guesses, in as many different boxes, as you desire.

10—It is not at all necessary that a contestant purchase five dollars' worth of goods *at one time*. *Save your Sales Tags*, and when you have five dollars' worth turn them in at Counter K and get your ticket for the contest.

TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

For perhaps a minute after Helen Hoggit finished reading this unusual contest notice Daniel P. Hoggit sat staring into space, a half-amused smile playing round the corners of his grim old mouth. His daughter was the first to take up the conversation.

"Well, daddy," she said, "Beverly Binks appears to have taken my proposal seriously."

"Yes, that's his first gun," chuckled Daniel P. Hoggit, and licked his lower lip in anticipation of the fray. "I'll soon clean out that young man!"

"His first gun!" replied Helen. "It looks to me like a volley!"

"Nonsense! He hasn't capital enough to carry him thirty days. I've been forty years building up the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, Helen, and it's taken millions to do it. The man's crazy."

"But the ad says the hundred thousand dollars will be placed in trust with the Traders National Bank."

"I don't believe it. There's only one man who would give young Binks one hundred thousand dollars to make good on his bluff—and I don't think Zachary Binks is that great a fool. If he's bluffing I, for one, will call his bluff. He'll put up that one hundred thousand dollars or go out of business. However, he's managed to steal some seven hundred of my employees, and I must hurry downtown and see about it. Ungrateful set of whippersnappers! They'll be blocking my front door in a month, looking for their old jobs; and when they do —— And by the way, Helen, under no circumstances are you to notice this Binks person again. If you should meet him socially or accidentally, or otherwise, you are to cut him dead. Understand? If he dares to come to this house the butler will have orders to throw him downstairs. He's a contemptible harebrained dude—a spindle-shanked, lazy, dawdling fool. I can reach any of his banking connections in this city; and the first time he asks for an accommodation—Biff! Bang! Farewell!"

"Evidently he hasn't been dawdling a great deal during the past six months," retorted Helen rather spiritedly; "a lazy man could not have accomplished a tithe of what he seems to have done."

"Enough!" snapped Daniel P. Hoggit. He grabbed his hat, dashed downstairs to his automobile and was whisked away.

As he turned down Grant Avenue from Post Street a captain of police rushed out into the middle of the street and held up a warning finger.

"One minute," he ordered. "You can't get by until this procession has passed."

Very reluctantly Daniel P. Hoggit ordered his chauffeur to park the automobile alongside the sidewalk while he glared angrily at the strange cavalcade coming down the avenue. At the head came a brass band of fifty pieces. Next came a bronze and bottle-green landaulet driven by a chauffeur in bronze-colored livery, with the words "T. B. Binks Company" in gold letters on the front of his cap. Within the landaulet, smiling, debonair and evidently very much pleased with himself, sat T. Beverly Binks. As he passed Daniel P. Hoggit, Mr. Binks removed his silk hat, bowed and smiled in the most friendly manner possible.

"Dude!" hissed Daniel P. Hoggit.

"Ta-ta, Daniel, old top!" said Mr. Binks, and passed on.

Following Mr. Binks came a huge auto-truck on which reposed five large chests, bearing huge padlocks. In gold lettering on the sides and ends of each box appeared the figures $20,000. Beside this truck marched twenty patrolmen from the Everalert Detective Agency, each man carrying a sawed-off shotgun and with a revolver strapped to his waist. On the seat of this auto-truck, with the chauffeur, sat a colored trumpeter with a trumpet fully five feet long. From this trumpet—blown every minute or two—drooped a long, gold-embroidered banner bearing these words:

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN ON THIS TRUCK

SEE T. B. BINKS COMPANY'S AD IN TODAY'S PAPERS

"Follow that outfit," said Daniel P. Hoggit, and fell in behind the cavalcade. He had intended proceeding immediately to his store and posting a notice that the store was closed temporarily for repairs or owing to the death of his mother-in-law; but the sight of T. Beverly Binks banished from his brain all thought of defensive tactics. He must follow his competitor and see what he was up to.

The procession proceeded down Grant Avenue to Market, down Market to Montgomery and over Montgomery to the

THE Detroit ELECTRIC Shaft Drive Chainless

THOMAS A. EDISON chooses the Detroit Electric *Exclusively* as the one car properly made to use efficiently the tremendous capacity of the Edison battery. The Detroit Electric is the only electric pleasure car allowed to install his famous battery.

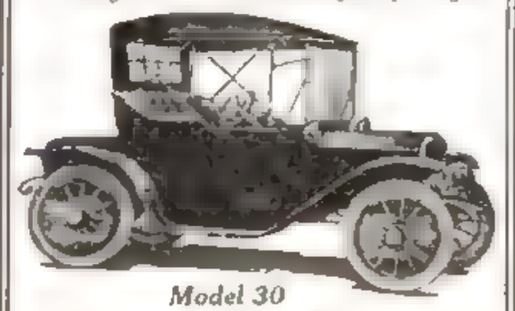
For several years Mr. Edison and our engineering staff have done "team work" to produce a battery worthy of the Detroit Electric car and a car worthy of the battery. Mr. Edison has personally seen every blue print of the car and today owns and operates a Detroit Electric. From the beginning the Detroit Electric has been built with the Edison battery in mind.

Think what this means! The Edison battery in a Detroit Electric saves 325 pounds in weight over the lead battery and still gives much greater permanent capacity. Consider what this means in mileage, speed, tire economy and running expense.

Model 25, One of Ten Beautiful Designs

In perfecting our motor, controller and wiring so as to offer the least resistance to the flow of energy from the enormous capacity of the Edison battery under all conditions, we have also obtained a more economical use of current when the lead battery is used. Sheet-steel asbestos-lined compartments give absolute protection to the battery and car.

For 1912 we will build one chassis in four sizes, 85-inch, 90-inch, 96-inch and 112-inch wheel base. All with drop frames, permitting low hung bodies. Ten stunning body designs.



Model 30

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair. All fenders are of aluminum, full skirted to protect car from dirt.

All models equipped with our Direct Shaft Drive—Chainless.

Brakes are extra powerful with a double safety device (patented), operated by either hand or foot, or both.

Wonderful springs of improved design smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

Your choice of Pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires.

BATTERIES—Edison—nickel and steel; Detroit, Ironclad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.

Art catalog now ready and on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company
401 Clay Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES

New York, Broadway at 80th Street
Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y. — Kansas City, Mo.
Buffalo, N.Y. — Minneapolis, Minn.
Cleveland, Ohio — St. Louis, Mo.

Selling representatives in all leading cities.

You're wasting money when you buy solid gold

The Simmons process substitutes a core of baser metal for the gold hidden away in a solid gold chain. By the time a Simmons chain wears through the heavy, seamless outside gold, a solid gold chain will have worn too thin for service. To repair it, to renew the worn links with added gold will cost more than a new Simmons chain. To sell it, you get only its old gold value—less than half what you paid for it.

SIMMONS CHAINS and FOBS

are solid gold where gold is needed. You save much on the first cost and have a far greater variety of attractive designs to choose from.

Write for Style Book—FREE

It will help you to select what you want. A great help for birthdays, weddings, and for CHRISTMAS.

Simmons chains and fobs for men, lorgnette chains, fobs, necklaces, bracelets, chatelaine pins, eye glass chains for women—displayed by live jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler hasn't Simmons, select from Style Book—we'll see that you are supplied.

"SIMMONS" very small is on each piece. It is your guarantee for wear.

R. F. Simmons Co.,
191 N. Main Street,
Attleboro, Mass.

Traders National. Here a small army of porters came out of the bank and the five boxes were carried down into safe-deposit vaults. Daniel P. Hoggit followed to the very doors of the vault.

"I demand that those boxes be opened and the contents counted," he announced to all present. "For all the public knows to the contrary, those boxes may contain iron washers."

"If you will be so good as to take this chair," said T. Beverly Binks hospitably, "the board of directors of the bank will be here presently and the coin will be counted to your satisfaction. I shall be more than delighted to have it counted and delivered in the presence of my chief competitor."

"Go to—Halifax!" growled Daniel P. Hoggit. Nevertheless, he waited in the safe-deposit rooms until the board of directors arrived and counted the cash. It was all there without a doubt. The trust agreement was presented for the signatures of the officers of the T. B. Binks Company and the bank, and Daniel P. Hoggit was requested to read the remarkable document, which he did.

"Though the whole thing appears to me to wear the earmarks of fake," he grudgingly admitted, "still I am forced to state that thus far everything is regular and legal."

"Thank you, Mr. Hoggit," said T. Beverly Binks. "Perhaps you would be interested in visiting the offices of the express company with us. A considerable quantity of our capital is waiting there; and as we will need it in our business I am about to go down after it now and have it brought up to the store."

Without further ado, Mr. Binks returned to the sidewalk, climbed into his landaulet and followed the band down to Second and Mission Streets. Daniel P. Hoggit followed in his automobile. Before the main office of the express company stood about a dozen large trucks, each drawn by six horses. Employees of the express company were wheeling out ironbound boxes and loading them on the trucks, and when the last truck had been loaded banners were strung along the side of each truck and a new procession formed for the triumphal march up Market Street to Grant Avenue and thence to the store of the T. B. Binks Company. On the banners Daniel P. Hoggit read these words:

THESE CHESTS CONTAIN MONEY! IT IS PART OF THE SURPLUS CAPITAL OF THE T. B. BINKS COMPANY

WE HAVE COME TO STAY!

Daniel P. Hoggit hung like a leech to the tail of the procession; and when the last of the boxes had been lowered on the sidewalk elevator and stowed away in the basement Hoggit descended from his automobile and entered the store of his competitor.

Every face that greeted him was a familiar one. Mr. Theophilus Dabney, resplendent in a long-tailed suit of gray tweeds and now promoted to the job of floorwalker, came up to him, rubbing his hands, and desired to know his pleasure. Daniel P. Hoggit glared at Mr. Dabney and continued his tour of the store.

As he prowled round between the aisles and counters piled high with merchandise, he was amazed to notice that the interior of the Binks store was laid out in exact duplication of the Hoggit store. There was the same arrangement of stock and the same employees handling the stock. All goods were marked plainly, but every price was in odd cents.

As a result of this clever scheme Daniel P. Hoggit saw very plainly there would be no confusion in the new store. From the moment the doors opened everything had moved and would continue to move like a new red buggy. However, Daniel P. Hoggit had not learned all that he desired to learn, though he had seen enough to frighten him. If all of those boxes contained coin he had a formidable rival to fight. He concluded that, after all, Zachary Binks was the company; and, as he walked across the street to his own store and the troubles there awaiting him, he marveled much that Zachary Binks should so far forget his habitual business caution as to put money into a scheme hatched and fostered by his harebrained nephew.

There was chaos in the Hoggit store for the next month. Late in the afternoon of the first day applicants for positions began to arrive in answer to the Hoggit ads in the afternoon papers, and the store was enabled to open next morning with about fifty clerks in attendance. A sandwich man appeared in front of the store, however, the minute it opened, and the sign he bore begged the people of San Francisco not to support long hours and starvation wages. Daniel P. Hoggit had the sandwich man arrested for disturbing the peace. The T. B. Binks Company bailed him out; whereupon Daniel P. Hoggit had the T. B. Binks Company enjoined from maintaining and supporting the sandwich man. There being no proof that the T. B. Binks Company had so maintained and supported said sandwich man, suit was at once instituted against Daniel P. Hoggit for defamation of character, and heavy damages were demanded.

By the end of the first week Daniel P. Hoggit was managing to do business in a half-hearted fashion; though, owing to the inexperience of his crew and the wretched service consequently accorded customers, hundreds of the stanchest traders at the Hoggit store departed in high dudgeon, after waiting round half an hour, and made their purchases at the Binks and other stores. Then, too, the employees of the Binks store carried fully fifty per cent of the Hoggit trade with them when they left the Hoggit employ; and, all in all, matters were looking very desperate for Daniel P.

It was about this time the public began to wake up to the real state of affairs. Of course Mr. Binks' first thought had been to provide himself with an A-No. 1 press agent, and the stories that press agent sprung day after day will be remembered in the halls of San Francisco newspaperdom for many a year. The T. B. Binks Company ran a full-page ad in all three morning papers; hence Mr. Binks' press agent had no difficulty in springing his freak news stories. Mr. Binks' unique plan to teach the people of San Francisco not to despise pennies received a column and a half of space on the front pages. It was recalled how, during the early history of San Francisco, the twenty-five-cent piece was the lowest medium of exchange. How later, and not so very many years ago at that, the street-car companies found difficulty in inducing the banks to accept for deposit the vast quantities of nickels collected in payment of fares. The economic side of the question was discussed editorially; and, after the public had been thoroughly interested and aroused, Mr. Binks' press agent incited the afternoon papers, the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce and every civic federation and improvement club in San Francisco to fight the introduction of the penny into general circulation in San Francisco. That was the final move, and chaos broke loose. Daniel P. Hoggit was induced to give a signed statement of his views on the subject, and, the day following its publication in the afternoon papers, the morning papers hinted that Daniel P. Hoggit's remarks were not altogether unbiased, and so on.

We anticipate the story, however. The day following the opening of the Binks stores, the penny arcades all over the city discovered that they were doing a remarkable business. Their receipts that day were ten times greater than they had ever been before. The arcades were crowded with people; and at closing time that night, when the proprietors opened their machines in order to abstract the pennies poured into them during the day—lo, they contained but a tithe of the amount of pennies that should have been there even at the close of an ordinary day's business! Within three days every penny arcade in San Francisco was practically out of business through their inability to get together sufficient pennies to do business. Before the week was finished, all of them had closed their doors; whereupon Mr. Binks' press agent sprang another story in the newspapers and commented on the immense moral advantages that must accrue to the childhood of the city through the retirement of the penny arcades. The Binks Company was given full credit for this, though their name was not mentioned. Nevertheless, every soul in town big enough to read knew the identity of the prominent merchant referred to.

At the post-office people stood in line to buy a one-cent stamp, for which they tendered a nickel, receiving in change, of course, four pennies. The supply of pennies was exhausted the first day and a hurry call was sent to the mint. The few hundred thousand pennies on hand at the mint lasted less than a week and the banks were appealed to. Before the first two weeks had

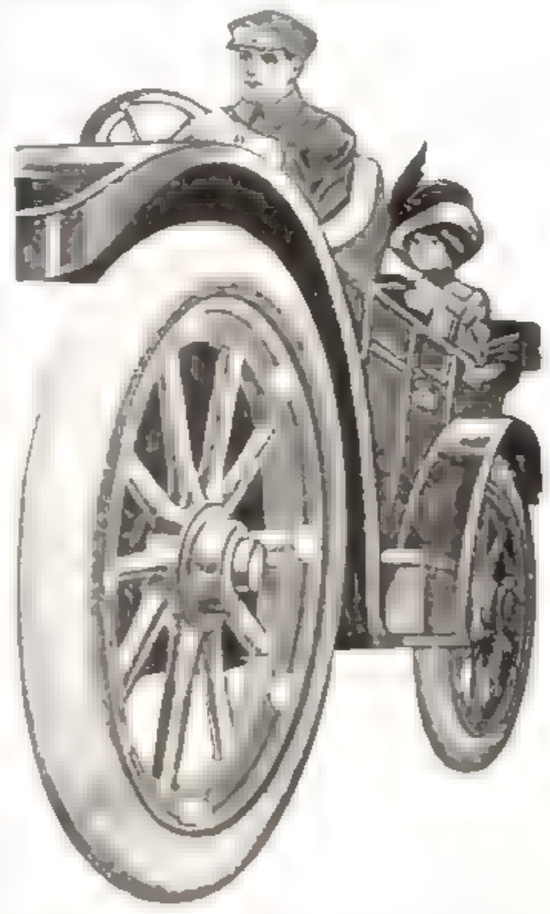
Why Let Road Tire Troubles Spoil The Trip?

—You *can* avoid "road tire repair" annoyance and time waste—by equipping with

DORIAN REMOUNTABLE RIMS

On Again - Gone Again - DORIAN

Here's how they save your road time—
—when a blowout occurs—
—Just loosen four nuts
(with only a wrench and your hands as tools)
—OFF with the damaged tire and rim—
—ON with the Spare—
—Refasten the four nuts—
—And you're off again—
—Takes only as long as it takes to tell—
—See what a difference and a *pleasure* DORIANS make in motoring—



—We will arrange to give you a DORIAN Demonstration at *your own convenience* anywhere you say—
Ask your supply dealer about it.
—NO OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART—
—The time you take to See this evidence will be well spent—
you'll admit it AFTER—
—Your car can be easily equipped with DORIANS by any wheelwright—
—Your new car will be fitted with DORIANS by the manufacturer—
If you Insist—
—To SEE a DORIAN demonstration—is to BELIEVE in DORIANS—and to REALIZE your NEED for them—
—Sign and mail Coupon NOW before it slips your mind—

DORIAN REMOUNTABLE RIM CO.
Dept. A 1804 Broadway, New York
Gentlemen: Please send booklet to
Name
Address

Right off the vines!

GREEN, tender, delicious—*these* are the peas we use for Campbell's Pea Soup.

They cost us twice what we would have to pay for dried peas such as ordinarily used. But the flavor is worth the difference.

The question of cost never enters into the quality of

Campbell's Soups

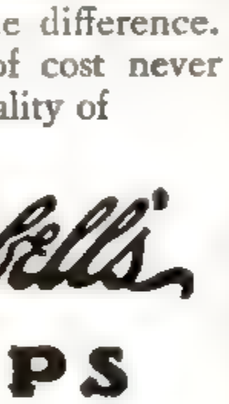
These peas come right from our own farms and are made into soup the same day—boiled, rubbed through fine colanders, and blended with rich milk and uncolored creamery butter.

Topped with a tablespoonful of whipped cream and served at one of your dinner affairs or dainty luncheons, this perfect soup is a delight both to the eye and the palate. It brings the flavor of springtime to your table in mid-winter if you choose.

You cannot realize the exceptional quality of Campbell's Soups until you try them. That is the only way.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

When sleigh-bells jingle and pulses tingle
And frost is in the air
This bouncing boy finds health and joy
In Campbell's luscious fare.

passed over the heads of the citizens of San Francisco, the town was practically denuded of its pennies, and T. Beverly Binks wore an enigmatic smile as he watched the pennies of San Francisco slowly but surely accumulating in the little boxes in his huge basement, where armed guards watched them night and day.

That bait of one hundred thousand dollars did the trick. The city went contest-crazy. Binks' press agent faked up every argument he could think of to brand the contest as a fake and a bunco game, and then proceeded to disprove his own arguments. Excited discussions arose on every hand, but the consensus of opinion was that there were no loopholes in the contest. Undeniably it was on the square. That matter settled, heated arguments rose as to just how many pennies constituted legal tender. Strange to relate, in this city where pennies had always been despised, nobody could settle this knotty problem. Some said five pennies was legal tender, others declared that five dollars constituted the proper amount. Out of this question rose fist fights, shooting scrapes and assaults with intent to kill. The calendars of the police courts were clogged with untried cases of this nature.

Perhaps the first man to foresee the disaster that was about to overwhelm the merchants of the city was Daniel P. Hoggit. With no pennies on hand wherewith to make change they were out of the running, and T. Beverly Binks could afford to laugh at his so-called competitors. The vested interests of the city quickly rallied at Hoggit's call to arms. The Chamber of Commerce passed resolutions condemning the introduction of the penny into California. The Clearing House did likewise. Mass-meetings were called to protest against the unpatriotic practices of the T. B. Binks Company. As a result, a few hundred capitalists attended the mass-meeting, while the common people stayed home and figured out various schemes for the acquisition of pennies, in order that they might enter the Binks guessing contest.

All day long a frantic mob of penny-mad persons surged through the great Binks store. A baby carriage, offered at a ridiculously low price, with the further incentive of twenty-five pennies in change to the purchaser, was bought in by an old maid. A hostler in a livery stable paid thirty-seven dollars for a vacuum cleaner because he got the change from two twenty-dollar goldpieces entirely in pennies. A deaf-and-dumb boy purchased a harmonica for ninety-one cents and got nine pennies in change from a dollar. A man from New York boarded a street car and gave the conductor five pennies. A plain-clothes man seated opposite pounced upon the New Yorker immediately and hustled him off to the central police station, where he was booked on a charge of insanity. Cafeterias, which heretofore had enjoyed but a feeble and unsatisfactory trade, owing to the fact that various articles of food were sold at odd cents, experienced a phenomenal rush of business until their supply of pennies for change was gone; after which nobody patronized them and they were forced to close up.

The most amazing schemes were resorted to on the part of the public to secure pennies. A man sneaked upstairs in the dead of night and opened the savings bank where his young son had secreted sixty-seven pennies. The post-office records showed one hundred and forty-two per cent increase in the average number of postal money orders purchased, and attributed this to the fact that people who had friends or relatives in the East were sending them postal money orders in exchange for pennies.

Before the first month had passed, a veritable penny panic was on. The capitalists and old fogies stormed, fought, hooted and derided the grand guessing contest of the T. B. Binks Company, but the proletariat stayed with the contest to a finish. Some branded the scheme as unethical, visionary and unbusinesslike; others declared hysterically that T. B. Binks was two thousand years ahead of his time and cheered him when he appeared in public.

All over the city, homes were cluttered up with the most outlandish furniture and utensils imaginable. A frenzy for trading at the store where the precious pennies were seemingly inexhaustible seized the people. The newspapers regarded the whole thing as a prodigious joke. So-called funny men wrote freak stories and verses about it, but the supply of pennies at the Binks store continued to stand the strain.

Then the newspapers began to awaken to the fact that a real danger threatened them. If the panic continued they knew that ultimately they would be forced, with the entry of pennies into general circulation, to sell their papers for a penny instead of five cents. They would have refused the Binks advertising, but the foxy Binks had sewed them all up on advertising contracts for one year, and they were helpless from that point. How they did rave and revile Binks editorially and in the news columns! The common people were quick to perceive the reason for this quick change, and it began to dawn upon them that T. Beverly Binks was the workingman's friend. The fall campaign was approaching, and in the heat of their enthusiasm the Labor party nominated him for mayor.

Immediately the newspapers raised a hue and cry and attempted to blacken Mr. Binks' character by charging that he was using the pennies that belonged to the people; that, if the owners of boxes in the guessing contest could only peep into their boxes, they would find them rifled of their pennies. Binks invited a committee of one hundred, to be named by the editors making the charge, to examine the boxes to prove that they were intact. He made the announcement, also, that he still had in the basement of his store half a million dollars in pennies, and anybody that didn't believe it could come in and see. Then he sued all the papers for criminal libel and a jury of the common people awarded him the largest damages ever collected from a newspaper.

The reader is wondering, however, what Daniel P. Hoggit was doing while all this was going on. He was busy enough, but accomplished nothing. All he could do was to rave and howl and damn T. Beverly Binks. Finally he had to quit even that, for whenever people heard him they murmured something about "sour grapes," "quitter," "poor loser," and so on; and every remark cost him a customer.

At the end of the second month pennies began to come into the Binks basement rather slowly, for the supply of pennies in circulation was beginning to get cornered. About this time the Binks agents throughout the cities of the Atlantic seaboard sent out another consignment of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of pennies, and Binks was put to it to devise schemes to get his pennies into the hands of the public and revive the waning interest in the contest. His first scheme proved to be a winner.

On the right-field fence at the local ball park an immense sign advertising the T. B. Binks Company made its appearance. Right in the very center of this sign was painted a huge facsimile of a penny, with these words underneath:

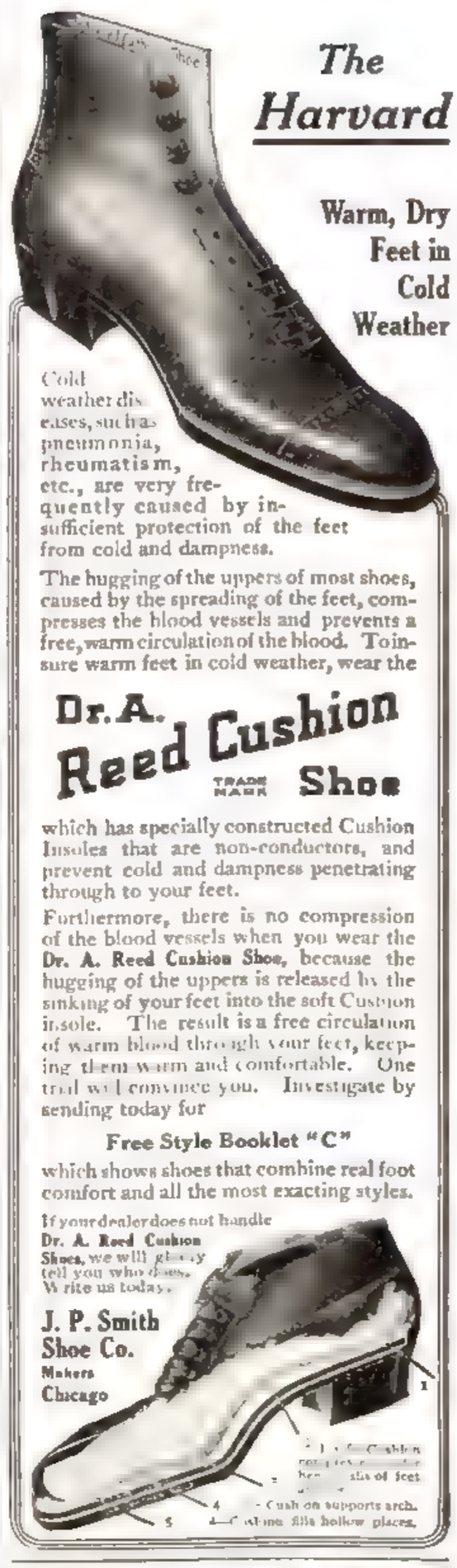
HIT THIS SPOT WITH THE BALL AND GET ONE THOUSAND PENNIES

That was the finish. Human nature could not stand more. Interest in the race for the pennant was subsidiary to interest in the man who could clout a ball across right field and wallop the Binks penny. As a result, left field was neglected and the standing of the several clubs shifted so often that dozens of fans were led away, gibbering and mowing, to the Home for the Feeble-Minded. Then, one day, a sign appeared on the left-field fence, with another penny painted in the center of it and the notice:

HIT THIS SPOT WITH THE BALL AND GET TWO THOUSAND PENNIES

A low moan came from the crowd gathered in the bleachers that afternoon. The strain was terrific. Each fan begged, entreated, prayed to his particular hero to clout the ball to left field. Slugger McCabe drove one into right field and won one thousand pennies, and the very next time up whanged the left-field penny for two thousand more. The crowd grew hysterical. In the grandstand an elderly man stood up, opened his mouth, raised his hands and cheered until he lost his breath and had to be thumped on the back twice by a peanut-butcher. Slats McGilligan, next at bat, drove a home run out to center-field, and the elderly man just managed to gasp: "Rotten! Rotten!" That elderly man was Daniel P. Hoggit.

The following day a sign appeared over the box office that bleacher seats would be twenty-one cents. Twenty thousand



The Harvard

Warm, Dry Feet in Cold Weather

Cold weather diseases, such as pneumonia, rheumatism, etc., are very frequently caused by insufficient protection of the feet from cold and dampness.

The hugging of the uppers of most shoes, caused by the spreading of the feet, compresses the blood vessels and prevents a free, warm circulation of the blood. To insure warm feet in cold weather, wear the

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

which has specially constructed Cushion Insoles that are non-conductors, and prevent cold and dampness penetrating through to your feet.

Furthermore, there is no compression of the blood vessels when you wear the **Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe**, because the hugging of the uppers is released by the sinking of your feet into the soft Cushion insole. The result is a free circulation of warm blood through your feet, keeping them warm and comfortable. One trial will convince you. Investigate by sending today for

Free Style Booklet "C"

which shows shoes that combine real foot comfort and all the most exacting styles.

If your dealer does not handle Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, we will gladly tell you who does. Write us today.

J. P. Smith Shoe Co.
Makers
Chicago

Files 20,000 Papers on Edge—For Quick Reference

All Solid Oak
Roller Bearings
Dust-Proof

$13.25 *Freight Paid*

You can't get better service. This does all any vertical letter file can do.

Various sizes and capacities at corresponding prices.

We have more *Complete Lines* of higher grade files shown in Catalog "D"

FREE Booklet "Filing Suggestions" helps you select the filing system you will need

Wolf's

Sectional Bookcases

FREE Catalog "E"—shows two lines sectional bookcases.

The Wolf Mfg. Co.
68 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
New York Office—106 Fulton St.

PLAYS and Entertainments **PLAYS**
FREE! FREE! FREE!
SAM'L FRENCH, 30 W. 38th Street, New York

"Getting wet—wish I had an umbrella?"
Never mind—I have the best kind of an umbrella in my suitcase.

BEEHLER
Folding Umbrella

That's the umbrella for you, too, whether you go away much or little—or not at all.

The folding arrangement is a great convenience but it isn't the only thing to recommend the Beehler.

You want the strongest, lightest, best-looking, longest-wearing, most-for-the-money umbrella—and the Beehler is it

The frame is not only made from extra-strong steel, but it is rubber enameled to prevent rust

The cover fabrics are not only waterproof, but guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or run.

The folding end is not only simple in construction, but doubly reinforced, so the ferrule is actually stronger than in non-folding umbrellas

And there's a patent catch that makes raising and lowering easy look for the name "William Beehler" on it.

Never have you had an umbrella so superior in every particular, and yet the Beehler costs no more than non-folding kinds—**$1, $2, $2.50 up to $15.**

NAME-ON, too, if you want it—your name and address worked on the inside of the cover fabric. Positive insurance against loss.

The ideal Christmas gift

There's nothing so new, so unique, so sure to be appreciated, as a Beehler Folding Umbrella

[illegible] from the new line [illegible] 141 different handles. Pick out the [illegible] dozen [illegible] get it.

William Beehler, Baltimore, Md.
Founded [illegible] Avenue

KNOX
PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING
GELATINE

Dessert Book FREE

Our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," illustrated in colors showing how the dishes look, and giving over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream, Candies, etc., will be sent you, FREE, for your grocer's name. If he doesn't keep Knox Gelatine send 2c stamp for pint sample, or 15c for 2-quart package

CHARLES B. KNOX CO
323 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, N. Y.

6% Interest on Deposits of $100 [illegible] multiples and 5 per cent on smaller sums, ample security [illegible] Trustee holding [illegible]

6% $100. DEPOSITS

5% SMALLER SUMS

doubled and double your income

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N
118 York Street Savannah, Ga.

people attended the game and a riot ensued outside the gates when they were locked. The following day bleacher seats were twenty-five cents as usual and grandstand seats were advertised at forty-one cents with full nine cents change in pennies. There was no game that day. So many players had cramps or rheumatism, and were unable to appear on the field, that the game was called off. The following day prices were normal and every ballplayer was as fit as a fiddle.

Slowly but surely, as the panic continued, the immense trade that Daniel P. Hoggit had been forty years in building up left him. At first, he did business with about half of his old force. Presently business slackened away to such an extent that he was forced to discharge twenty-five clerks. His banks began to notice the alarming decrease in his deposits. They commenced to sit up and take notice. He had borrowed a million dollars on his bare note when he founded the Portland store; and, though all three of his subsidiary stores were doing nicely—in fact, better than he had anticipated in the beginning—the loss of revenue from the parent store was a telling blow. Hoggit was quick to perceive how things were going with him. Goods bought on sixty days' to four months' time were still on his shelves in the San Francisco store, unsold; and when the penny panic had run for three months, and showed no sign of cessation, Daniel P. Hoggit could read the answer to his riddle in the requests to remit wherewith his mail was burdened. When a man has always discounted his bills and then suddenly asks for a thirty-day extension, it's a mighty bad sign. Still, Daniel P. Hoggit got his thirty-day extension, and in the interim he tried to borrow another million from a bank which he controlled. A storm of protest arose from the minority on the board of directors and Hoggit had to be content with half a million. Thus he sank in the Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle stores, and in a week's time he was hard up again.

He began to get uneasy and suffer from loss of sleep. The sight of the penny-mad crowds round the counters of the Binks store across the street drove him into frenzy. He had to do something; so he tried to secure some pennies and get into the game himself. Too late! Pennies were too scarce. Moreover, he had fought the introduction of the penny; he could not connive at it now. In the midst of his worries a Los Angeles bank called a stiff note on him and he was unable to meet it. He mortgaged his home and gave some bonds as security. This action of the Los Angeles bank leaked out through a director who was also a director in the Traders National, and it commenced to be bruited about in financial circles that old Dan Hoggit was on his last legs.

Then the scramble to get in on the ground floor commenced. In one day Daniel P. Hoggit had requests from three banks to call and take up his paper or else put up more collateral. Broken and despairing, the financial cripple crawled into a taxicab at three P. M. and went home, to be away from the horror of impending ruin.

His daughter found him in the library, his leonine head in his arms and the look of death in his small gray eyes.

"What's happened, father?" she demanded anxiously.

"Ruined!" croaked the old man. "That devilish fellow Binks has put the crusher on me for fair! There'll be a plaster on my front door tomorrow just as soon as the sheriff can get there. I'm absolutely ruined! Binks took away all my trade with his penny contest and that hit me in a vital spot. With the revenue gone from the main store, I couldn't carry the new stores until they were on a paying basis; and now——" He looked up at his daughter, a sudden gleam of hope in his face. "It's up to you, Helen, my girl!" he said, and hung his head for very shame. "If you don't make this man Binks call off his dogs we're paupers! You put the notion in his head; and, by all the powers of the devil himself, the infernal dude has made good. I'm licked to a frazzle!"

"Lady to see you, Mr. Binks," announced the office boy.

"Show the lady in," replied Binks severely.

There was a rustle of silken skirts as Helen Hoggit entered his private office.

"My dear Helen," began T. Beverly Binks, "this is indeed an honor I didn't expect. Pray be seated."

We have something to tell you which it will be worth your while to follow up. It may come right in the nick of time. It is all about our Two Excellent Brands of Underwear.

"Mérode" (Hand Finished) *Underwear*

or

"Harvard Mills"

(Hand Finished) *Underwear*

For Women and Children

Are renowned for Beauty of Materials, Soft and Non-Irritating. Each garment is especially cut by hand, conforming to the figure—Exquisitely Finished.

The Choice of Fabrics and Shapes is very wide and have been selected and adopted after years of experience, resulting in producing underwear which is as nearly perfect as can be devised. Special mention is made of

The Unapproachable, Perfect-Fitting
Union Suit
Cotton Suits $1.00 Merino Suits $1.50 to $2.50

for Slender or Stout forms—the Acme of Comfort—has been the choice of women of discernment for years.

Fabrics of Cotton, Lisle, Merino and Silk Mixtures—Weights suitable for All Functions for any Climate—Repeated washings will not destroy Shape or Finish.

To Realize Perfect Ease and Freedom of Action, try a "MÉRODE" or "HARVARD MILLS" UNION SUIT.

Do not hesitate to select any of the numbers described below which are to be had in

Vests, Drawers, Tights and Union Suits

DESCRIPTIONS

"MÉRODE" Style Numbers	Color	WOMEN'S	"HARVARD" Style Numbers
505	Cream, Medium weight finest combed cotton.		805
1464	White, Heavy weight combed cotton.		9464
562	White, Light weight merino.		862
566	White, Medium weight merino.		866
672	White and Silver, Winter weight merino.		972
513	White, Light weight silk and wool.		813
618	White, Medium weight silk and wool.		918

"MÉRODE" Style Numbers	Color	CHILDREN'S	"HARVARD" Style Numbers
2662	White, Heavy weight cotton.		2962
264 U	White, Heavy weight cotton.		294 U
2666	White and Natural Winter weight merino.		2966
270 U	White and Natural Winter weight merino.		290 U

Sold at the leading shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest one, or send postpaid any number desired.

Write to Dept. E. P.

Lord & Taylor New York

Wholesale Distributors

"Dried" cod has had its "day"

A better way to market codfish has been devised.

A way that means fresh, ocean-flavored fish for everyone, EVERYWHERE.

Thoroughly cooked and ready for instant use.

No more soaking.
No more picking.
No more boiling.
No more "fussing."

It's "good-night" for "dried" cod.

Good-bye to the familiar slab that has hung on its hook for nobody knows how long, unwholesome, tough, time-wasting, unpalatable and almost indigestible.

Welcome the new and better codfish.

At last it takes its rightful place among most favored foods.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10 cts.—two sizes—15 cts.

(Except in the Far West)

Cooked fresh cod in sanitary containers.

The choicest fish.

Hurried ashore to our ocean-side kitchens and cooked within a few hours after being taken from the cold, deep waters of the Atlantic.

Mildly salted and immediately packed in air-tight, new-style containers that bring the ocean flavor and freshness right to your table.

Ready for instant use in preparing delicious Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder, and many other healthful fish dainties.

Absolutely boneless.

Large, firm, juicy pieces of fresh cod.

No waste, no spoilage.

And economical, too—a 10 cent tin is plenty for four persons.

Try one tin of B. & M. Fish Flakes—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.

FREE BOOK OF RECIPES

Every housewife should write for **Good Eating**, a little volume containing many new recipes, menus and valuable table information by the well-known domestic scientist, Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the "Boston Cooking School Magazine." It is FREE on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—New packing now ready—tender, sweet, juicy—a revelation in canned corn. Order a case from your grocer to-day.

Helen Hoggit would not be seated however. She came close to T. Beverly Binks and took him by the lapel of his coat.

"Do you remember our agreement—foolish as it was?" she queried.

"Perfectly. When I ruined your father you were to take it as a signal that I was a man of energy, spunk and brains. You said you'd marry me when I showed you that I had your father on the run."

"Well, Beverly," she said, and smiled a little, "father's running!"

T. Beverly Binks went to a closet, took from it a beautiful little Mohammedan praying rug and spread it on the floor.

"Helen, my love," he said pleasantly, "this little business Marathon that I have promoted ends right here—see?—right on this little praying rug. I shall be in the office here until six o'clock. Your father isn't attached yet; but I hold half a dozen of his notes, and unless he sees me before six P. M. I'll see him before six A. M. That's final. By the way, Helen, you're a sight for sore eyes!"

"Beverly," said Helen Hoggit, "I'm a bad, wicked, brainless girl, and you're a silly, vindictive creature to have taken my foolish remark in such good faith. For my sake, Beverly, you must cease your attacks on my father. A failure at his age would break his heart. He couldn't stand the humiliation of going through bankruptcy."

"He insulted me; and you—well, never mind what you did—but you hurt my feelings. You thought you knew a whole lot about political economy, Helen, and you made me the goat. You were merely suffering from a fad, Helen, and I'm the real philanthropist. Your father's old employees are living like human beings now; and, through my great scheme for the introduction of the penny into California, I have lightened the burden of living for two million people. I have statistics to prove that the cost of living, through the introduction of pennies, has been reduced fifteen per cent. Now nothing remains for me but the final interview with your father. He must come here in person, apologize, and on his bended knees ask for mercy. If he asks for it that way he'll get it. I can save him today, but tomorrow will be too late! And I can't call off this penny panic. The thing has gotten beyond me and I must let it run its course."

"Are you going to make dad come down here and kneel on that carpet?" inquired Helen Hoggit.

"I certainly am—and he'll be getting off mighty lucky at that. I really ought to make him kneel in the main aisle of the store, where all his old employees could crowd round and enjoy the spectacle. For your sake, I will not be that harsh."

Helen Hoggit favored T. Beverly Binks with a keen, searching look in which there was a world of love and undisguised admiration. That this well-groomed, coldly calculating commercial giant could have been evolved from the studious, amiable, gentle-souled T. B. Binks, numismatist and philatelist, was one of the miracles of the twentieth century, and Helen Hoggit was too sensible to attempt to unravel a mystery. She knew only that T. Beverly Binks was the biggest man in town and that she loved him dearly—by the way, have you ever noticed that the women whose husbands beat them are always the first to beg off for them in the police court? At any rate, Helen Hoggit quietly took down the 'phone and called up her father at the house. T. Beverly Binks stepped out of the office while she talked to him, for T. B. Binks was the most considerate of men.

It lacked just a quarter of six when Daniel P. Hoggit appeared on the scene. Mr. Binks greeted him courteously, but with reservation.

"Well, Thad, my boy, it's all off but the shouting. I'm down for the count!" began Daniel P. Hoggit. "What's the program?"

"There's that little praying carpet I told you I'd have woven for your special benefit. Get down on your marrowbones, D. P. Hoggit, and say: 'Please, Mr. Binks, have mercy on me!' Then you can get up and I'll talk to you."

Hoggit flushed until his face threatened to fry and fall off in sections. He glanced from Binks to his daughter; but, finding no ray of hope in the face of either, he reached for his hat.

"I have abused and insulted you, Mr. Binks," he said with dignity, "and I am sorry. You have taught me a great lesson; but there's one trick you can't teach an old dog—not if he's a thoroughbred. You can't make him lie down. I can take my beating. Good afternoon!"

"Here, hold on a minute!" expostulated T. B. Binks. "I'll waive that part of the program. I wanted to see if you loved money enough to barter your manhood for it. If you had gotten down on that carpet, Mr. Hoggit, I should have known you were a crook, and I could not have accepted you as president and manager of a big merger of the T. B. Binks Company and the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated. I have had the papers in this merger deal prepared for the past five days. You may take them home with you tonight and look them over; and I will be glad to consider any changes you may suggest. Meantime, it might be well for you to furnish me with a list of the names and addresses of the wholesalers who are harassing you, and I will wire them a guaranty of your account by night letter. I'll 'phone the banks in the morning; and, if you're here at ten o'clock, Uncle Zach will be here also—and between us I think we can manage to pull one Daniel P. Hoggit out of a bad hole before anybody does anything nasty."

"Thad," said Daniel P. Hoggit huskily, "you're a bear-cat! Shake!"

This story, though a short story, is not quite finished as yet. I shall state merely that there was quite a jubilee in the office of Mr. Binks for the next five minutes; and that Daniel P. Hoggit gave the young folks his blessing; and that T. Beverly Binks kissed the bride-to-be and swore that happiness was cheap at the price they'd all paid for it. And I imagine he was right at that.

The penny panic is over now, and the pennies have all been tossed back into circulation. They are here to stay and the people have learned not to despise them. As T. Beverly Binks frequently remarks, it was, after all, quite a job to invest with an appreciation of a penny a people who in days agone despised a nickel. Still, the plan was simple enough. All that was required was the pennies and an intimate knowledge of Professor Thingumbob's Monetary Systems of the World. The rest was easy.

What's that? You ask who won the great prize? I had almost forgotten that part of it. The day that Slugger McCabe rapped the two-thousand-penny spot on the left-field fence he sold his two thousand pennies for five hundred dollars, gold. The man who bought them hurried downtown to the store of the T. B. Binks Company, bought a five-dollar hat, rushed over to Counter K and demanded his ticket and a large contest box.

"Let me see," he soliloquized: "in that second, soundproof box there are less than two thousand pennies and more than one. I'll go it blind."

He abstracted a handful of the pennies from the sack he carried and dumped the balance into the contest box. Then he sealed the box, stuck his identification check carefully in his pocketbook, gave the handful of pennies to the girl at the counter and hustled out of the store in a hurry.

The man was Daniel P. Hoggit—and I hope to sneeze if he didn't win the capital prize! He was the only one that guessed it. And how he did guy T. Beverly Binks! He was the happiest man in town until his son-in-law led him aside and asked him if he had any idea of what would happen if the news leaked out that T. B. Binks' father-in-law had won the prize.

"Why, no; I haven't any idea," admitted Hoggit. "What would happen?"

"The newspapers would hint at fake and collusion. They'd print funny stories about our desire to keep the money in the family. The whole thing would have an unpleasant aftermath; and I wouldn't be surprised if there aren't in this city half a dozen penny-mad cranks who wouldn't count ten before coming downtown and shooting one or both of us. With the penny firmly established, the Hoggit-Binks Company has the cream of the trade and the good will of the people. It isn't worth one hundred thousand dollars to prejudice our standing."

"Great grief!" sighed Daniel P. Hoggit. "This is the first money I've made in six months—and now I have to give it up! You're right, Thad, old man. I must forget it. But what shall we do with the money?"

"Call it no contest and divide the hundred thousand dollars pro rata among the employees of the Hoggit-Binks Company."

"Greatest cure on earth for strikes!" replied Hoggit. "I'll do it!"

Facts About Oliver Typewriter Local Agencies

For the benefit of hundreds who want to know the basis on which appointments to Local Agencies of The Oliver Typewriter are made and the money making possibilities of such agencies we submit these facts:

The Local Agency sales organization of The Oliver Typewriter is [illegible] of 15,000 men. This is a force great as its [illegible] and increasing objects [illegible] of the [illegible] expansion of our business and the vast territory [illegible] must be covered [illegible] to present to the attention and interest [illegible] of the selling organization in the [illegible] industry.

To reach as well as the people of interest and situation, we appoint Local Agents in the smallest towns and villages as well as in the great trade centers of the country.

This policy has built up an organization that is unique in many ways, but conspicuously so in the fact that its units are drawn from a multitude of different classes.

Instead of selecting only those who have had experience in selling various lines of merchandise, we [illegible] that qualification in favor of inherent *ability and eagerness to learn.*

We assume the responsibility and expense of providing the necessary training in practical salesmanship [illegible] the right stamp.

We have found that [illegible] who are ambitious, of good *hard sense*, make the best Local Agents.

Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

One need not have a silver tongue to sell Oliver Typewriters—just know the machine, believe in it, *fight for it! Nothing can withstand such salesmanship, applied to such a product.*

[illegible] we will [illegible] many instances to [illegible] men who [illegible] to [illegible] owners and [illegible] we [illegible] Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter.

Local Agents are not required to devote their entire [illegible] work. Men who [illegible] and sell [illegible] can [illegible] a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter without [illegible] their interests. This plan [illegible] men who [illegible] or engaged in business [illegible] to [illegible] the slightest risk.

The man who takes the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter has nothing to lose and everything [illegible]. But look what we risk when we give a man the [illegible] agency of The Oliver Typewriter in his [illegible].

We risk the *profits* which may be lost through the [illegible] neglect or inefficiency, for every town, however small, has definite sales possibilities.

We risk our *prestige*, for the Local Agent has our [illegible].

The Local Agent makes money on every sale of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the full life of the arrangement, even though our travelers may help him or make sales independently [illegible].

Because of the risks we [illegible] in tying up exclusive territories with Local Agents, we exercise the greatest [illegible] care in an effort to "pick the winners."

How It Pays

The Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter, considered purely from the standpoint of its *money-making possibilities*, is exceptionally attractive. We get no [illegible] rates to [illegible]. When the [illegible] warrants a man in giving it his undivided attention, the Agency can be made to pay [illegible] one hundred [illegible] The man who [illegible] part time [illegible] work [illegible] finds that [illegible].

The young man in the small town or village who wants to get out in the great world, who seeks broader opportunities, is fortunate if he succeeds in securing a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter.

He becomes an integral part of a business of world-[illegible].

[illegible] ability commands a premium.

Men who started as Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter are today officers of the company.

The Local Agent's work brings him in contact with one of the most progressive and successful sales organizations in the world.

Think of the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the incentive to *succeed* that comes from this vital contact with a 15,000 man-power sales organization!

The business man who takes up the Local Agency as an auxiliary source of income can apply to the promotion of his own business the knowledge gained from this great force of sales expert.

Our famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan of selling Oliver Typewriters is a powerful aid to Local Agents.

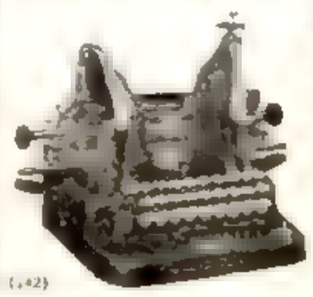
With this splendid machine, our best product, offered on such tempting terms, the Local Agent *must* succeed if he puts forth proper effort.

How to Secure a Local Agency

Applications should be forwarded by mail direct to the Agency Department.

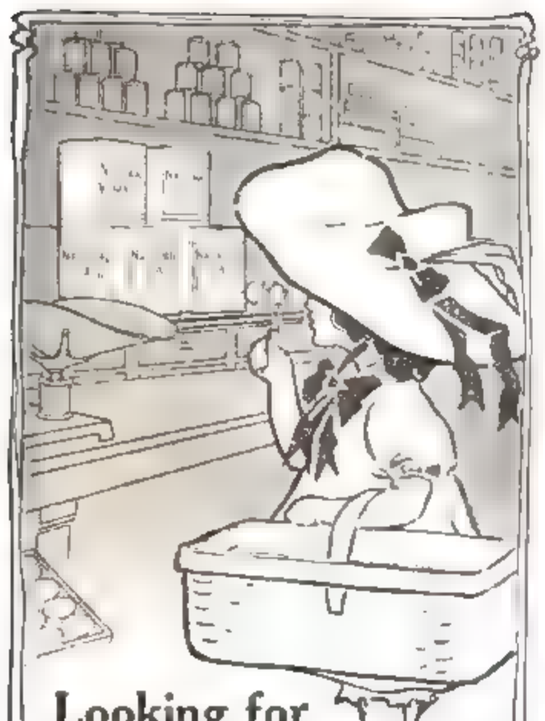
There are still a large number of towns where we have no Local Agent. There are [illegible] towns where The Oliver Typewriter [illegible]. If [illegible] locality, we will find a place for you elsewhere if you are the man we want. You will readily understand the necessity [illegible] Every [illegible] a request [illegible] and Local Agency [illegible] as we find properly qualified men.

If you want to better yourself in 1912 write [illegible] Address Agency Department.



(142)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
326 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Looking for something extra good?

No cereal is too good for your boys and girls. Give them the good *taste* as well as the goodness—quality. Body, blood and brain draw betterment from

NATIONAL OATS

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Our own particular process of milling and curing the grain gives you every bit of the food value in the oats, and the rich, oats flavor, too.

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—you can taste the difference

NATIONAL OATS CO.
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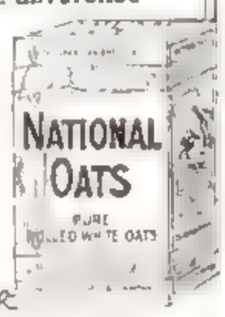
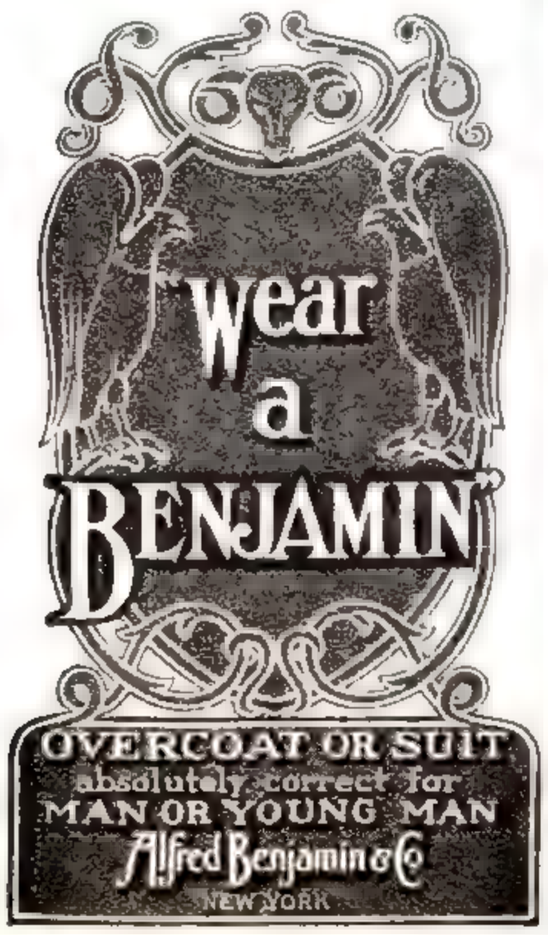
Three Big Mills:
East St. Louis
Cedar Rapids Peoria
The package with the Ribbon and the Bow.





CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 25)

act like a silly song-sparrow confronted by a blacksnake. My reason was one which any American can understand in a second, but which would be absolutely incomprehensible to many older and more subtle nations. I was out of patience. I wanted action, even in the smoke. I was sick of dodging about and pined for a showdown. My morning as a free and independent member of the upper class had soured me on stealth, and the middle of the Champs-Elysées had spoiled me for a niche in the wall of a back alley. I slipped my hand into the side pocket of my coat, cuddled the butt of my little automatic heavenly ticket-punch and walked into that house a sort of living fighting machine. Thought I: "They'll think they've got mixed on their natural history and caught a hot-ended hornet instead of a harmless fly in their blooming net." Chu-Chu would come slipping over directly—to mend a lock or wipe the joint of a waterpipe—and there'd be some quick curtain work.

I followed the sleek rascal ahead with the sparks fairly sizzling out of me; and when he stepped aside to usher me into the darkened little boudoir which overlooked the garden in the rear my eyes were boring through the portières, shining into shaded corners, and the tail of one of them watching to see that the servant kept both his hands in sight. The room was empty, however, and the man bowed himself out, saying that mademoiselle would be down immediately.

The picture of Rosalie's face was the next thing that flashed through my mind—the shock, astonishment, then the deep, burning flush that overspread it as she realized that I was going into the house of Léontine! Poor girl, she little guessed the fond, lover-like emotions which I did *not* have as I stood there with my hackles on end. I wondered if Rosalie had recognized Chu-Chu, and decided that she could not have done so. His disguise was too cleverly done. Only a blood enemy could have pierced it—and perhaps not even he unless forewarned.

I was pining to get to the front of the house to have a look at the Bon Cocher, but there was no time. There was the peculiar swish which seemed so characteristic of Léontine when she moved, for she had a way of switching her skirt as she walked; and she stood in the doorway, ravishingly lovely in a summer costume of old embroidered linen and lace, pale cream in tint, over satin of a deeper and luscious yellow. The color was in perfect harmony with her rich ivory skin and clear, dark amber eyes. Her short, heavy curls were held as usual by the golden fillet, with its great emerald.

It did not look like a costume that a woman would be apt to put on to assist at the murder of a man; nor did anything in her expression or the warmth of her greeting suggest this idea.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" she murmured, as I bent over her hand. "What a lot of trouble you do make us!"

"I'm not altogether free from it myself," I answered. "But you must remember that you began it all."

"And we are apt to end it unless you show a little sense," she retorted, smiling.

There was a sound in the corridor, and I felt myself harden up. Léontine noticed it and laughed.

"For shame, Frank! It's only Victor to announce luncheon. Surely you don't think I'd set traps for you in my own house?"

"The idea never entered my head," I answered, "until I saw Chu-Chu sitting in front of the café opposite. Considering that you had told me ——"

"Chu-Chu!" she whispered; then was silent. Victor announced that she was served and I followed her into the charming little dining room. There were places for three.

"Ivan said that he would try to get in for an ice and coffee," said Léontine.

Victor served us, then went out.

"Help yourself to wine, Frank," said Léontine. "That is Chablis by you and Chambertin in the other decanter. Now tell me what you mean by saying that Chu-Chu was in the café opposite. He had a rendezvous with Ivan at this hour."

"Then he failed to keep it," I answered.

"How was he dressed?"

"Workman's blouse, black straw hat, grizzled beard."

New Parker Gift Pens of Gold, Silver, Pearl, Diamonds, Rubies, etc

He Gave 8000 Pens

When He Found *It Wouldn't Leak*

A CAPTAIN of Industry walked into a Chicago store.

"What makes fountain pens leak?" he said.

"I'd tell you," replied the dealer. "You set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket point up. The ink stays in the feed tube—won't run down. The heat of your body makes the air in the pen expand and blow out through the inky feed-tube, pushing the ink ahead of it, so that ——"

"So that I get smeared, when I take off the cap," put in the Captain of Industry.

"Just so."

"Is there any fountain pen that won't leak?" asked the "Captain."

"There is," replied the dealer. "It's the Parker. When you set a Parker fountain pen in your pocket the ink doesn't stay in the feed tube, but drops back to the reservoir. The air heats, expands and blows out of the feed tube, but it can't blow ink ahead of it, because no ink is there."

Then the dealer explained how capillary attraction draws the ink down through the Parker "Lucky Curve," as a blotter draws ink. He even showed him, by dropping ink into the feed tube of a Parker pen, touching the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall and letting him see the ink scoot down.

"Don't you want one of these Parker Pens?" asked the dealer.

"I want 8,000," said the "Captain."

He meant it. He bought one pen of the dealer, tried it for a time, then sent for George S. Parker and contracted for 8,000 Parker Fountain Pens, to give to his employees for Christmas.

PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN

can be carried in any position in any pocket. Also *pen knife* size for lady's purse. Can't leak, smear or spill ink. Great gift for anyone. $2.50 up.

RESERVE PARKER GIFT PENS NOW

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Don't chase up a different gift for each person. Give Parker Pens to everybody. Settle your whole Christmas with one trip to one store, and spend but a few dollars.

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LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN

Most everybody wastes money by wrong illumination

There are three ways of doing it wrong—all are easily avoided by correct planning.

Insufficient illumination is the worst form of extravagance. It wastes the money you spend for rent, materials, and labor, by reducing the efficiency of employees, turning out a lower grade of product or driving trade away.

Too much illumination is obvious waste. It is worse than that. It makes it hard for people to see and do things right—whether it is buying (at a store), or selling, or manufacturing.

Smothered illumination is the most common way of wasting money. In order to get a desired effect, people produce more light than they need, and then dim it down with the wrong shades or globes. Generally they don't get what they want after all.

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Think about your lighting losses, and send for our book on "Scientific Illumination". It will help you see your problem and find the way to its solution. A clear, accurate, unbiased statement (first one ever made) of the fundamental requirements of good illumination, and the means at hand for meeting them.

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With your copy of "Scientific Illumination" we send a blank to enable you to describe your lighting troubles and conditions in essential particulars. Fill this out and mail it to our Illuminating Engineering Department *at Pittsburgh*. Ask any question you like. We will help you.

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Illuminating Engineering Department

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New York: Uptown, 19 West 30th Street
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Boston: 30 Oliver Street
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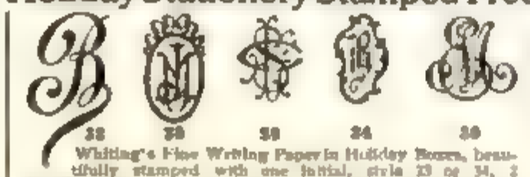
Cutlery actual size
Agents wanted. Write for catalog and terms.

Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 362 Wendell St., Dept. 151, Chicago

Holiday Stationery Stamped Free



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Fancy 5 pound box, postpaid $1.5... White initials given. Most artistic Xmas present... larger boxes $... $10... Send draft, money order or stamps, no checks.

GERBER CO., 409 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

Léontine knit her brows. I grew suspicious.

"May I help you to wine?" I asked.

"No, thanks. I never take it with *déjeuner*. But help yourself, please."

"Thanks. I am also abstemious," I answered.

Léontine shot me a swift look, then leaned over and laid her hand on my sleeve. Her eyes were positively melting, and it seemed to me there was the slightest quiver to her voice.

"Frank," she whispered, "is it possible that you do not trust me?" The swift color rose and spread over her high, Slavic cheekbones, which were soft and rounded, yet high and of a Cossack prominence that lent character and intensity to her passionate face, though in no way diminishing its sensuous beauty.

"Don't you think me loyal, Frank?" she pleaded.

"It's your loyalty that keeps my hand in my pocket," I answered with a sort of dry grin. "I don't mind giving it to you straight, my girl, that when I spotted Chu-Chu in front of Le Bon Cocher I made up my mind that you and Ivan and a few others had set a little trap for me over here."

Léontine's fresh caviar stopped halfway to her expectant mouth, and she looked at me with her amber eyes wide open. Usually you got only an impression of them between a double fringe of long, curved lashes black as ink.

"Then what made you come in here," she cried, "if you thought me capable of treachery of that sort to the man I love?" she whispered hotly, and leaned forward so that her bosom was crushed against the polished table.

"I came in to bust up the trap," I answered, and took a big bite of caviar and toast. Now that the ice was broken I was beginning to have a good time; and I must say that, after living round in punky little restaurants, that fresh Orsova caviar, with eggs a pearly gray and as big as buckshot, wasn't the least of it.

"Yes, my dear," said I, "when I walked in here I was like a Fourth of July pinwheel, just waiting for the match. And, though I'm having a splendid lunch and admiring you more than ever, I'm none the less all organized for war. Only, if there's to be rough-house, I wish you'd hold it off until I finish this caviar. Remember, Léontine, I've been acting and living up to the rôle of a wandering preacher—and I'm hungry."

Léontine's eyes sparkled. "Do you know what I really wish?" she cried.

"What?" I asked.

"I wish that I actually had about half a dozen bravos hidden round the house—just to see the fun."

"And Chu-Chu ——"

She shook her head with a little shudder. "No," she answered—"not Chu-Chu. I am too fond of you, Frank!" And she put her hand on my sleeve. A queer girl, Léontine!

Presently she looked up with a sad sort of smile.

"Drink your wine if you like it, my dear," said she. "I will take some with you if it will make you feel any easier."

The blood poured into my face and without waiting to serve her I dashed my glass half full of the Chablis and drank to her happiness. Her color deepened and she was about to say something, when Victor came into the room.

"There is a workman downstairs, m'amselle," said he. "I asked him what he wanted and he tells me he has been sent by the proprietor of the house to look over the plumbing."

Léontine threw me a swift look. "What sort of man is he in appearance?" she asked.

"He is a respectable-looking person, m'amselle—middle-aged, with an intelligent face and a beard streaked with gray."

"And his costume?" Léontine interrupted.

"He wears a blouse and a black straw hat."

"I know that man," she interrupted fiercely. "He is an impostor. You may go down and tell him that mademoiselle knows all about him, and that he has come to the wrong house and at the wrong time. Tell him that I say he had better go to the Parc Monceau, where he belongs. See that he leaves the premises, Victor."

"Very good, m'amselle." And the man slipped out.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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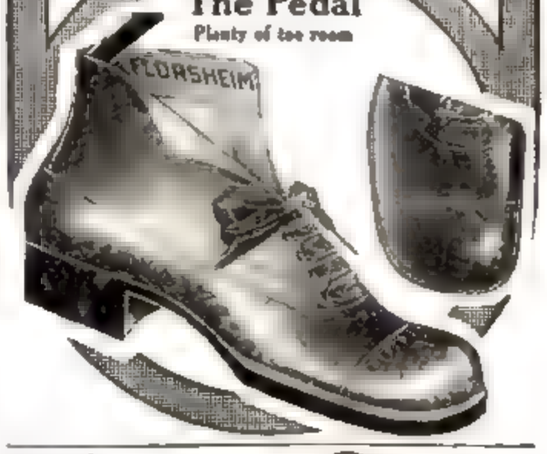
The Pedal
Plenty of toe room



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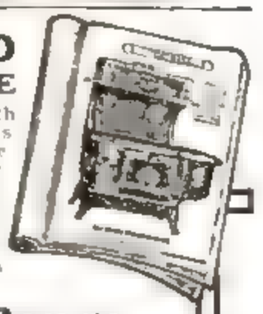

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Sense and Nonsense

A Vanishing Language

THE coming of the railroads and the coal mines to Southeastern Kentucky and Southwestern Virginia has wiped out the last frontier of this country and killed off what has been called the pure-feud industry. A few years ago there were ten or fifteen separate feuds in ten or fifteen separate mountain counties, now there are but two - and only one of them is prosecuted with any vigor.

The moving in of new people and the bringing in of new ideas are responsible for the breaking up of century-old traditions. New blood is leavening the old and the bitter blood of the clans; and schoolhouses, paved roads and even automobiles are doing the rest.

Probably no living person will regret the passing of the feud spirit, but students of Elizabethan English will mourn the dying out of the primitive mountaineer type; for he talked, and in some instances still talks, the same language, slightly modified, that his ancestors brought with them two hundred years ago from the Virginia and Carolina plantations when they came west through the Gap and settled in those back eddies of civilization among the Southern Alleghanies.

Once, in the trial of a mountain murder case, the writer heard a shaggy hillsman from Red Bird Creek, a small town in remote Eastern Kentucky, who took the witness stand to testify, using the following language in answer to the questions of a lawyer.

"Abe Eversole came up to the stillhouse, where the other boys was, and he was lookin' sort of dauncy; and purty soon he raised a rippit with Craig Philpott. Both of them was all in a swivit in no time."

"Wait a minute!"

This from the lawyer. "How many did you say were there?"

"Oh, several—several."

"And Eversole made trouble, you say?"

"Yes, he had things in a mommux in no time."

"Did he call any names?"

"Yes; he called Philpott a sorry old heifer."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; he said he was a fice-dog."

"And then what happened?"

"Well, Philpott ran for his fuzee; and I seen that the rippit was startin' and I ran up the mounting. But when I got a little ways and was out of sight I heared a gun quote twice."

All this was perfectly intelligible to a mountain jury and a mountain judge. To them a man described as looking "dauncy" meant a man who was out of sorts or in an ill temper. "Rippit" in the Southern vernacular means a disturbance, but, except in parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, is almost obsolete. "Swivit" is a state of excitement—literally a sweat. When the witness said there were several persons present he didn't mean six, or ten, or a dozen; he meant a crowd of fifty or a hundred, perhaps, using the word in the same sense that it was used two centuries ago. "Mommux" is mountaineer for a mixup, an affray. Calling a man a "sorry heifer" is to call him a hard name, because "sorry" to a mountaineer doesn't mean distressing or regretful. It means worthless, shiftless, no-account. And "heifer," instead of meaning a young cow, is applied to any one, regardless of sex or age, who is foolish or irresponsible or shiftless.

"Fice" is a corruption of the old English "fiest"—a cur. "Fuzee" is, of course, understandable to lowland ears, though it is in more common use in the mountains than elsewhere.

"Quote," though, puzzled the writer for a good while. He learned finally that the witness from Red Bird had employed it in exactly the same sense that Chaucer did—to describe a report or sound heard from a distance.

Put Up to Stay

TONOPAH BUTLER had made his big strike in the gold country several years before he paid his first visit to New York. When he got back to Nevada one of the boys asked him what he thought of New York.

"Well," said Tonopah, "it looks to me as if she'd make a permanent camp."

The Appropriate Tipple

COLONEL HAL CORBETT, of Paducah, Kentucky, met a party of fellow Kentuckians at a hotel in New York, and invited them in to have something.

They sat down at a table and the Colonel called a waiter over. The first man ordered vichy and milk. The Colonel gave a start of surprise, but said nothing, of course. The second man took a seltzer lemonade, and the third thought he wanted a little mineral water. Finally the waiter reached Colonel Corbett.

"Waiter," he roared, "bring me a quart of bluing!"

The Tourney at Bridge

My aunt sometimes plays bridge—a social game
Compared with which the ancient poker's tame.

Where friend meets friend across the table, so
One hand is played and friend becomes a foe.

Where nerves grow taut and tense, where breath comes short
And timid women are crucified for sport.

The chances are, says Elwell, if you're strong
Or weak in any suit you'll lead it wrong.

So when you cast your fat into the fire
'Tis well to bow and gracefully retire.

My aunt plays afternoons—she wades right in
With hat and gloves stripped off—and plays to win.

Though she declares to me she never tries
In all the games she plays to win the prize.

But when prize-playing women win a leg
She does her best to take them down a peg.

An instinct truly feminine, you must
Admit, and nothing more than right and just.

So when she mires in this playing bout
For half a day she comes home all worn out.

And cannot quite compose herself till she
Has got her best gown off and poured some tea.

And from some bag or purse she takes a prize
Worth forty cents and dangles in my eyes.

And says: "Amanda Skinner thinks that she
Is Foster, Hoyle and Elwell—all the three.

And when you have a sharp like that in town
The only thing to do is take her down."

And then she seeks that early rest that serves
To quiet minds and pick up shattered nerves.

—*J. W. Foley.*

Professional Discourtesy

FRED LENNOX, the actor, had a room in a hotel overlooking a railroad yard. At the end of the second day he paid his bill.

"Did the locomotives bother you at night?" asked the proprietor.

"No—not at all," said Lennox. "Actors and locomotives both have to work at night, and I can stand for that; but what I object to is having a couple of engines come under my window every morning and rehearse until noon!"

A New Translation

WHILE Woodrow Wilson was in Chattanooga on his recent tour one of the features of the program arranged for his entertainment was an automobile sightseeing trip through the city. As the party slowed up from time to time at some particularly interesting point the colored chauffeur volunteered bits of local information.

They were passing the new city hall and Mr. Wilson read aloud the date on the cornerstone—1909 A. D.

"George," remarked one of the party, addressing the chauffeur, "can you tell us what the A. D. stands for?"

"Suttinly, boss, suttinly," responded George, without the quiver of an eyelid. "Why, dat dere 'A. D.' stands fo' 'all done.'"

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ASK the dealer to show you the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special No. 4130, at $18.50. Try on several Clothcraft coats and overcoats, so you can see the becoming styles and accurate fit. Notice the close-fitting collar, the shapely shoulders, the smooth coat-front. And read the guaranty that assures lasting satisfaction.

If you don't know a Clothcraft Store, write us today. We'll promptly send you the Clothcraft Style-Book for fall and winter, with the name of the nearest dealer.

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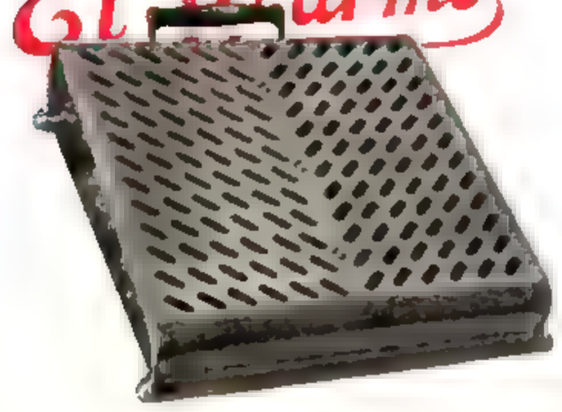
THIS is the Standard Hotpoint Iron. Furnished in three domestic sizes, identical except in size and weight. The three pound iron, shown on the left, is for light ironing. Long and narrow, for sleeves, tucks, etc. The six pound iron shown in the centre is regulation weight and will do any form of household ironing continuously. The five pound iron shown on the right is large enough for all except the very heaviest household ironing, such as blankets.

These irons have the attached stand (no lifting), the Hot Point, (always hot), the cool handle (no holder), which have made "Hotpoints" famous the country over. Price in U. S. $5.00. In Canada duty added. If your dealer cannot furnish size wanted, we will prepay express.

El Warmo



THIS is the most convenient form of electric heater yet devised. It attaches to any light socket and gives off a genial radiation continuously. With electricity at 10c it costs about 2½c per hour to operate.

Made of pressed steel in ornamental design, with ebonite handle, and can be readily moved from place to place. Weight three and one-half pounds. Uses the same cord and plug as the Hotpoint Iron.

For invalids, old people or convalescents it is a great comfort and is very useful under the desk or dining table. Price in U. S. $5.00; in Canada duty added. We pay express charges if your dealer cannot supply you. There is no substitute.

THE only way to make perfect coffee is with a percolator. And the most simple, practical and efficient percolator is the one illustrated here, which is furnished either in a coffee pot style or the machine style.

The boiling water drips slowly through the ground coffee, which never is boiled.

El Perco

The heating element is introduced directly into the water and therefore operates very economically. In less than a minute after the electric current is turned on, percolation begins; and the cost at average rate is about one-tenth of a cent per cup.

It is so simple to operate—put the coffee into the basket, put the cold water into the percolator, put in the plug and turn on the electric current. When strong enough, pull out the plug.

You get the full flavor and aroma of the coffee without the bitter taste or caffeine which comes from boiling.

El Perco, pot style, in burnished copper or nickel, five cup size $7.50; seven cup size $8.00. Machine style, seven cup size $10.00; nine cup size $11.00 in the U. S. Duty added in Canada.

ELECTRICALLY heated appliance

if your household is to enjoy the

electrically-lighted home should make the el

command of conveniences and niceties of

except at much greater expenditure of time, trouble and

THE immersion heater that gives the maximum efficiency. It is a highly polished cylinder, which is plunged into the liquid and begins to heat it instantly. Small one boils a glass of water in a couple of minutes.

Perfectly sanitary and should last indefinitely, if the heat is not turned on except when it is immersed.

Toilet size $3.00. Kitchen size $4.00. This size can be used in a great many cooking operations very economically. El Boilo uses same cord and plug as El Comfo.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will prepay charges at above prices in the U. S. Duty on Canadian shipments to be paid by customer.

El Stovo

THIS handsome and efficient stove uses about the same amount of electric current as our Hotpoint Iron. It will do all of the lighter forms of cooking with entire satisfaction.

Highly nickel plated, with a lower shelf which protects the table. The legs also have ebonite tips so that it can be used directly on the dining table or sideboard.

Price $5.00 in the U. S., including cord and plug. Duty added in Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship by prepaid express.

Guaranteed for two years, like all Hotpoint appliances. El Stovo is also furnished in 8 in. size in two heats.

We furnish a chafing dish, to be used on El Stovo, which is extremely efficient. It is shown at the right as El Chafo, Style 4. This makes a most satisfactory combination. Price of El Chafo No. 4 same as El Stovo.

Other Appliances

ALL of the appliances described in this announcement can be used on the lamp socket. We make a great many other appliances which require special wiring; viz.—Laundry and Tailor irons in many weights and sizes—El Stovo in eight inch and ten inch sizes, competent to do heavy cooking—Air Heaters which will warm a good sized room, etc. Dealers will give you full information.

Hotp

QUA

AND the suggestion is—ele

giving—what so new, so nove

What like outlay would add so much

this winter?

Any of these appliances attach to

First cost is nominal. Operating exp

for Two Years, and if not abused w

El C

THE delights of the chafing dish are now at yo older methods. Fully nickel plated, with eboni the plug into place. Since so small an amount of wa

The one on the left (El Chafo, Style 4) consists gives you the advantage of a separate stove. Price

The other two styles have self-contained heating element which is introduced directly into the water. Extremely quick and economical in operation. The centre one (Style 5) is somewhat larger than Style 4. Price complete, in U. S. $12.00.

WE have attempted to furnish all of our distributors with these appliances in attractive holly wrappers for the Holiday trade. If your dealer has not secured his stock, please notify our nearest office at once. Shipments made direct in response to this announcement will also be wrapped in holly paper and tied with gold cord when requested.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND FACTO

NEW YORK
136 Liberty St.

CHICAGO
560 Washington Blvd.

es command your thoughtful attention naximum of comfort and health. Every ectric current its daily servant, having instant service which cannot be otherwise secured, money. Use these approved appliances.

oint

LITY

ectric appliances for holiday l, so serviceable, so charming? n of comfort and cheer to your home

any light socket of proper voltage. pense is very slight. Fully guaranteed ill last indefinitely.

THIS is the very newest addition to the "El" family and provides the most modern way of cooking eggs. A small quantity of water is placed in the bottom of El Eggo, the eggs are placed in the ring tray, the water is converted to steam. The eggs are steam cooked. Or boil them if you prefer.

A shirring pan with convenient handles is also furnished for shirring, scrambling, poaching and similar operations. In effect, El Eggo becomes a small but efficient chafing dish. Same plug and silk covered cord as the other table appliances. Price in the U. S. without the chafing dish, $8.00. With chafing dish, $9.00. In Canada add duty. If your dealer cannot furnish, we pay charges.

THIS combination set is called the Utility. Invaluable for travelers, flat dwellers, bachelor men and women. Iron weighs two and a half pounds and will do all lighter forms of ironing. Inverted on the stand, it becomes a small stove. Boils the dish of water (about three cups) in ten minutes or less. An opening in the iron heats curling tongs without additional electric current.

Price, including stand, dish with cover and handle, cord and plug, all packed in ooze leather shopping bag, is $6.00 in the U. S. Duty added in Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you with this Utility Outfit, we will ship by prepaid express. There is no substitute.

Chafo

ur command without the fuss and inconvenience of te handles. Attach to any light socket—simply slip er is used, the current consumption is extremely slight. of the usual dishes especially fitted to El Stovo. This in U. S., El Chafo $5.00; El Stovo with cord $5.00.

The one at right is in Mission design (Style 6) and is still larger and heavier. Price $15.00. All are equipped with silk cord. In Canada add duty. If your dealer has not the style you want, order direct.

WHAT is more appropriate for Holiday gifts than these handsome appliances with their suggestions of newness combined with extreme serviceability? This is the Electric Age—give electrical gifts, in these newest and most approved types. But remember the Hotpoint reputation and our two year guarantee and insist upon the goods shown here.

HEATING COMPANY

ORY, ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA.
(40 miles east of Los Angeles)

VANCOUVER, B. C.
1670 Pandora St.

TORONTO
Canada

El Teballo

WHAT El Perco is to coffee brewing, El Teballo is to tea infusing—it does it right. The heating element being immersed in the water, it is quickly brought to a bubble. The plug is then removed, and the tea ball is dropped down over the element, which keeps the water at bubbling temperature while infusion is made.

The ball is then drawn up out of the infusion. This means that the delightful fragrance and delicate flavor of the tea leaf are secured without any of the tannic acid or other undesirable principles.

Heating element guaranteed two years, but unless used without being submerged, should last as long as pot.

El Teballo is furnished in highly burnished nickel or copper. Pot style, seven cup, price $8.00; machine style, seven cup, price $10.00 in the U. S. In Canada add duty. If your dealer has not yet secured his supply of El Teballo we will gladly pay delivery charges.

Ask Your Dealer

ABOUT 5000 lighting companies and dealers in the U. S. and Canada sell our appliances. We prefer that you buy of them. Their suggestions will be valuable to you. However, if the dealer you go to cannot furnish our appliances, place order with our nearest office, as we are anxious that you test the statements we make in this announcement. Canadian customers are to pay duty.

El Comfo

EL COMFO pad will find almost numberless uses. It displaces the hot water bottle and all other devices for applying heat locally. It is almost priceless in the nursery. An ideal bed warmer.

Attaches to any light socket and is controlled by a thermostat so that it cannot become overheated to the danger point. Also a convenient separable switch, so that the current can be cut off by the person using it.

Turn the electric current on when you go to bed. The thermostat will cut off the current when it becomes hot and turn it on again automatically. Therefore, current consumption will be very slight.

El Comfo furnishes the ideal way to apply dry heat to any part of body and can be used much hotter than a water bottle. The heat is continuous and so simple to adjust.

Price in the U. S. $5.00. In Canada duty added. We have just marketed this. If your dealer has not secured his stock, write us.

YOU never ate such wheaty tasting toast as you can make any morning on your breakfast table if you use El Tosto.

Highly nickel plated and extremely ornamental. Uses about the same electric current as the iron, but of course you use it for such short intervals that it is really a very economical way of making toast.

El Tosto

And the toast is so appetizing. You simply lean the bread up in front of wire coils that are glowing red and watch it until it is just as brown and just as crisp as you like it; then take it off piping hot.

El Tosto along with El Perco and El Eggo simplifies the breakfast problem wonderfully. Shelf above is convenient place to keep plates or coffee warm.

Nothing to get out of order. Guaranteed two years and should last for many years. Furnished complete with cord and plug. Price in the U. S. $4.00; in Canada duty added. Your dealer probably has El Tosto, or if not will gladly get it for you. Or we will ship by prepaid express at above price anywhere in the United States.

Adler's
Collegian Clothes

EXPERT judgment of quality and authentic knowledge of style are entirely unnecessary when you select these garments. The name "Collegian" in a suit or overcoat is evidence of the utmost in quality and style—all that anyone expects or can ask for in clothes. Look for the "Collegian" label. It is the safe way to buy clothes, for it removes all guesswork as to fabrics, workmanship, style, cut, fit or finish. All you have to do is to go to the store that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes, choose something becoming, and then your clothes problem is solved. The price range is moderate—$15 to $30—and whatever you pay you are sure to secure the greatest amount of genuine clothes value.

Our new Style Book—a fashion guide for men's correct clothes—mailed to any address on request. It also tells you the store in your town or vicinity that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee Chicago

BUSINESS HELPS

SYSTEM—and then more system! System is an excellent thing; therefore get system—get as much system as you possibly can! All this is what is most strenuously heard in these days amid the struggle and the turmoil of up-to-date business. Never before was systemization attempted in so many fields, in such wide variety of work. Scientific system has been introduced into many and many a business where it was supposed that further systemization was impossible. And all this is most excellent; for system saves time—and nothing is more true in business than the trite old saying, "Time is money."

And yet some of the wiser and more experienced business men are watching heedfully to see that system be not carried too far; or—it would be more correct to say—to see that men do not come to depend upon system rather than upon themselves.

"Already there is a tendency, in this sudden new rush of everything for system," said to me a business man who has an army of employees on his payroll "already there is a tendency toward believing that system is the final word; that if perfect system can be obtained, all is obtained. There could not be a more serious mistake, however. System, excellent though it is—and I have myself been adopting new systems along lines that I had supposed could not be further improved—system can never take the place of individuality, originality, personality, initiative. Compared with personal qualities such as those, system must always remain in a secondary place."

A Bold Beginning

It was along this same line that another business man was talking when he said that, though he thoroughly approved of the machines that automatically set down answers to all sorts of arithmetical problems, and though he has installed such machines to keep abreast of modern methods, he has feared that too absolute a reliance upon machines would so weaken a man's own ability to figure correctly as to injure his usefulness materially. "And so I especially try to impress upon those who use automatic calculators that they must not let themselves forget how to do all sorts of calculations themselves: for at any moment in business a man may find it of vital importance to be able to estimate a thing instantly with his pencil, or perhaps just in his head; and if he has got into the way of trusting everything to a machine he won't be able to do it himself—won't be up to the mark. No man can hope for real success unless he acquires and retains a readiness to handle figures. But, of course," he went on whimsically, "it is certainly a convenience to have a machine that can multiply 7¾ by 16⅛, for even the best of my assistants would take some little time for such a sum and then wouldn't be absolutely sure of being right."

. . . . . .

Some of the great houses adhere to system even in regard to the advancement of employees in their own service—persons entering their employ must be within certain limits as to age and can only be put ahead after a certain time, and so on. And, though here one can see the general utility of such a system, it is peculiarly a branch of business management in which the wisest business men admit leeway.

How a young man thought out a system all his own—a system he planned for that best of all purposes, to get on in the world by rising through increase of his own merit—and how he induced a great concern to let him apply his system, was told me just the other day.

The young man, with only the equipment of a high-school education in a small city, picked out the line of work he felt best fitted for and most desired to go into. It was electricity that he determined upon for his career; and next he picked out the concern he wanted to work for—a concern whose name is known in every part of the world. All this seemed bold enough for a beginning, but it was still bolder to plan a system by which he would make his way upward after once getting his start with the great house he had selected.

We Will Not Be In To See You

We have no visiting list—nor any solicitors to do any visiting for us.

Not that we have any objection to solicitors. None whatever—some of the finest men we know are solicitors of advertising, and we are glad to see them when they call.

For our part, we need no solicitors. Right from the start we knew that if we got the circulation, advertisers would come of their own desire.

We did. They did.

Go through a copy of Farm Journal. Note the quantity of advertising—the quality of the advertisers and the diversity of lines advertised—

—then you will truly appreciate the significance of the fact that we employ no solicitors and that every line in the paper has come in or been sent in by someone without personal solicitation.

Any paper that can, without personal solicitation, secure the great volume of advertising that Farm Journal carries needs no further proof of its extraordinary efficiency as an advertising medium.

To get a full understanding of the unique position which Farm Journal holds among publications, write for our book, "Tests and Testimony." It will give you a wealth of interesting and valuable data about the folks that support Farm Journal and how they support themselves. Then you will realize why Farm Journal is such a powerful puller for its advertisers.

This book also contains experiences of advertisers in Farm Journal, together with testimonials from both advertisers and subscribers. It also gives the most complete and helpful statistics about the Farmer and the Farm.

Glad to send it in response to a request on your business letterhead.

Still time to catch our January issue if you act promptly. Send along your copy.

Wilmer Atkinson Publishers

Farm Journal

"Unlike Any Other Paper"

Philadelphia

Insures Against Cake Failures

This flour is prepared *expressly* for cake baking, from a special variety of winter wheat, grown only in Southern Indiana. By our own exclusive method we eliminate all the gluten—gluten makes cakes *coarse* and *tough*. We pack our product in a sanitary, air-tight package, where it keeps indefinitely, in any climate. No corn starch or any other ingredient is added.

SWANS DOWN
Prepared
CAKE FLOUR

is the most economical flour you can use for cake baking. It makes lighter, daintier, more delicious cakes with *half the shortening* required with ordinary flour. It prevents failure and wasted ingredients.

Each package contains flour enough for ten or twelve elegant cakes, with twelve recipes. Cost about two cents per cake.

FREE:—IGLEHEART'S Book of "CAKE RECIPES"

It's a delightful collection of cake creations. Will help you time and time again when you're puzzled what kind of cake to bake. Just send us your name on a postal for a copy, stating your grocer's name and address, and what other cake he has in Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour.

IGLEHEART BROTHERS
2214 First Ave.
Evansville, Ind.

Insure Your Baby's Vitality With Holstein Cows' Milk.

Has your baby that vitality which often seems to stand alone between life and death? Do you know how to build it up? Try Holstein Cows' Milk and see if it doesn't impart to your baby the wonderful vitality of the splendid Holstein breed. We know it will.

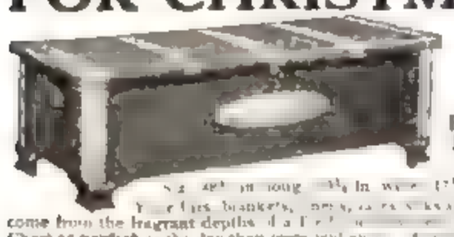
Holstein Cows Milk is the very nearest thing to mother's milk, so of course it is the best milk for babies. Compared with ordinary milk, it corresponds very closely to mother's milk in the percentage of butter fat and other solids it contains, and more important still, in the form in which the butter fat occurs. In ordinary milk, the fat is in large globules, which form tough greasy curds in baby's stomach instead of being easily broken up by the digestive fluids.

Holstein Milk costs no more than common milk. If your milk-man cannot supply you, let us know.

Send for our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," and see what the great specialists say about milk for babies.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
11-B American Building. Brattleboro, Vt.

FOR CHRISTMAS



Only $28.50 Freight Prepaid East of the Mississippi

Size 48" long, 19½" wide, 17½" high. Your furs, blankets, rugs, curtains, woolens come from the fragrant depths of a Piedmont Red Cedar Chest as perfect as the day they were made. Absolutely protection from moth, mice, dust and damp. Very decorative and the most acceptable of all Christmas gifts. Shipped direct from factory at Statesville, N. C., freight prepaid. Delivery in the U. S. east of the Mississippi River and in Canada. Send for "The Story of Red Cedar" and big catalog showing many styles, sizes and prices of Chests, Upholstered Wardrobe Couches, etc.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 9 Statesville, N. C.

His first step was necessarily to get the concern to employ him. He wrote a letter, applying for the place; in the letter he said it was his ambition to make a lifework of electricity, and he told of his modest educational equipment, with its absence of technical training.

The management of that particular concern is altogether too wise to bar any young man absolutely because of not coming with a technical-school diploma in his hand. It knows very well that, though the majority of its high-class employees are necessarily technical graduates, there is always the chance of picking just the right man without a diploma. More important than this theoretical broadness of view on the part of the management was the personality, in this case, of the applicant—and the personality must have shown in his letter.

He was engaged and for six months he worked indefatigably, watching everything, saying little and spending his nights in correspondence-school study in electricity and mechanics. He felt that he had really begun to improve in his daily work, and therefore felt that he would be justified in beginning to apply the system he had planned. So he went to the superintendent. "I should like to be put into another department," he said, "where I can learn another kind of work."

The superintendent smiled. He was the kind of superintendent who watches his men and understands human nature. He knew this young man had been working with almost fierceness of effort and that he gave high promise. So, though he smiled, it was a tolerant smile, and he put the young man into another department.

A Six-Months' Man

For two years and a half the young man appeared regularly at the superintendent's office at the end of every six months. It got to be a sort of pleasant joke and the superintendent fell into the way of referring to him as his "six-months' man." "How is my six-months' man coming on?" he would ask of some department head; and always there came the reply that he was devoted, untiring, painstaking and successful.

At the end of two years and a half the young man was extremely proficient. He was earning a good salary. He was one of the few upon whom the superintendent had come thoroughly to depend; but there were no more departments. What remained now was advancement in whatever department best fitted the young man's abilities. And so, when there came the regular six-months' appearance, the superintendent met him with a new geniality.

"What is it now?" he said. "You have served your time in every department."

"No," came the reply; "there is another department I want to try—the sales department."

The superintendent did not like this. "I want you to stay right on in the works with me," he said.

The young man was firm, however. "I appreciate what you have done in making it possible for me to get experience," he said; "but I came here with the determination to take in enough departments to get a comprehensive knowledge of the business, and I cannot get it without experience in the selling end."

The superintendent smiled. "Well, I suppose I've got to help you carry out your system," he said. "Go down tomorrow to the city office and see the sales manager. I've told him about you."

The sales manager had clearly been told to give him a good trying-out, for he put him through a grueling examination on all sorts of electrical subjects—construction, operation, material, machinery, theory and practice. And soon a curious fact became evident. Not only did the young man show himself really and thoroughly proficient and able to answer questions, but it soon became apparent that in some branches he knew more than his questioner. "You'll do," was the brief verdict when the examination was over, and the young man was given his wished-for chance.

This was only a few years ago. He now draws a large salary, and it is in considerable degree because, after learning everything broadly—but not until then!—he was wise enough to devote himself to specialization, and is now looked upon as the highest authority in the United States on certain phases of constructive electrical operation in steel mills.

INSTINCTIVE PLAYING *vs.* REASON PLAYING

THE great aim in all player piano constructions has been to overcome mechanical banging. The tendency has been to build player pianos with mechanical contrivances intended to enable the operator to give expression to the music. To try, in other words, to eliminate by mechanical means a mechanical sound.

We contend that these mechanical expression devices require the Reason to operate them.

Reason, we think, is a thing for doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists, to conjure with. But music, like all art, is Instinct. It is created by Instinct and must be recreated (played) by Instinct.

The instinctive Virtuolo is built as sensitive as a nerve. Like a nerve, it responds, in a flash, to your sensitive feelings, to your musical Instinct.

Put into the Virtuolo some familiar piece of music, like the Lohengrin Wedding March, or Marching Through Georgia. Then close the sliding panel in front of the roll so you can't see the roll. Put your left hand over the accenting and modulating buttons, and your right on the speed lever. Then close your eyes and begin to pedal.

You may think you have no musical Instinct at all—but you'll be surprised to find yourself playing the piece with perfect time and rhythm and expression. You can't help it. An unconscious something is guiding you.

You'll discover that Instinctive playing gives the natural touch and flow expression which you never thought could be got out of a player piano. You'll discover that mechanical thumping is entirely absent. You'll discover that Reason playing is the cause of mechanicalness in the player piano. And you'll discover that the Hallet & Davis Piano Company discovered the greatest secret in player pianos when it discovered that Instinct and not Reason is the thing to rely on in playing a player piano.

After running the roll through a few times to get familiar with the piece you'll find you can play the most difficult classic pieces by Instinct, just as easily as you played the Lohengrin Wedding March.

We want to send a Virtuolo to call on you in your home. We want you to keep it there a month. Instead of sending a talented salesman to prejudice you, we want you, yourself, to find out how ingenious this new Instinctive playing is—by playing the Virtuolo in the privacy of your own home.

(P. S.—No cash payment, charges or obligations of any kind.)

SEND FOR "THE INNER BEAUTY" BOOK

This is a free book that explains Instinctive *versus* Reason playing. It tells also of the wonderful meaning the composers put into all music, and how the invention of Instinctive playing gives every one the power to enjoy and to express this meaning. Send for it today.

PRICES AND TERMS

The Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis Piano, special mahogany case, Colonial design, complete (no extras), $700. In Arts-and-Crafts case, complete, $775. The Virtuolo in Conway Piano, mahogany or walnut, complete, $575. Lexington Player Piano, $450 to $485. Terms: Three years in which to pay, if you desire. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair valuation.

Shall we send you a Virtuolo to try for a month or "The Inner Beauty" Book? Use coupon below.

The VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO
Dept. B1, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me full information about your Free Home Test Plan on the Virtuolo; also free copy of "The Inner Beauty," a book about music and its inner meaning.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO

ESTABLISHED 1839

BOSTON NEW YORK NEWARK TOLEDO

Her Engagement Ring

THAT sparkling, shining diamond, so full of fire that it seems to belong on *her* hand, passed through the scene pictured above before ever you saw it.

The effect of the [illegible] quality ring. Our direct importation of diamonds and our manufacturing policy enable us to sell it for $90

From the blue clay of African Kimberley to the diamond markets of Europe—and thence to New York.

That was its course, and its American destination was the store of Lambert Bros., so you may be sure it was a far better diamond than most others.

A Jewelry House Renowned for Value

For thirty-five years Lambert Brothers have been noted for their wonderful jewelry values.

Intimate knowledge of the gem markets of the world, the ability to buy in large quantities and to take advantage of every discount, have enabled us to keep our prices well below those of other jewelers.

Nothing could be more brilliant than the contrasting beauty of these 18 superb white diamonds and the Australian sapphire which they surround. They are firmly set in platinum with solid gold shank. The price is but . . $90

So—ask us to send you one of our sample sheets—it shows a few illustrations of Lambert Engagement Rings. See the rings shown on the sheet,— priced from $50 to $400. Here are values you cannot equal elsewhere.

Superb white diamond, beautifully cut, the Lambert system makes its price $75

We also have diamond rings that range from $10 to $1500, each exceptional value for its price.

Probably you are thinking about some little piece of diamond or gold jewelry at this very moment.

A diamond of good size and fine quality, full cut and set in 14 karat gold mounting, $50

Then write for our beautiful 168-page catalogue. You will find in it every worth while thing in gold and diamond jewelry—rings, brooches, watches, pins and silverware—and at prices that just suit *your* purse.

A fine diamond directly imported, handmade solid 14 karat gold mounting . . $25

Lambert Bros.

Established 1877

Where shall we send *your* sample sheet and catalogue?

Address us at

3rd Avenue cor. 58th Street New York City

WHAT OF 1912?

(Continued from Page 4)

taken during his residence at the White House—for reciprocity—was nullified by the refusal of Canada to recipros; that there is great dissatisfaction with him among Republicans—but they ask: "What other man is there?"

Surely enough! What other man is there? Never, since the days of John C. Fremont, has there been such a dearth of available men for the Presidency in the Republican party. That once formidable organization is so widely split that the Progressives will not vote for Taft and the conservatives will not vote for La Follette. There are men in it who cherish the hope that a way out can be found by a compromise. Even in the remote contingency of Mr. Taft's stepping aside, what other man is there? Some have suggested Mr. Justice Hughes and some have thought Governor Hadley, of Missouri, might do. Attorney-General Wickersham thinks the lightning might strike him, and Secretary Knox, of the State Department, has never lost his bee. The suggestions show the dimness of the hope of getting together. Even if the plan for a widespread Presidential preference primary comes to nothing, as it probably will, the Republican National Committee being a stern and rockbound and standpat institution, there will be primaries in various states that will show something. North Dakota and Oregon and Minnesota, and some others, will have real tests. At that, the primaries for the purpose of selecting delegates to the national convention will not be conclusive. They hold the primary in North Dakota early in March, for example, when it will be hard for the farmers to get out. If that primary were to be a general election the farmers would get out and the conservative Republicans would gain wisdom and experience.

However, the primaries are reasonably certain to prove a good deal in one way, but not a thing if Taft is renominated; for there isn't much disposition to care who is nominated, it being the intention of a large proportion of the voters in these states to let them nominate Mr. Taft if they want to, and then express their convictions at the general election in November—provided always there is a suitable Democratic nominee.

The Democratic situation is livelier and more interesting. There are some Democrats and remnants of Democratic organizations in all these states. So far as this section of the country is concerned, there are but two leading Democratic candidates, Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, and Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. Of the two, Wilson is much the stronger.

If Wilson should be nominated against Taft, Wilson would carry most of the states in this section, with conditions as they are.

Bryan a Remote Possibility

The Progressive Republicans, who are against Taft, would vote for Wilson—not all of them but most of them. Wilson is very strong in the states where the revolt against the Republican party is greatest.

On the other hand, the old-line Democrats, the former organization men who helped put Parker over in 1904—the old chaps who have hung on to the machines—are invariably for Harmon. There is your split emphasized and made clear. The new-thinking Democrats, the Progressives, are for Wilson. The old-line men are for Harmon.

If Harmon should be nominated, so far as this part of the country is concerned, and the opposing candidate should be President Taft, the time would be ripe for a third-party movement and there would be a strong effort to get one started. In the section I am writing about they think Taft and Harmon stand for about the same things and are both reactionaries.

Bryan, who has many friends, is openly against Harmon and has indorsed various other Democrats, including Wilson, Champ Clark, and Governor Marshall, of Indiana. Bryan's closest friends think he does not want the nomination, but all political observers see a Bryan possibility in the game of setting up a large number of candidates, in which Mr. Bryan has had an active hand. With numerous candidates and two-thirds required to nominate, after several ballots what is to hinder any delegate from getting up and shouting: "What's the matter with William Jennings Bryan?" And what would be the matter with him—with the convention deadlocked? Perhaps nothing if it were a mass convention. It will not be a mass convention. It will be a delegate convention. It is easy to stampede the galleries but hard to stampede the delegates.

Some of President Taft's closest advisers think Bryan will be nominated, and they are living in the fool's paradise that Mr. Taft surely can beat Bryan again. Failing Bryan, they think the other easy man for him to defeat is Champ Clark. They think either Bryan or Clark will be named. These advisers have caused Mr. Taft to think his opponent will be Mr. Bryan. Thus hope springs eternal in the human breast.

William Randolph Hearst is fussing round in various states and is quite active in California. Nobody attempts to solve Mr. Hearst's motives, but he will have some delegates in the Democratic convention just the same—not so many, perhaps, as he had in the St. Louis convention of 1904; but some—those from California, for instance, who will give him a complimentary vote if he still wants it at convention time. Mr. Hearst, also, is friendly to Champ Clark, and has recently paved the way for himself by declaring himself back in the Democratic party. He has agents working in Illinois and in other states. Probably he knows why.

California Not for Taft

So far as Mr. Taft's trip through this territory is concerned, it was a neutral proposition. It did him no good and did him no particular harm. The people received him politely but indifferently. There were good crowds and little enthusiasm. They heard his explanations civilly but that was all. They were neither interested nor impressed. Of course in some localities there was a good deal of organized noise; but the spirit in general was that of respect for the office, liking for the man, but no tolerance whatever for his policies. Every effort was made to excite enthusiasm. They paraded Mr. Taft all round every city. He went to ball games and luncheons and fairs and dinners, and participated in all sorts of local celebrations. The newspapers showed where he would be every minute.

The President arrived in California almost simultaneously with that state's adoption by a large majority, on October tenth, of the initiative, referendum and the recall—extending to judges! California is a Republican state, but it is one of the most Insurgent of the lot. Last fall they elected Johnson governor of California—and Johnson is a Progressive for fair. They had put a dent in the old and corrupt Southern Pacific machine that used to nominate the candidates on both sides and then graciously allow the people to go to it; that controlled the politics, the government, the courts and all the other functions of California except the climate—and had a mortgage on that! By the aid of primaries they managed to nominate Johnson. Later they elected him. Then the Johnson people promptly put before the state a set of amendments to the constitution, including the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and woman suffrage, designed to eliminate the last vestige of the obnoxious Southern Pacific rule. That is why the recall, applying to judges, was adopted. The Southern Pacific used to own the courts. In the future if any judge is owned by any one he can be attended to at once.

The delegates to the Republican national convention from California will be against Taft. They may or may not be for La Follette, but they will be against Mr. Taft. So far as the Democratic candidate is concerned, William Randolph Hearst can have the delegates for a complimentary ballot or two if he still wants them at convention time; but Mr. Hearst cannot deliver those delegates, nor can he have them sent to the convention city under instructions to vote for him. Gavin McNab, who is the biggest Democrat in California, will fight to the last against instructions, though he is willing to allow Hearst to have a complimentary vote because of Hearst's efforts for the San Francisco fair; and McNab undoubtedly can control. Next to this compliment for Hearst, Woodrow Wilson is the strongest Democrat. Wilson made a good impression when he was in California and

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he is likely to be the second choice of California, subject to whatever manipulations may ensue.

There will be a direct test of the popularity of Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette, or some other Progressive Republican, in Oregon. The Oregon election law provides that every qualified elector shall have an opportunity to vote his preference, on his party nominating ballot, for one person for President and one person for Vice-President, either by writing the names of such persons on the ballot or by marking a cross before the printed names of the candidates on the ballot. Names of candidates can be printed on the ballots by petition of their supporters in sufficient number. The friends of Mr. Taft in Oregon will see to it that his name is on the ballot and so will the friends of Mr. La Follette see to it that his name is on the ballot. This election will select the delegates to the party conventions and the Presidential electors. It is further provided that no person can vote for more than one person for the office of national delegate and that each delegate shall have two hundred dollars for traveling expenses. This restriction to voting for one delegate makes it almost a certainty that, whatever happens, some delegates will be sent to the convention to oppose Taft; and the probabilities are that the majority of the delegation will be against Taft. Delegates elected are expected to carry out the wishes of their party as to the national candidates as expressed at the primary. There is no way of forcing this, of course; but the moral obligation is there and probably will be regarded by all delegates who want to return to live in Oregon.

Wilson is strong in Oregon; but there, as elsewhere, the old-line Democrats are for Harmon. Wilson made a good impression when he spoke there, and both he and Harmon have had emissaries in the state. There isn't much of a Democratic organization in Oregon, but what there is is in favor of Harmon, so far as the individual preferences of the old-timers and old-liners go. There is some talk of Clark, and Hearst has done some prospecting also. The probabilities are, at this time, that Wilson will get the delegates.

In Washington

Washington is strongly Insurgent in a Republican sense. The Republican regulars will not tell you so, but it is true just the same. The old-timers say the state is disgusted with the Insurgent experiment it made when it sent Poindexter to the Senate, but the mass of the people do not reason that way and are not for Mr. Taft. Conservation of the resources of the state is an absorbing topic in this state, as in Oregon, Idaho and elsewhere, and is likely to have its effect on the political complexion of the delegation. The Washingtonians and the Oregonians are not strong for the present system of conserving their resources. They want to have a hand in that business themselves.

Washington will vote next spring on the initiative, referendum and recall as applied to state affairs. At a recent election the state declared for woman suffrage and some of the cities have the recall municipally. Under the primary laws of the state, it seems difficult to provide money for the expenses of a state convention to name delegates to the national convention, and there has been some talk that the executive committee of the state committee will select the Republican delegates. If the executive committee of the state committee tries this there will be a row that will be heard as far as Boston. The Insurgent Republicans will not submit to this, as the old crowd is in control of the state committee. It is doubtful if the executive committee will have the nerve to attempt this procedure. If it does it is certain the delegates selected will be for Mr. Taft; but if such a delegation is sent there will be another delegation at the convention, selected by primary, that will clamor for admission.

As elsewhere on the Coast, Wilson is strongest with the people in Washington, but the Democratic politicians are for Harmon. There is little discussion as yet of Democratic candidates and the Democratic organization in the state is nebulous. The only concrete thing in the state, as this was written, was a Harmon organization. Harmon himself is due in Washington in December. Wilson has been there and was warmly received. The old-liners are not in a majority in the state and there has been a recent interest in the candidacy of Champ Clark. As it stands now, the chances are that Wilson will get the delegates as against Harmon.

The death of Senator Thomas H. Carter left the regular Republicans in Montana without a leader, but there isn't much doubt that Taft will have the delegates when the time comes to choose them. Senator Dixon, who is a candidate for reelection, is classed as a near-Insurgent; but he will probably not oppose a Taft delegation. In any event, the delegates will be for Taft in all probability. So, too, will the delegates from Idaho, where there is much Insurgent sentiment, but where it is doubtful if that sentiment could be crystallized for La Follette. Taft will unquestionably have the delegates from Wyoming and Utah. Senators Warren and Clark will see to that in Wyoming, and the Mormon Church, as represented by Senator Smoot and the so-called "Federal crowd," will attend to it in Utah. Nevada will also be for Taft.

Colorado and the Dakotas

It is likely that uninstructed delegations will be sent from these states to the Democratic national convention. If the Montana Democratic leaders can be said to favor anybody they favor Wilson. Of course strong efforts will be made to get instructed delegations by Wilson and Harmon, and mayhap by Clark; but the likelihood is that the unterrified Democrats from this bunch of states—Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Nevada—will go without instructions and be prepared to jump the right way when the time comes.

Arizona and New Mexico will send Taft delegations to the convention. There is plenty of Insurgent sentiment in Arizona; but the men who run the party there are mostly officeholders, and they will comply with the wishes of the President. Champ Clark is strong both in New Mexico and Arizona, but the big interests of the state seem to favor Harmon; and that about settles it in these new stars in the flag. The scheme in both Arizona and New Mexico will probably be to send uninstructed delegates, but really for Harmon; and they will jump to Champ Clark or some other man if Harmon cannot be nominated. There are a good many Missouri Democrats in Arizona who like Clark, particularly among the active politicians. The Taft forces will dominate in New Mexico.

The Republican party in Colorado is all shot to pieces. It is disorganized and disgruntled. It doesn't care much who will be nominated by the Republicans for President, though the delegates will be for Taft. Very few Republicans, and none except the most optimistic, think any Republican can carry the state nationally, though there is hope that the state ticket may pull through. There was a nasty Democratic row over the election of a United States Senator that is not settled yet. Former Senator Patterson, who owns the Denver News, opposed the election of Mayor Robert Speer, of Denver, and prevented it by keeping enough Democrats out of the caucus to stop election. That doesn't make any for Democratic harmony; but Patterson and Speer are widely apart as Democrats, Patterson being a radical and Speer a conservative. Patterson thinks of Bryan as a possibility—that is, he thinks circumstances might arise that would nominate Bryan. He will make no such fight and is content to let things shape themselves. Wilson has a lot of supporters in the state; and, as elsewhere, the Old Guard of the Democrats is for Harmon. An uninstructed delegation is likely unless some Democratic candidate develops more strength than is at present apparent, and goes in and makes a big fight.

North Dakota and South Dakota are both highly Insurgent in a Republican sense. On a question of voting for Mr. Taft in a general election, with present conditions prevailing, it isn't likely he could carry North Dakota, and he might have difficulty in carrying South Dakota. The first primaries where there will be a direct Presidential preference will be early in March in North Dakota. It is the present intention of both sides in the Republican party to force a test. La Follette's chances of getting the delegation are brighter than Taft's in both the northern and southern parts of these two great agricultural states. So far as the Democratic candidates are concerned the Democratic organizations do not amount

(Concluded on Page 70)

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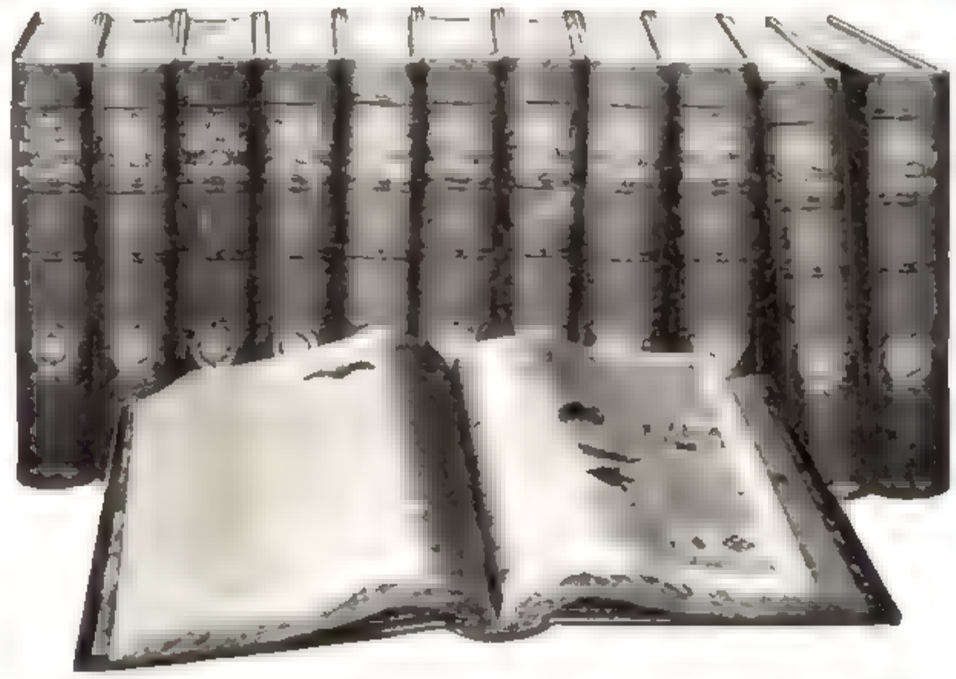

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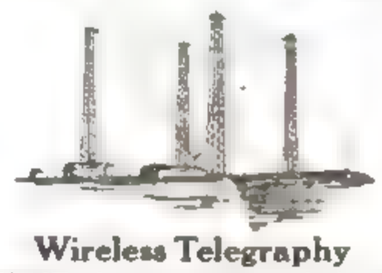

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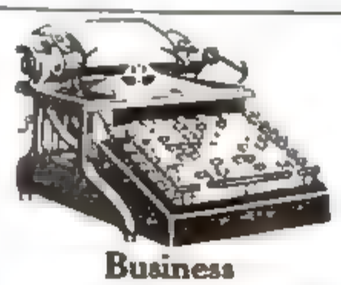

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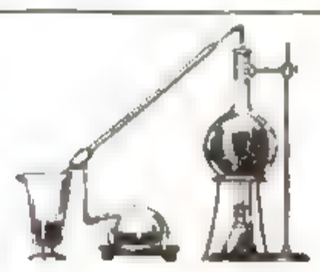

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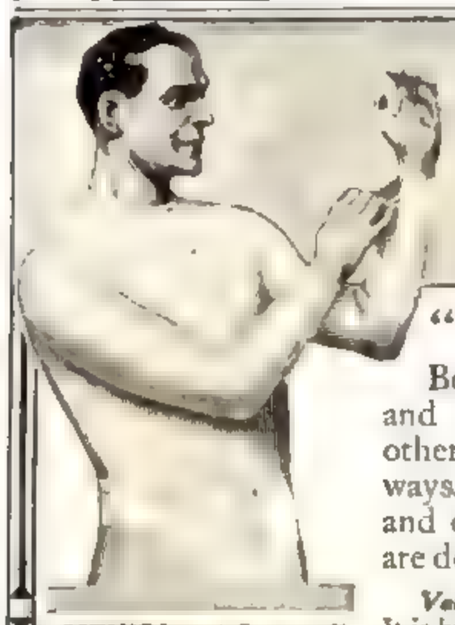

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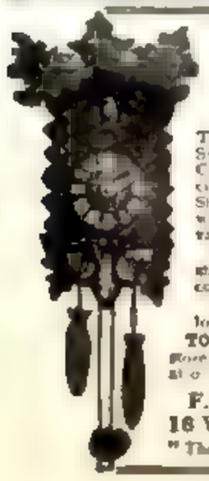

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CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Foranwood Ave., Toledo, O.

ADVENTURES IN ANTIQUING

Continued from Page 17

have it, within ten days I found a pair precisely similar and bought them for five dollars, undamaged—except that the bottom of one stopper was broken.

One time, in far-off Alaska, I found in a hut on Kadiak Island a splendid Russian samovar and a beautiful teapot of Russian china, heavily banded in gilt. How did they come to be in those surroundings? The answer is that my host was once a sea-otter hunter, in the times when Russian ships brought in all sorts of things to sell to the Aleuts, when the latter had all kinds of money, the product of the rich fur of the sea otter. Both the samovar and the teapot were in use on the family table, but I managed to carry them away and I have them now—very good proof that no corner of the world is safe to leave uncombed. The cashier of a safety-deposit company in Chicago has the finest fish-set in silver I ever saw, and will not part with it. His wife, a summer tourist, bought it in Sitka, where it had been sold by an old English family. You wouldn't usually call Sitka or Kadiak a good town for antiquing.

I recall a delightful afternoon or two spent with a regular Dickens character, an old Englishman whose father was a chair-maker before him and who now sells antiques in a little English town. What a delightful little spot that crowded shop was, forsooth! The old man and his wife took us into their sitting room and gave us tea. His eye gleamed with added light as he leaned toward me. "Look about you, sir," said he. "This room is not much, you think? Well, sir, I will tell you. His Majesty, Edward VII, has sat in that very chair where you are a-settin' of now. The Queen and the Prince of Wales was with him—all right in this little room; and they had tea with us, just as you are having. My father made chairs for the Queen, his mother; and I made a presentation chair for His Majesty himself—and here's a letter from his chamberlain acceptin' of it."

Knockers as Knickknacks

This semiroyal reception made a pleasant memory—that of the old man and his kindly wife. Of the two tall clocks they showed us, Willie Lou could not make a selection, for one had chimes and the other had a Chippendale case; so we took them both, of course—the only proper way in which to compromise a matter of that kind. The spandrels, or brass corners of the dial-faces, proved the antiquity of those two clocks. And as to the old brasses and the heaps of blue china, and the fine old Sheffield, which rested in that little shop, I can only hope they have not yet been discovered by American collecting dealers. I was unfortunately pretty near broke or I would have bought the whole works. It makes me very unhappy to think that anybody else should own such treasures.

I recall a pleasant afternoon we had one time on the Rag Market, in Rome, and an hour or so of chaffing with a female representative of the *populus Romanus*, whose nose might have been called a beak. She wanted four and a half cents each for some hammered brass doorknobs, and I thought three and a quarter cents was abundant. Paid the four and a half, of course, and paid further duty and freight all the way home to America. When I showed these doorknobs to Willie Lou she declared they were nothing more than old battered tops off of brass bedsteads. I don't like to urge the matter—Willie Lou is occasionally right. She also doubts some Venetian bronze door-knockers, and others of Parisian origin. Personally, I think any front door would look well with several knockers—a caller could take his choice. One solitary knocker on a door does not look half so large and generous as half a dozen.

Once, when riding through an unknown back street of Paris, my partner in misdeeds frantically clutched me by the arm. "There it is!" she cried, and stopped the *fiacre* with another frantic grab. "It" turned out to be an old *liqueur* set, apparently a counterpart to one that had cost us twenty-five dollars in Baltimore years ago. The little second-hand dealer was glad to take ten francs for this. With great care I personally packed this and sent it home; and with equal assiduity the customs department in Chicago smashed one

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YOU CAN do this—anywhere you live—if you get the chance. To begin at once write today for this new proposition, proved wonderfully successful

No experience was necessary for these teachers, lawyers, salesmen, clerks, writers, business men, students, etc., who joined our selling organization, now making better incomes than they had before.

I show you sworn statements before notaries and voluntary enthusiastic letters from our representatives everywhere telling the money they are making—as high as $25 to $50 a week and up—many at the rate of several thousand dollars a year.

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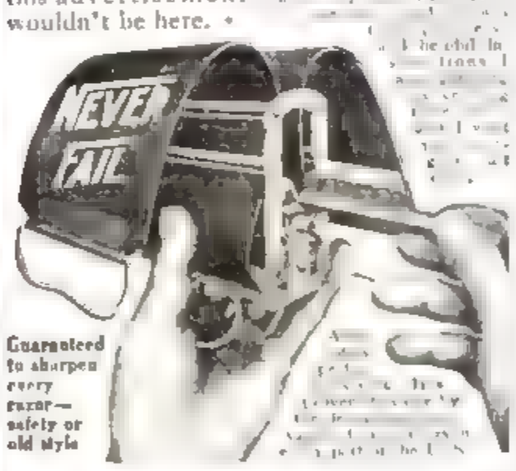
If I didn't have a good, straightforward proposition this advertisement wouldn't be here. [illegible]



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The Never Fail Automatic Razor Sharpener

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This is a new proposition. A positive automatic razor stropper—absolutely guaranteed to sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds will put it in perfect and better shape to shave a customer, [illegible] than can any expert barber operating, no matter how many hours he works. Men are eager to buy it. Women buy it for presents to men.

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Send me your offer, your proposition for me to represent you and all the facts about what others are doing in similar work for you.

*Name*_____

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(Be sure to name your county)

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State

of the twin bottles—Bohemian glass which cannot be found today. When is a bargain not a bargain?

Once we found an absolute nest of fine old French mahogany in a little known but very delightful hotel in a side street in Paris, the address of which I should not like to give, lest the place should be spoiled. Not a thing would be sold, however. Ah, well! Some of them may die some day; and if so I know what will happen to a certain dressing table there. It is even better than the Duchesse dresser we found in New Orleans, which caused us to discard dressing tables bought in Richmond, Montgomery and Mobile.

If you are happy enough to find some of these really good private hotels in the great cities of Europe, you will have a great deal better time and better accommodations than you will in the great caravansaries that are practically American in every respect and cater to the American trade. Such a quiet and exclusive place we once found in Half Moon Street, in London—a delightful stopping place whose name, of course, cannot be given. This little place bore the name of its founder, who had been dead some twenty or thirty years. It seemed he was a butler, long in service with a noble family, and he knew what good things were. When he went into business for himself in his modest little city place, some seventy-five years or more ago, he had all the passion of a collector; and whenever there was a sale of the belongings of a good family anywhere in reach he was on hand.

Here, for once in my life—and perhaps the only time in my life—I saw Chippendale and Heppelwhite chairs that were without doubt genuine originals. There were many other pieces of old English mahogany such as collectors do not find nowadays. The successors had actually sold some of these old chairs as low as five or ten pounds each, but had wisely concluded never to part with any more of them.

The Feel of Mahogany

The butler in the quaint little dining room—where sometimes you might meet real people—one time brought to show us some of the old Georgian silver that the former master had collected. There were nine little silver cream jugs, worn thin as eggshells—I think they were the handsomest examples of the silversmith's art I ever saw. "We 'ad ten of them, sir," said he; "but one came up missing about five years ago." He did not say whether he suspected one of the servants or one of the guests. I hastily told him to put all of them in the safe and to invent a new combination for the safe—because, of course, no money would buy any of these pieces, and I did not want to rest under later suspicion. And yet—such good fortune comes to the collector sometimes—I later found two creamers almost as good as these which had made us so unhappy.

The old city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, is one of the best places in the world to find old silver—for what reason I cannot say. On Princes Street in that city I once met a tall, slender, gray-haired, ruddy-faced Scotchman, with silver side whiskers, who also surely had stepped directly out of one of Scott's novels. He was both antiquarian and fancier, and he really glowed as he showed us some of the splendid silver that had been accumulated by his house, most of it of fabulous prices, to be sure. Here you saw, indeed, the flowering of an unrestricted art—that of an earlier century, when there were artists who did not work on an eight-hour day, nor for their pay alone. These things are not for persons of moderate means; yet I did manage to accumulate two Georgian sauceboats and some forks and spoons whose hallmarks brought them in duty-free, as certainly over one hundred years of age. That is one beauty about British silver—the hallmark tells you what you are getting.

Our customs officers have been much troubled and confused in construing this law on free entry of antiquities of artistic nature. No mahogany has any hallmark; and, of course, it rarely is the case that affidavits of living persons can be obtained as to the origin of a really old piece, let alone proof of an age of over a century. The expert must simply rely on the feel of the wood and the workmanship. I have had the best obtainable modern carvers make clawfeet to match the old ones on a piece of ancient mahogany—but you can tell the difference in the dark.

AIMS AS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FOREFINGER

Only the Burglar Need be Afraid

YOU often hear people say: "I'd like a pocket arm in our home, as we feel so unprotected and helpless at night, and even in the daytime, but I'd be more afraid of the gun than of the burglar or the tramp."

If you will just call up your hardware dealer now and tell him to send up a Savage Automatic and a hundred rounds of cartridges quick, and then go out into an open place and shoot a few rounds with it, not only forget all about fear of the Savage Automatic, but you'll be proud of your shooting. You know the Savage aims as easy as pointing your forefinger, so when you find yourself firing shot after shot into the target (some into the bull's-eye) nothing can hold your enthusiasm down. It's great sport. Fear? Your fear of the gun will be gone, and your fear of burglars will go with it.

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Detectives Wm. J. Burns, Wm. A. Pinkerton and Walter Duncan carry it. Buffalo Bill, Dr. Carver, Bat Masterson, E. C. Crossman, and most of the great gun men endorse it. If you have trouble getting a Savage, write us.

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THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

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TO a widowed mother with children to support, the future looks a little brighter, if there comes to her each month, as the result of her husband's foresight, a monthly income.

That is just what the Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY does. It guarantees a specified income payable every month for life. It cannot be diverted from the purpose for which it was taken out. It cannot be lost by the inexperience or misconduct of others, nor diminished by taxes or attorney's fees.

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Costs More
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The High Quality Flour of the World
Costs a little more in the bag—yet the extra cost comes back many times over in the baking.
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What did your ignorance of law cost you last year? Business success *demands* a knowledge of law. A few minutes' study of law at home, each day, would help you immensely in business—and additional time will fit anyone to practice law. It will make you a man of decision and action—fits you for the desk higher up.

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To the man who is content to pay the full price for a standard typewriter, without question, we have nothing to say.

But to the man who realizes that the full price is due to the keen competition of high salaried sales experts and expensive salesrooms, we offer food for thought.

Our new selling plan makes it possible for you to buy a typewriter of standard name and fame, at one-half the market price and on very small payments.

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We will not send a salesman or agent—we won't try persuasion.

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You yourself can put up our portable shower in your own bathroom. We also make showers for every conceivable use—homes, factories, hospitals, clubs. We are the largest manufacturers of showers in the world. Write for our catalogue. Speakman Shower Wilmington, Del.

Of course every one knows that Sheffield ware of the old sort—copper engraved, with solid silver mountings rolled on—rarely had a hallmark. Much of this ware was quite as old as the solid pieces and today brings almost as good prices. I found a tea urn one time in a little English town, a massive Sheffield piece, evidently Georgian, but bearing no hallmark. I took it to the Government assayer. We found that the plating was almost as thick as an eggshell. The assayer smiled. "No doubt about the age of that!" he said. "It was made long before electroplating." The urn came in duty-free, and justly so.

Once in Richmond, while buying old snuffers and candlesticks and other brasses—the sort you now pay five dollars for and once threw away—I found some old snuffer trays and snuffers in Sheffield ware. These were beautiful things, but the man wanted about twelve or fifteen dollars a pair—and got it. Within two weeks, in another Southern city, I bought, in an auction room, three pairs of the same snuffers for one dollar! I suspected very strongly that somebody was making these antiques. Three weeks later I saw, in a plantation house in Mississippi, an old tray and pair of snuffers almost exactly like those I bought in Richmond, and these were known to have been in the family for three generations. The collector usually has a guess or so unsolved. I still am guessing about silver snuffers.

Once I paid eighty-five dollars for one of the old bookcase desks—the kind your father used to have, where he stood up and shaved at the reflection from the glass doors, not using any mirror. Two years later I found, away out in the country in a Southern state, quite as good a specimen, and finally bought it and a turn-top table for eighteen dollars. You never can tell about these things. The main thing to remember is that if you want a thing you will always get it some time.

Thus I always wanted an old wine chest and a pair of old knife boxes like those which the late George Washington possessed. For six years I pursued these things in American cities but could find nothing genuine. At length I found the wine chest in an English village, and got a pair of knife boxes—genuine in lines, and certainly in pieces—in an odd old second-hand shop in London. They came through duty-free and are undoubtedly genuine. Knife urns and knife boxes are, however, much faked today, and one should beware of these and of piecrust tables. You will see many fakes of these in London.

The banjo clock is a distinctive product of New England, and you will hear stories that they hide them out in blacksmith shops and farmhouses so that you may discover them. There was one very shrewd dealer on Boylston Street, in Boston—the local home of the antique industry—who stung me one hundred dollars for a dining-room table, only parts of which I later found to be genuine. As he let go a banjo clock for twenty dollars that I am still convinced is genuine, I am willing to call the honors even.

Back of the Blue Ridge

There are all sorts of things that the collector may find in out-of-the-way places—negro cabins, old houses and back streets, and so on—such as old engravings and paintings, jewelry and brasses. You now pay ten to fifty dollars for cameos you could have bought ten years ago for fifty cents. Once I got a good old blue teapot and some pieces of pewter in a little village inn in the middle of the Blue Ridge Mountains; and again, in a Virginia county-seat, I got yet other of good china. And once, alas! I bought an absolutely perfect old blue teapot, only to have it arrive home with both handle and lid-knob broken off by the express company—one of the frequent tragedies in antiquing. One time I bought an old silver wine-cooler which the owner thought was a lamp.

Perhaps the luckiest find I ever made, however, was in an old log house owned by a negro in a county in Virginia. This person of color took me into the worst-looking upstairs I ever saw and showed me, in a dark corner, what he called a chest of drawers. I guessed the material to be black walnut, and did not fancy it, as it was rather plain in line and very black. It had, however, four of the original brass drop handles, and I told him I would give him two dollars for these handles. "All right, boss," said he; "ef yo'll do dat I'll throw in the bureau!"

Just to be game, I took the bureau and paid freight on it to my home. My repair man there—who is a fine workman but an utterly conscienceless robber as to prices—said that by great care he might scrape and finish this bureau for forty dollars. In desperation I told him to go ahead—he is always explaining how high-priced labor is today. In six weeks he came to me with his eyes shining and said: "That is one of the best pieces you've got, and maybe it's the very oldest. This was made before they began to use mahogany in America—and it was made by a good workman."

What had happened to the old black bureau? Nothing much, except that the outer coating of dirt and varnish had been scraped off. A beautiful, fine, close-grained walnut was found underneath, light in color and much superior to the average American walnut. It matches my highboy treasure perfectly. There were ivory escutcheons round the keyholes in the drawers. Lastly the drawers and frame showed a fine inlay of holly or some other white wood, the presence of which had never been suspected. In short, the piece had been done by an artist, and when rediscovered by one it stood out wholly self-respecting and beautiful. I don't know whether it was made in England or America, but believe it saw the Revolution. I gave it a place in my own room, putting out a mahogany bureau with a mirror that once I had fancied as something fine. What value can be put on such a piece as this? That is hard to say. It came from the old town where my people lived many generations ago, in the state first settled of all the original thirteen. I try to fancy my family once owned it.

A Cry for Corners

Many collectors go in for china and articles of art value alone. When our flat got so full of saddles, snowshoes, chairs, tables and so on that there was absolutely no vacant space along the wall, Willie Lou suggested it might be well to abandon mahogany and saddles for a while and go in for china, because you can put a good deal of china under the chairs and sofas. Yet it was Willie Lou herself who discovered, down in Charleston one day, an absolutely different corner closet—just the place for blue china, and just matching other pieces in our dining room—price, two hundred and fifty dollars—which the dealer didn't really get by some several dollars. We had to leave that in storage, because when we came to investigate the dining room we discovered that it had only six corners—and they were all full. What the country really needs is a dining room with eight corners, and some intelligent architect ought to fill this want.

My associate in this mild form of insanity was awkward enough to begin to count up things the other day, and made some mild protest about having four Colonial sideboards in the dining room of our city apartment—not to mention twenty-odd tables in the flat or the houses of friends adjacent or elsewhere, and the surplus of forty-two chairs in storage, for which we could find no room at all. To my mind, this only shows the unreasonableness of woman. I would not care at all for a dining room which had less than four sideboards in it, exclusive of the abomination which builders put into dining rooms and call a sideboard.

A great many of my friends ask me mildly why I should buy so much furniture before building a house. To repeat, this seems to me a very stupid question. If you build a house first, how can you tell how much furniture you are going to have to put in it? Indeed, you might have to build an extra house—and what would you want with two houses? It is far more reasonable, it seems to me, as I have earlier said, to buy all the furniture you want and then build a house of proper shape and size to contain it. Anybody can build a house in a few months, but it would take several years to get old furnishings for it.

Of course antiquing is one indication of an unbalanced mind; but everybody is crazy over something—so why not be crazy over antiques? It is a very sporting kind of amusement. You can follow it no matter where you happen to be—from Sitka to Jacksonville, from Frisco to Paris; and you are always taking a chance with each piece you purchase. Besides, I know of no more sporting proposition than the wonder which often arises in Willie Lou's mind when we start out to go anywhere. She never knows whether we're coming home first-class or on foot, though she is always sure that something will come home by freight.

Play Billiards at Home

On a Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Table

HENRY WARD BEECHER.
"If one must be indoors a game of Billiards is I find to be a splendid table is a great attraction to young members of a household."—
SIR THOMAS LIPTON, K.C.V.O.

Home Billiard Tables of Finest Quality for Small Rooms

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THE ever-increasing popularity of BILLIARDS, the world's premier indoor game, has induced us to design the new Brunswick "Baby Grand," a high-grade, HOME-SIZE STANDARD TABLE on which *real Billiards* can be played.

This opens up to thousands who live in average size Houses or Apartments the delightful possibilities of having a perfectly appointed Billiard Room as a rallying point for the young folks.

Billiards, the royal game of gentlefolk, the most fascinating pastime for young and old, now becomes, in the broadest, truest sense, the "Magnet of the Home." The Billiard-Room in the Home is no longer the exclusive luxury of the wealthy class, as it was when spacious rooms were required to accommodate large and expensive Billiard Tables.

The compact design of the Brunswick "Baby Grand" *makes a room as small as 11 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft. 6 in. available for billiards!*

The finest make of Billiard Table in the world is now *within easy reach of all* who love the game.

Over Sixty Years of Supremacy

These Brunswick "Baby Grand" [illegible] have been the choice for more than sixty [illegible] of Billiard [illegible] that your bank account will not feel it.

Keep Boys Home Evenings with Billiards

Fit up one of your rooms with a Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Table. Let the Home Billiard Room be the social life for the young people and neighborhood. [illegible] will keep the boys home evenings by [illegible] entertain your friends on gala occasions in this delightful way.

The Brunswick "BABY GRAND" Billiard Tables

Genuine Mahogany (Inlaid Design), Richly Finished

Style A—Size 3 x 6. Style B—Size 3½ x 7. Style C—Size 4 x 8

[illegible] with best quality Slate Bed, celebrated "Baby Monarch" Cushions, Cloth, Cues, Rack, [illegible] Pocket Balls for Pocket Tables, Billiard Balls for Carom Tables, Cover, [illegible] Book, [illegible] Rules, [illegible] Chalk, Brush, [illegible] Bridge, [illegible] Spirit Level, [illegible] Screws for leveling up.

Rooms should be [illegible] sure at least: For 3 x 6 Table—11 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft. 6 in. For 3½ x 7 Table—12 ft. 6 in. x 16 ft. For 4 x 8 Table—13 ft. 6 in. x 17 ft. 6 in.

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The Autobiography of a Small Homesteader in Wyoming

(Continued from Page 11)

of it now, with the splendid start I had—my cabin up, my homestead fenced and a bunch of cattle—all in a little over one year. I had seven new calves from my cows, though one was mavericked and one was killed by wolves; and I had three good colts. I forgot to mention that one of my mares gave me a fine filly the season before.

On the other hand, I had only five acres ready to cut hay from that summer; my cattle and horses wouldn't be ready to sell for two years, and—I wanted to get married!

I worked like grim death that summer and until late in the fall, taking anything anywhere—some jobs fifty, some eighty and one ninety miles off—stopping my outside earnings only long enough to put up my own haycrop, which cut five and a half tons and would winter my stock, with none left to sell.

I had to buy a mower for fifty dollars and a rake for twenty-seven—I couldn't possibly get on any longer without them and put up contract hay. In spite of these heavy items I came out two hundred and sixty dollars ahead of the game and got married in November.

I confess my cabin didn't seem much of a house to bring a nice girl into; and before I cleared any more land I decided to make things comfortable for ourselves. It was another devil-and-deep-sea case. We needed an addition, a milk cellar, a bunkhouse, cattle shed, corrals and chicken house.

I wasted no time getting ready to put up these improvements. I cut and hauled logs and ordered my doors, sashes and lumber. I dug the milk cellar while the ground was soft, going down three feet below ground-level, and built with rock three feet above, putting on a thick dirt roof. The cattle shed I roofed with poles and dirt; the corrals I made of poles.

When everything was ready I hired a carpenter at three dollars a day and we put up the addition and the bunkhouse in ten days.

This was a whole winter's work for me. I did nothing else but my chores and some hunting, to keep the table supplied with fresh meat. The lumber and sashes, and so on, cost me more than for my original cabin—fifty-six dollars; the labor, thirty dollars, and the carpenter's board about eight dollars—a total of ninety-four dollars cash.

Perhaps I was wrong in doing all this first—we should have lived like early settlers until I had my land cleared and under ditch; but I couldn't do two things at once, and I thought it was better to have the buildings than thirty tons of hay. Anyway, it meant that I had to work out again for the summer, because by June we were down almost to my last cent.

Selling Stock to Meet Expenses

We had been as careful as ever we could be, but the money got away from us in spite of everything. We needed things in the house that I got along without well enough while I was "baching"; but Alice couldn't.

Now that I was married, however, working out to get money to build up the homestead was a very different matter from what it had been while I was single. I couldn't go off eighty or even fifty miles to a job and leave my wife alone on the ranch, with no neighbor nearer than three miles. My wife's father helped us out by getting me to put up hay for him for three weeks; so I took her back home and she stayed two months. I worked out at places near enough for me to get over and see her on Sundays.

I cleared only a little over a hundred dollars that third summer—nowhere near enough to see us through the winter—supposing I could not get work—and meet the extra expenses that were coming on us. My first child was born in September. When the bills were paid and a few groceries bought we were down to our last cent. It was now our standing joke—that last cent; but it wasn't much of a joke to live on it. Even if I could get work, which was very scarce, how was I to leave my wife alone with a nursing baby and all that stock to look after and feed, rain or shine?

I simply couldn't—yet I had to have money or we'd starve to death on our homestead! If I could not earn it I must sell off some of my stock or mortgage it. Alice would not hear of a mortgage—she had seen too many small homesteaders go broke in the second year mortgaging their cattle and losing the whole bunch. So had I.

It was really only a question of what we should sell to keep us going. Again I was between the devil and the deep sea. If I sold the four young steers I had of Bill Moore that would not be ready to ship for a year yet I should lose a hundred dollars profit on them at the very least. Yet they were the animals destined for market—our legitimate income. If I sold some of my cows my supply of calves would stop until my heifers grew up. My three heifers that I got from Bill Moore were bred by an extra fine bull—I was saving them to improve my stock with. If I parted with them now it might be years before I could get as good again—perhaps never. To sell any of my she-stock was like a manufacturer selling off one of his machines to get money to keep the rest going. As for my team, I could not part with it and live at all.

Looking back on it now I see we had reached the critical point in our lives as small homesteaders. To saddle ourselves with a debt then, or to part with the source of our future income would probably have meant that we could not get on our feet and would have ended by our losing the homestead. I saw it—not so clearly as I do today with other similar cases in mind—and it cost us a great deal of anxious discussion before we finally figured out what it was best to do. This is what it came to: We sold one of our Bill Moore cows, her fine heifer two and a half years old, and her bull calf that was still running with her. They brought seventy-five dollars. I sold my first filly, two and a half years old, for fifty dollars. That gave us one hundred and twenty-five dollars, with which we determined to go through the winter or die in the attempt!

The Cost of High Living

We lived more economically than ever. Three of our cows were good milkers, and we got enough milk, without robbing the calves, to make butter for our own use and sell about two pounds a week. My wife's mother had given us twenty hens and a rooster, and our flock had increased to fifty-two, old and young. With butter at from twenty-five to fifty cents a pound and corn at two dollars a hundred, including freight, the sale of butter that winter just paid for the corn for the chickens—that is, we, so to speak, changed butter into eggs. We had all the milk, butter, eggs, chickens and wild meat we needed, but we had to buy everything else—flour, sugar, groceries, potatoes and vegetables.

It was now forced home on me how important it was for me to raise larger crops that would give us some little income; hay that we could sell and potatoes that would save buying. I went to work grubbing sagebrush and laying out the big ditch; but I had hardly begun when the ground froze solid. I kept on after that as long as I could—until the snow buried everything and I had to quit. From December until the middle of April I could do nothing to the land, though I had a great deal of ranch work—caring for the stock, hauling and splitting logs for the stove, milking and general chores.

That winter I was lucky in killing two wolves and five coyotes. The bounties and sale of the hides brought me twenty-eight dollars. I may say here that I make a little money in this way almost every winter; but, of course, it is not a source of income to be depended on.

As soon as the ground was soft I went at my land improvement again. Here was my fourth summer on me and only five acres of land yielding hay. Some of my neighbors shook their heads solemnly and told me I "ought to have cleared the land first"—before I did anything else; but I don't see now how I could have done any differently, situated as I was. My first summer as a homesteader went in earning wages to build my cabin with and get a few cattle; my second, in earning money to get married on; my third, in earning money to keep my family from starving to death while my stock grew up; and my fourth was destined to be spent in the same way, for the ditch

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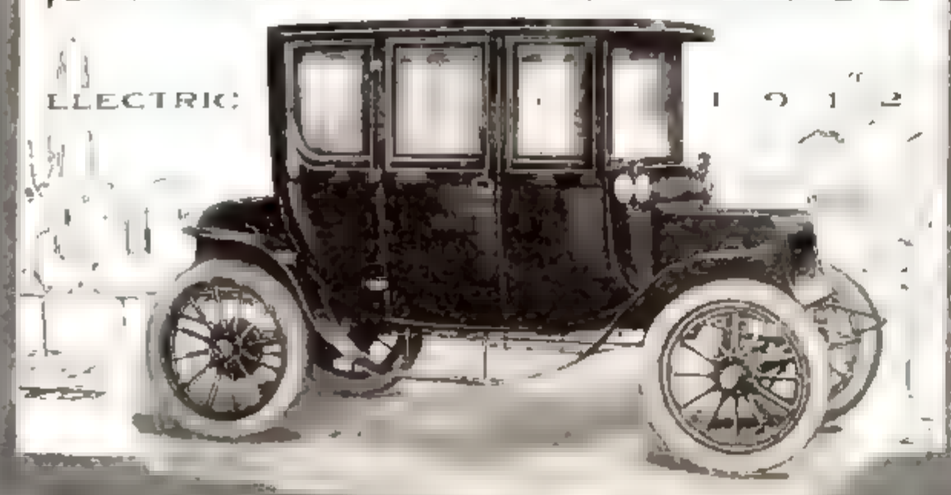

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and clearing was too much of an undertaking for me then, with our finances in the shape they were.

My wife went home to her folks for three months and I took anything and everything I could get anywhere—fifty miles off—two hundred miles off! I didn't care so long as it brought in some money to live on. I had to hire a man to ride over to my homestead every day and look after things, feed the chickens and see that the water was on the hayfield all right. The cattle were out on the range and did not need care.

I worked like a fiend. I put up my own hay—that was all I did on the homestead. I cleared two hundred and thirty dollars in wages and hay contracts, and spent literally nothing—except for tobacco and cartridges.

My second child came at the end of August. I took my wife to town to get proper medical care and nursing. I spared nothing that would make her comfortable. When we got back to the homestead we had a hundred dollars.

At last, however, I had something I could legitimately sell. My four steers were now three and a quarter years old—fine, heavy stock. I had hoped to keep them till they were four-year-olds and had added several hundred pounds of flesh. Still they were large enough for market, and I shipped them to Omaha. They netted me two hundred dollars; and this was actually my first proper cash income from my labor and my homestead after waiting three and a half years.

The First Crop Income

We had three hundred dollars ahead for the winter. The necessity for more land under cultivation was now pressing. My bunch of cattle was increasing—I was short on hay for wintering them by four or five tons, which I had to buy.

I dropped everything and went to work. The job on the ditch was worse than I had expected. I had to hire a man to help me, and paid him ninety dollars. My own work with the team, calculated at three dollars a day, amounted to four hundred and sixty dollars. We blasted rock and frozen soil, for I had to get the ditch done.

I paid another man forty dollars and board for a month's work grubbing sagebrush.

When May came my ditch was carrying a flood of water, all the land that could be cleared was cleared, plowed and ready for planting, and—we were down to our last cent again!

I hadn't money to buy seed. I had planned to put in an acre of potatoes—I hadn't money to buy seed potatoes. There was nothing for it but to sell something. This time it wasn't quite so bad as the first. I had a couple of two-year-old steers; and, though I sacrificed large future profits, they brought me ninety dollars. I bought ten dollars' worth of seed potatoes and nineteen dollars' worth of alfalfa seed, and got my crops in on time. With the remainder of the money—sixty-one dollars—my wife and I promised ourselves to live through the summer—and we did it.

Having all this land to irrigate and my wife needing me at home I could not work out at all that summer, except on short jobs of a few days. My wages were only fifty-six dollars for this, my fifth summer's work. On the whole, though, it was the happiest I had had since I took up my claim. I felt I was very nearly on my feet and needed only a good tug more to pull through.

My potatoes that fall yielded a good crop—five tons to the acre. I held out one ton for home use and for seed and sold the rest for seventy dollars. I cut five tons of hay and thirty-five tons of alfalfa. I kept twenty tons of alfalfa for my stock and sold the rest at six dollars a ton—ninety dollars.

A hundred and sixty dollars—that was the crop income from my homestead and I had waited until my fifth summer to get it!

It was now nearing the time when I must prove up on my claim. I should have to take witnesses to Cheyenne and it would cost me about thirty dollars.

I proved up in May. Homesteaders have to wait anywhere from six months to five years while the Government investigates them. Two years is what several of my friends have had to wait. Of course you can't sell till you get your deed. I was one of the lucky ones at last, and my deed came in eight months. The homestead was mine and I was on my feet—a small but prospering rancher!

I have been a small homesteader seven years now and here is how I stand: I have the finest wife in the state and three children; a very comfortable house—I have added a fourth room recently; twenty-eight head of cattle—cows, calves and steers; fourteen head of horses—mares, colts and geldings; twenty-two acres of land under ditch; all necessary buildings and all necessary farm tools—this is what I have acquired, starting with nothing but my labor and taking up a homestead in Wyoming.

Up to now we have never been able to lay by a dollar for our old age and possibly we never shall. The best we can do is to keep a small amount of money always ahead in case of sickness, accident or emergency. In this matter I have been unusually fortunate—I have never had a serious sickness. Had this happened—had I broken a leg or an arm—I doubt if I could have pulled through, my margin was so narrow

I have always been a hard and steady worker, very saving—"parsimonious" I have been called; but that is the only way I have been able to get the money necessary to build up with. In spite of this our income does not keep pace with the increase of our expenses. If I could go on from year to year increasing my productive land until I had one hundred and sixty acres yielding crops—or even one hundred acres—my future would be entirely changed; but twenty-two acres is my limit on this homestead—I cannot squeeze out another acre of tillable land, no matter how I try, because it doesn't exist within the bounds the Government survey has laid down.

If I could look forward to clearing five hundred dollars a year cash off my ranch as a steady income I should be a happy and proud man and a successful homesteader. As I see it today, three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year is all I can expect for many years to come—perhaps for always.

In one way this seems next to nothing to pay for my yearly labor and the interest on the investment. In making my homestead what it now is I estimate that I have put in and paid for two thousand dollars' worth of labor and spent five hundred dollars on building materials and fencewire—a total of twenty-five hundred dollars. If you figure the interest on this investment at eight per cent—and you can get first-class security out here at that rate of interest—and deduct two hundred dollars from the income of the homestead, I have only about one hundred and twenty-five dollars left to pay for my labor as general manager and hired man in keeping things going.

To do things on a larger scale I should require more capital—enough to buy a big bunch of cattle. This means leased land, hired help, bought hay, heavy responsibility and endless work for me in looking after the stock, and endless work for my wife, cooking and washing for the hired men. Would it pay? Well, for me I think it wouldn't; so I keep out of it.

More Comfort Than Cost

On the other hand we live rent-free. We get all the firewood we need for the labor of cutting it. We have all the milk, butter, eggs, meat and potatoes we can use for nothing but my labor. This is the easiest country I know of to make a living in. There are plenty of sage chickens, grouse, ducks, geese and rabbits; and for large game there are deer and antelope. Almost every rancher has one deer a season; and, by trading about, we keep ourselves in fresh meat most of the year at the cost of cartridges. There are fish in the rivers and wild gooseberries and choke-cherries by the million.

When you look at it this way three hundred and twenty-five dollars a year cash income does not seem quite so pitiful. It pays the taxes; buys all our simple clothing—for we don't dress up much out here; pays for the groceries, the repairs and general upkeep of the place; gives us a few pleasures, including a magazine and a paper, and allows us to save a bit ahead in case of sudden need. It doesn't provide the family with annual trips to Europe—nor does it buy us automobiles or flying machines; but we don't want those things anyway. We have enough of what we need and are happy together in our family and with our friends. It is an absolutely independent life; and, now that we have our deed and own our land outright, my wife and I would not exchange our life here with life in town if I could get a place at three dollars a day. And so—for all I see now—I shall be only a small homesteader to the end of my days.

Mr. Grocer, why don't you sell more Mince Meat? We believe it is because you haven't told the housewife enough about Heinz Mince Meat.

She naturally *lacks confidence* in *any* commercially-prepared mince meat.

Then why don't you—Mr. Grocer—*explain to her* the difference between Heinz Mince Meat and the kinds usually sold?

Why don't you tell her of the Heinz Pure Food Institution? Why don't you describe to her its clean, model kitchens, sand scoured and flushed with water *regularly*, to keep every corner sweet and spotless?

Tell her of the cleanly, uniformed work people who guard the purity and quality of all Heinz products.

Every housewife would *want to eat* Heinz Mince Meat if she could see it made. Every detail of its making is open to inspection, and thousands of visitors *do* see it made every year.

Tell her that we use selected apples—ripe, juicy, and tart; that we wash, pare and core them—taking out every bruise and speck.

Tell her of the luscious Valencia raisins—every one seeded; that our currants, too, are the finest imported and thoroughly washed.

Then you know we get choice cuts of fresh beef every day. And clean, whole knob kidney suet—snow-white and wholesome.

These things, with the finest candied fruits and peels and Heinz-ground pure spices, impart to Heinz Mince Meat its wonderful flavor—delicious—*incomparable.* And it is as *pure* and *wholesome* as the finest home-made product *can* be.

The particular housewife will appreciate your telling her these things because you can save her the trouble of home mince-meat making; and she'll appreciate, too, the fact that you actually pay more in order to give her more quality for her money—in all Heinz 57 Varieties.

Heinz Mince Meat, as you know, is sold in glass jars, in stone crocks—in Heinz Improved Tins, also by the pound from bulk packages. In selling it by the pound you will, of course, always tell your customer that the flavor will be even better if it is allowed to simmer slowly fifteen minutes before using.

And tell your customer that every pound and every package really constitutes a trial sample, because she can return it to you and receive full purchase price if it fails to please her.

Heinz Plum Pudding

Heinz Plum Pudding is a luxury of luxuries—rich, light, digestible. Big, juicy raisins and currants, seeded and washed, rare spices and candied fruits—every good thing that goes to make a plum pudding good—goes into Heinz Plum Pudding.

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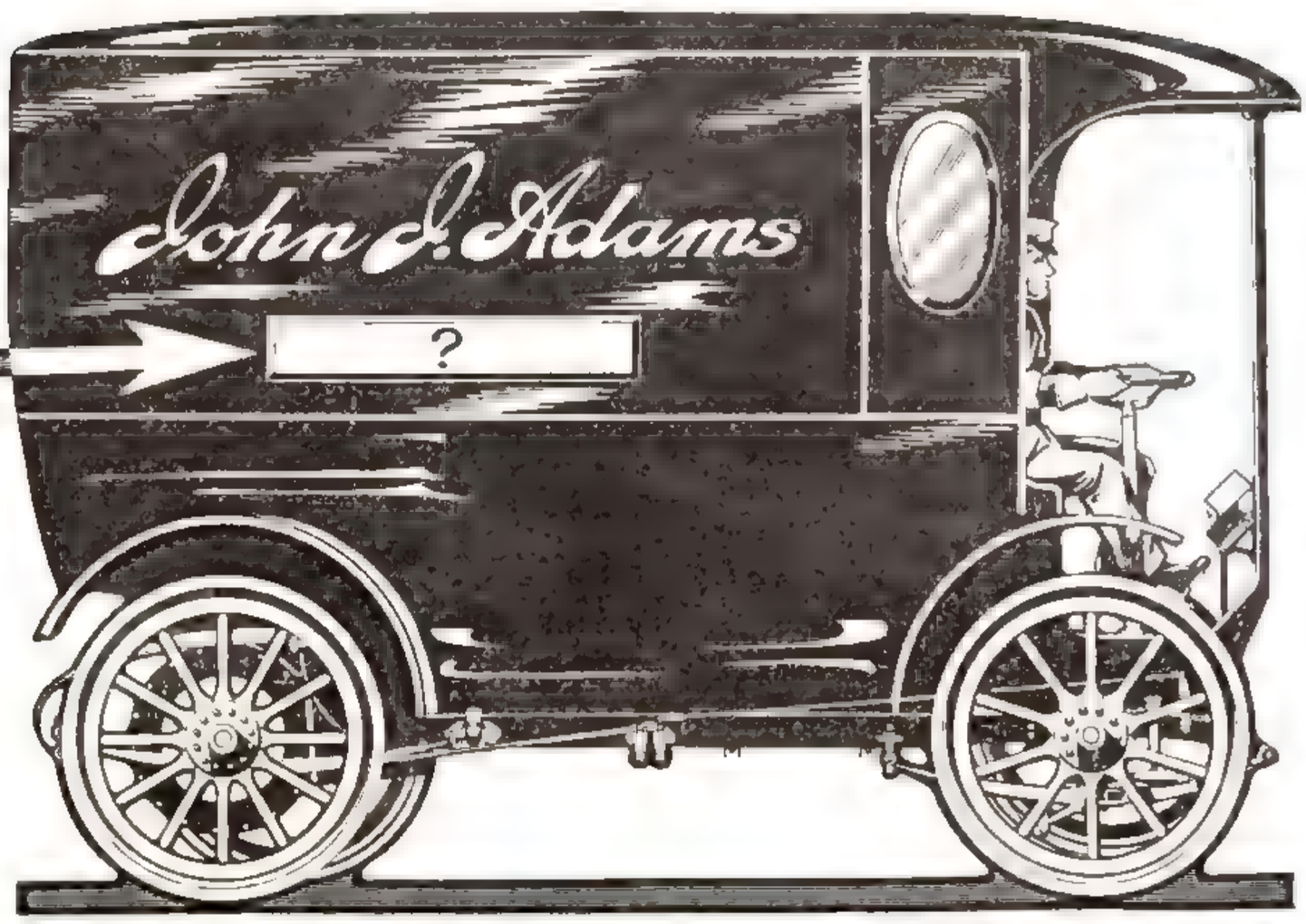

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Most merchants who have given any thought to delivery problems realize the vast economy of motor delivery and its many other advantages—provided the car is right.

The trouble heretofore has been that manufacturers concentrated their efforts on the heavy hauling needs of the man who was a possible customer for twenty, fifty or a hundred wagons. The merchant who could profitably use one or two or three light delivery wagons in his business has not been considered to any great extent. He has been offered wagons designed for heavy work which were too costly at the start, and which cost more to operate than business conditions justified.

The Hupp Corporation began over a year ago the consideration of the light delivery problem. We manufacture both gasoline and electric pleasure and commercial vehicles. So we were in a position to consider impartially the relative merits of gasoline and electricity as the motive power for a wagon of 1000 pounds capacity.

When we were sure that our design was right, we built an electric truck and ran it side by side, day in and day out, with a light gasoline truck. The gasoline truck, by the way, had only one-half the carrying capacity of the electric.

In covering a total of four thousand miles, averaging 50 to 60 miles a day, in and around Detroit, the electric never had a dollar charged against it for repairs or breakage. The expense of operation was less than half that of the gasoline car, with far more continuous service.

Moreover, the electric was run on Motz electric cushion tires, while the gasoline car had pneumatics, as any light gasoline wagon must have to stand the strain. The tire up-keep expense on the electric was nothing, while the gas car was out of commission on several occasions on account of tire-trouble.

The test demonstrated conclusively that the solution of the light delivery problem is in the economical, efficient, electric wagon designed especially for light delivery needs—and that, exactly, is the Hupp-Yeats.

Electric as Compared to Animal Delivery

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Hupp-Yeats electric wagons are trade-makers, trade-bringers; they are the best advertisement that a store can have—and they are saving big money for you all the while.

Electric Delivery in Your Business

We give elsewhere on this page a list of businesses—necessarily incomplete—in which Hupp-Yeats wagons will effect a big saving.

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KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

Continued from Page 21

the room's distant corner followed us. The lady I have described as Mrs. So-and-So was in the lead. She overtook Mrs. Parmlee at the door. "Hello, Mathilda," she murmured with a friendly smile: "still clinging to town, I see." Mrs. Parmlee nodded. "Yes. Even in summer I can't get over being fond of home," she laughed.

Mrs. Figler could hardly restrain herself. "Why, do you know her?" she gasped as the woman passed on. A faint gleam showed itself in Mrs. Parmlee's quiet eyes. "Oh, yes," she answered, her tone ordinary, quite unimpressive. Mrs. Figler gasped anew as Mrs. Parmlee turned to nod familiarly to two or three others in the party.

I, too, began to wonder. Months later I still was wondering that Mrs. Parmlee should have been a guest at that first night's dinner. Ultimately I learned the reason.

I will not say that Oglebay meant deliberately to wash his hands of us—that is, socially. Three types of women were asked to meet Jennie. There was Mrs. Figler, who was merely vulgar; the happy-go-lucky Mrs. Hodge; then Mrs. Parmlee. She was the one big-minded woman in New York that Oglebay knew at all intimately. Had we responded to her quiet advances I dare say this story would have been different.

Our party scattered at the restaurant door. A quartet of motors awaited us. There was our car—or rather Oglebay's; a large, white-bodied touring car for the Hodges, and a small electric brougham for Mrs. Parmlee. At the tail end of the procession came a public taxi in which the Figlers embarked. Prentiss, meanwhile, had shambled off toward the bar. As Mrs. Parmlee's brougham drew up at the curb she suddenly held out her hand to Jennie. "May I come to see you soon—very soon?" she asked. Jennie answered "I'd be delighted!" gratefully.

Mrs. Hodge gave me a hearty handshake. "You're dining with us tomorrow—the theater afterward, you know." I didn't know. Obviously Jennie and she had already grown busy. With a clatter and a hoot the big white car swung perilously into the Avenue.

"We've had a bully time, Frank," I said impulsively to Oglebay.

"Glad to hear it, old chap. Pleasure to have had you," he answered. As he helped Jennie into the limousine I turned to Ainsworth. "Going anywhere, Butch?"

"Yes, to bed," the big fellow grunted unamiably. He was staying at a small hotel far down Broadway. When I offered him a lift he shook his head. "No. Need the exercise," he rumbled.

I wanted to see Ainsworth. It was a long time since we'd had a chance for a powwow, and on the morrow he was returning to Providence. Telling Jennie not to sit up for me, I gave the chauffeur the direction. The car whirled off down the Avenue, with Jennie reclining gracefully among its cushions.

Oglebay left us at the corner. "See you at the office—ten o'clock," he said carelessly. Hailing a passing taxi, he was borne northward to his club; and linking arms with Ainsworth I turned to the south.

For a block or so the big fellow was silent. Then in the midst of something I was saying he suddenly cut me short. "Say, Jim," he growled crustily, "what you going to do in New York?"

"I?" Hadn't he heard already I was going into Wall Street?

"Yes, I know that all right," he answered heavily. "It's what made me wonder."

Somewhat astonished, I asked him what he meant.

"Nothing much," he grunted. "Kind of surprised me, though, that Frank took you on. Plenty of others would have liked your new job."

I called Ainsworth's attention to the fact that Frank and I had been roommates at college, that we were friends of old.

"Yes, I know," said Ainsworth slowly, "only Frank ain't strong on the old crowd. I guess you wondered a little that a few weren't asked at the dinner."

"Why, they were all away. He said so," I protested.

Ainsworth smiled a little. "Frank's all right," he rejoined. "Yes—but just the same he gets what he wants when he goes after it. You remember what he was at college."

Ainsworth was right. Oglebay had been a perfect type of the college good fellow. To gain his own ends I'd known him to hobnob even with the grinds—the polars, as we called them. "Say, Dot," Ainsworth had once growled at him, "I'm switched if you ain't a regular politician, a glad-hander for fair."

What he said now was in line with that old remark. Having no more use for the old crowd Frank had quit it. That is to say, he had quit some and some had quit him. Ainsworth was truly a blunt citizen. I learned much. What he said to me, however, he would as freely have said to Frank himself. "Maybe Oglebay's not all to blame though," he added reflectively; "Wall Street's a rotten game. You can't rope in your friends to gamble and expect them not to kick when they're trimmed."

In other words I learned that Oglebay, like more than one other college good fellow who goes into Wall Street, had used his popularity to drum up trade. And why shouldn't he? By common consent it is the approved thing down there.

Ainsworth gave another grunt. "Forget it! Frank's able to look out for himself. What's got me guessing is you!"

By now I was a good deal irritated. It was this same straightforward bluntness that had made Ainsworth liked by the old crowd—myself among the others. Now, however, that I was in part a victim of this bluntness I found it less commendable. "You don't say!" I retorted caustically. "Well, you needn't worry yourself."

He gave no heed. "Just the same it does worry me, Jim. I can't see yet why you flung up your old job—yes! and to go into a stock-dabbling joint besides!"

I disliked his terms. I disliked, too, the tone in which he said them. However, I gave him my reasons why I had left Bloodgood & Ousley's employ. Personally I'm afraid I made rather a mess of it too. Ainsworth listened quietly, then made another sententious comment.

"Sure it hurts to be only a clerk," he agreed, and instantly qualified the speech "I mean it hurts if you know you're no good for anything else. But it's nothing to be ashamed of. And another thing," added Ainsworth; "I thought you were doing fine, getting right along."

I laughed. Had I remained with Bloodgood & Ousley I should have been a clerk all my life.

"Well," returned Ainsworth, "I was told different."

"Pshaw! Who told you?" I demanded.

Ainsworth pursed out his lips and looked down at me. "Ousley," said Ainsworth.

The revelation, coming as it did, was to me like a clap of thunder. I'd supposed—or, at any rate, I'd grown to believe it as so—that Ousley had little use for me.

The two, Ousley and Ainsworth, had met abroad only three months before. Ousley's one passion was paintings. He would have denied it, I'm sure, in business circles, but secretly the man's delight was a canvas—a good canvas. He haunted the art galleries, and in the Luxembourg he and Ainsworth, as Americans, had gravitated together. In the course of their talk Ainsworth had mentioned college. "I'd have liked a college experience," Ousley had said simply, "only I couldn't go." Then he'd asked whether Ainsworth knew me. Ainsworth had nodded, but hadn't said how well. "Getting along all right?" he inquired, and Ousley had answered: "Yes, indeed! He's doing fine!"

I fell silent. Even though my new place was so much better, not only in pay but in dignity, I still felt a twinging qualm of regret. Somehow I felt as if I'd made a sacrifice.

Ainsworth changed the subject. "Quite a dinner Frank gave us, wasn't it?" he remarked, then added: "The talk, though, was a leetle beyond me. I didn't cotton much to those Figlers and Prentiss."

No, nor had I. "But the Hodges were nice, weren't they?" I rejoined.

"I guess they'll do, oh, yes," Ainsworth answered indifferently. Then he brightened. "But Mrs. Parmlee is sure fine. You and Jennie ought to get real fond of her, Jim."

"Why, do you know her well?" I exclaimed, surprised.

He shook his head. "No such luck, only I've heard a lot about her."

Moreover, what he knew hugely interested me. "She lives in a big, old-fashioned house down near Washington Square,"

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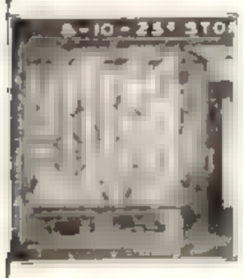

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said Ainsworth, "and knows every one in New York—all the swells, I mean. What's better though," he added, "she knows a lot of people that are doing things, scientific chaps and fellows in politics, then a crowd of folks that write and paint. A man I know goes there a lot. He says every one talks about everything, so that you never know whether the one next to you writes music or builds railroads or whether he's a millionaire or teaches in a school. Frank used to go there a lot till he got all the crowd catalogued. Then he tagged on after the sociables—the moneyed swells, you know."

I made up my mind that Jennie and I must cultivate Mrs. Parmlee. To be sure, I cared little about her high-life acquaintances. I was interested in the others. I felt that it would amuse me to know even the writers and painters. Mrs. Parmlee, I decided, would be among the first that I'd have Jennie ask to dinner.

Instantly with the thought came another thought. It was an image, a full-sized picture, frame and all, of Mrs. Parmlee toiling all the way northward from Washington Square to One Hundred and First Street, all for the sake of dining modestly with a modest couple in a modest, not to say dingy, nine-hundred-dollar uptown apartment!

And would she? By the same token, would even the good-natured Mrs. Hodge care to do it more than once?

"Well, so long, Jim," said Ainsworth as we shook hands at the Waldorf door. "I guess your Jennie won't let you take any wooden money. Only you keep your eyes skinned here in New York. It's no place for small children."

. . . . . .

Jennie had disobeyed me. She was still sitting up and in her eyes was a little cloud of trouble.

"Here! what's wrong with you now?" I demanded.

Jennie thoughtfully stared at the wall for a moment.

"I've been thinking, Jim. Mrs. Hodge has asked us to dinner tomorrow night, then to the theater. On Saturday I'm to lunch there and play bridge. Besides, on Sunday they're going to take us out on Long Island in their motor."

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"Why," said Jennie reflectively, "we can't accept all this without doing something in return."

"Certainly not!" I emphatically replied to her.

"Well, then," suggested Jennie, "why shouldn't we give them a little dinner Friday night here at the Waldorf? It won't kill us if we keep our rooms till Saturday."

"Of course it won't!" I said. "It's the very thing."

"I think too," said Jennie reflectively, "that we should go to a roof garden afterward. But mind now!" she added quickly, "we mustn't stay here one day longer than Saturday."

"Not a single day!" I agreed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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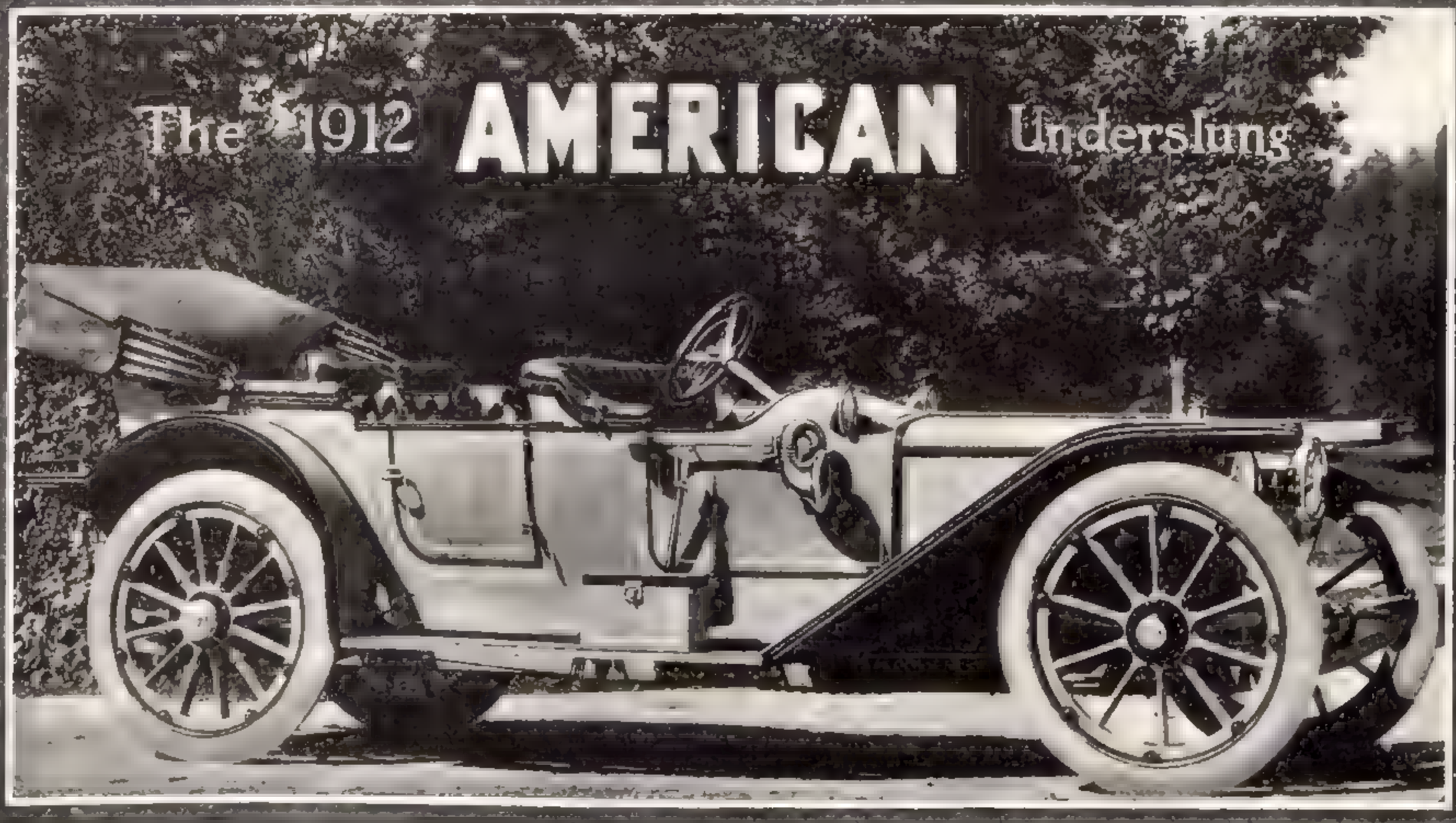

The "American Traveler Special" (Type 56) (shown above), $4500

Six passengers. Wheelbase, 134 inches. Tires, 41 x 4½, in front and rear on demountable rims. Springs front, 42 inches, rear, 54 inches. Two auxiliary seats in the tonneau. Regular equipment includes top and top boot, 5 lamps, side and tail lights electric, supplied by battery separate from ignition battery; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims, shock absorbers, foot rest, tire holders, horn, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

The "American Traveler" (Type 54), $4250

Four passengers. Same chassis as Type 56. Wheelbase, 124 inches. Tires, 40 x 4 inches, front, 41 x 4½ inches, rear, on demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, side and tail lights electric, supplied by battery separate from ignition battery; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers, foot rest, tire holders, horn, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

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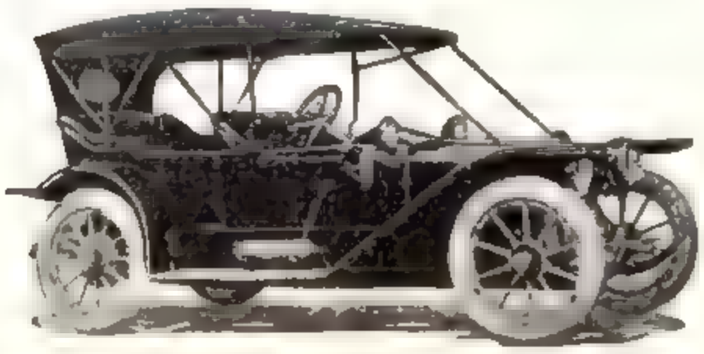
¶ "Another advantage is that the rebound of the springs on the road acts upward instead of downward, so that the effect of a bad bump is merely to cause a slight sinking instead of a violent jerk. Of course, this arrangement makes a car more stable; in fact, it is almost impossible to overturn it. Larger wheels can be used, thus giving easier running and less tire wear. I have long since proved that low seats are a great advantage, and a low built four-seated body on this chassis looks very well and will provide ideal comfort. I hope one of our leading makers will take up this idea, as it does not involve much alteration of existing designs." ¶ There are a great many advantages of Underslung construction not commented upon in the above article. It is a fact, well understood, and acknowledged in automobile engineering circles, that Underslung construction is absolutely ideal. We have just issued a book, which covers the matter thoroughly, and at the same time goes carefully into the designing and construction of all "American" Models, showing good pictures of Underslung cars made by us; complete specifications, prices, etc. ¶ We would be glad, indeed, to mail a copy of it to any one who is contemplating the purchase of any kind of an automobile.



The "American Tourist" (Type 34), $2250

Four passengers, wheelbase 115 inches, tires 37 x 4 front and rear on Q D demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot, 5 lamps, dash lights electric, Prest-O-Lite tank, Bosch magneto and storage battery, one extra rim, shock absorbers, foot rest, tire holders, horn, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

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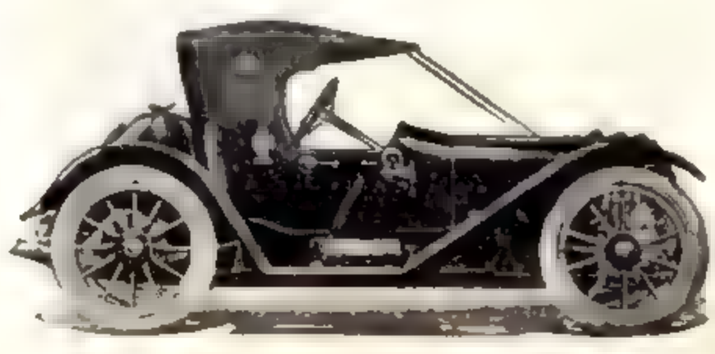

The "American Scout" (Type 22), $1250

Strictly a two-passenger car. Wheelbase, 102 inches; tires, 36 x 3½ inches front and rear on Q D demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot, 5 lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch high tension magneto, tire holders, horn, jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

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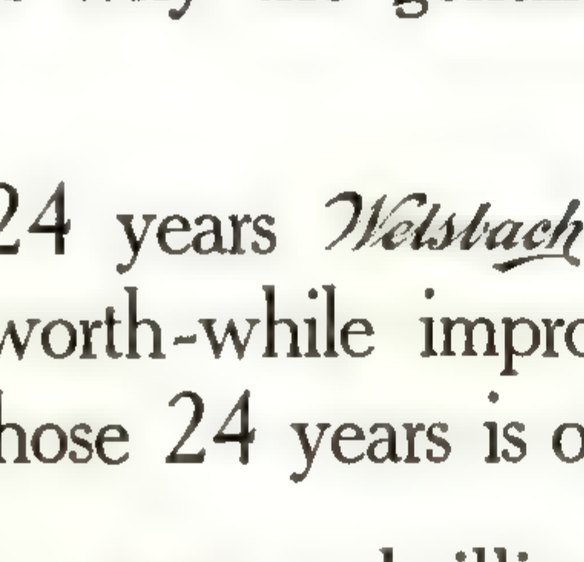


Look for this "Shield of Quality" on the box

Look for this "Shield of Quality" on the box

Ask your dealer or gas company for a copy of this free booklet. It describes the various processes of manufacture, and tells why the genuine *Welsbach* mantle insures dependable service. If your dealer cannot supply this book, give us his name and we will send you a copy, postpaid. Address

"Welsbach Company," Gloucester, N. J.

Welsbach Company

Sold by all gas companies and dependable dealers

Read our booklet "Making a Mantle."

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

A touch of the finger turns the blade at any angle with the handle

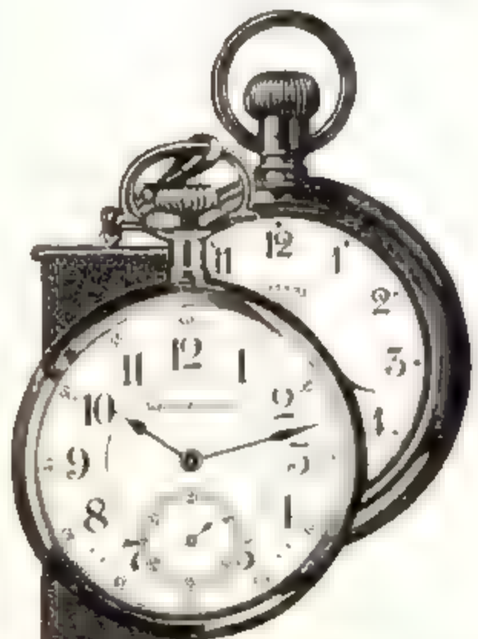
By means of this, any novice can get, with the Young Safety Razor, the stroke which has heretofore been possible only with the old-fashioned straight razor in the hands of an expert. Try the Young Safety Razor today. The price is $2.50, and includes 12 blades of finest steel, honed and stropped, ready for use. Extra blades cost only 75c. a dozen.

30 Days Free Trial

Get this razor from your dealer, or from us if your dealer does not carry it. Try it for 30 days. If you do not find it the best razor you ever used, return it and your money will be refunded.

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
1709 Germantown Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton



Two Watches

The Ingersoll, plain, reliable and sold by over 60,000 dealers throughout the country.

$1.00 $1.50 $2.00

The Ingersoll-Trenton, jeweled, refined, durable for a life-time, accurate to the second, and sold by responsible jewelers.

$5.00 to $25.00

BULWARKS OF BUSINESS POLICY

(Concluded from Page 23)

When the leaf had been cured and made up in cigars and smoking mixtures there was still difficulty with the selling. Demand for Irish tobacco had died out, too, and the product had to be put into the market to make its way slowly against established taste. The present status of Irish tobacco was humorously expressed by a London journalist who, after smoking some Irish cigars at an exhibition, said they were not so bad as was commonly supposed; and that, for his part, he would be glad to smoke them if he could get no others.

This time element, traced to India, where caste has kept men at the same occupations for more than a thousand years, makes the accumulated skill of European workmen seem new and raw; for it is said that the Hindu worker in jewels and precious metals has acquired, through a dozen generations, a facility and delicacy of touch that make him capable of performing operations not at all possible to the European workman.

Through every line of business this time element runs. It may not always be recognized or used; but it is behind the success or failure of many an enterprise, and can be made a potent force in the hands of an executive who lays out business policy in accordance with it.

An energetic, ambitious young firm enters a given trade. The men behind it have original ideas. It will take a year's hard work to make the new firm known and perhaps five years to make it secure. Meanwhile some conservative old house in the same trade holds the balance of patronage and prestige, because it possesses ancestors running back two generations and keeps its old customers and its old workmen.

If competition by the energetic young house is felt at all, very often a slight change in policy, a minor concession to customers or one young man on the board of directors will set it right. The time element is behind it.

In another line a new invention is announced. It seems so practical, ingenious and economical that its effect upon existing staples will be revolutionary. Goods that the world has used for that purpose seem destined to disappear. Yet they seldom do. They hold their own because they are rooted in the time element. Years of missionary work will probably be needed to put the new invention on a profitable basis, and stratum after stratum of public custom and prejudice must be cleared away before it is made a rock-ribbed staple in the market. That missionary work was all done for the existing staples years ago. They are rooted in the time element—and the burden of proof and work rests on the innovation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

A Stumped Speaker

FRANK M. EDDY, of Minnesota, a noted stump speaker, some years ago went to the little town in New York where his father was born.

They asked him to make a speech and filled the town hall for him. Eddy started in by praising New York, but did not get a hand. Then he took a hack at this great and glorious country, but there was not a ripple of applause. He knew they were all Republicans and he extolled the accomplishments of the Grand Old Party—to no avail. They sat silent. Then, desperate, he began to abuse the Democrats. No result. He quit with a starry-flag peroration amid dense silence.

When Eddy finished the chairman rose and said:

"In view of the most excellent address the Congressman has given us I would move that we give him three cheers. It is so ordered. Let the meeting disperse."

These are some of the ancient Hallmarks—the highest and most treasonable guarantees of genuine merit the world has ever known.

It was because of the high meaning the term Hallmark has grown to stand for that we adopted it as a name for

HALLMARK HALL & CO. SHIRTS

—THE SHIRTS WHICH ARE SOLD ON HONOR AS BEING A NEW AND HIGHER STANDARD OF VALUE AT THE PRICES—for variety and beauty of styles, wearing quality of fabrics, workmanship and finish. Guaranteed colorfast.

$1, $1.50 and UP

Ask your dealer to show you Hallmark Shirts.

On the same basis of merit ask him to supply you with

SLIDEWELL HALL & CO. COLLARS

the collars with the tie and time and temper saving shield—the finest and most imitated collar improvement ever made. **15c—2 for 25c.**

HALL HARTWELL & CO., TROY, N. Y.

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Odd Lots of Stock

We invite out-of-town traders to inquire into the advantages of our Partial Payment Plan.

Send for Circular "—Odd Lot Investment"

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SPECIAL OFFER

50c 128-Page Book "PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"

California's artistic well built homes attract the tourist first. They cost less than the old fashioned box shaped houses. For [illegible] Artistic bungalow plans complete only $5.00 a set.

Send 50c coin, order or stamps today

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY

"Builders of 3000 Homes"

337 C Hill Street, Los Angeles, California

Free Pencils for School Children

We want school children everywhere to show their friends how easy it is to sharpen Blaisdell Paper Pencils,—just pull a shaving off the end and have a new point.

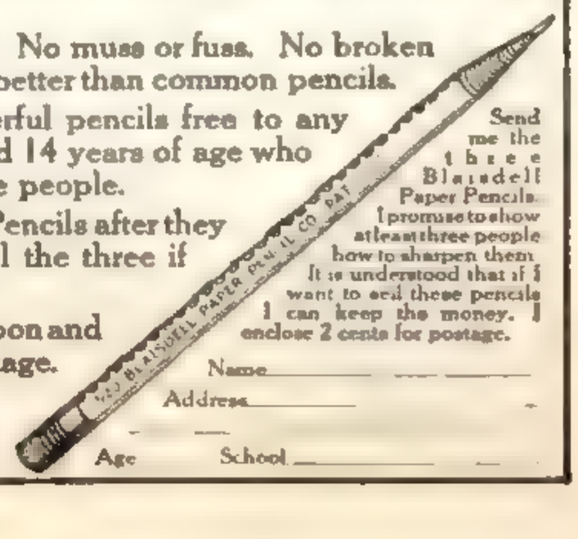
It's fun—almost like doing a trick. No muss or fuss. No broken leads, no soiled fingers. Much better than common pencils.

We'll send three of these wonderful pencils free to any school boy or girl between 6 and 14 years of age who will agree to show them to three people.

Everybody wants Blaisdell Paper Pencils after they see how to sharpen them. Sell the three if you like and keep the money.

To get these pencils, fill out the coupon and enclose with a 2c. stamp for postage.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
4500 Wayne Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.



Send me the three Blaisdell Paper Pencils. I promise to show at least three people how to sharpen them. It is understood that if I want to send these pencils I can keep the money. I enclose 2 cents for postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ School _____

Western Electric Motors will help any housewife.

In the kitchen they will sharpen the knives, polish the silver, turn the coffee grinder and the meat chopper—and replace the hot, odor-laden air with breezes fresh and cool.

Washing machines, cream freezers, vacuum cleaners, pumps—almost any household device can be easily and satisfactorily operated by

Western Electric

TRADE MARK

Motors

The Western Electric sewing machine motor will save many a backache at a cost of about one cent an hour.

Other Western Electric Motors for household use cost about the same to operate. Simply connect to nearest lamp-socket and snap the switch.

Western Electric Motors, like all electrical apparatus bearing the trade mark "Western Electric," are of the highest quality throughout. Will last a lifetime—require practically no attention.

Write our nearest house for Motor Booklet No. 8212, and ask any questions you choose about any particular Western Electric Motor.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

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Antwerp	London	Berlin	Paris	Johannesburg	Sydney	Tokyo

Address the house nearest you

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

ON MAIN STREET

(Concluded from Page 9)

as a retired officer of the regular army. Sometimes—but rarely—he is a she.

Anywhere, except in a company of real Southerners, he has a vogue. Ever since the Spanish War it has been popular in New York to be Southern and to have Southern leanings—whatever they are! A young person of the chorus will speak with almost tearful affection of the happy days of childhood which she spent in her father's orange grove near Lexington, Kentucky. Women who spent a winter once in New Orleans or had a cousin who married a traveling salesman in Little Rock, Arkansas, will tell you that they are almost Southern, and, anyhow, their sympathies are vuhhy, vuhhy Southern—they just despise the negroes, and everything like that, you know! Almost universally these persons seem to labor under the distinct impression that Southerners dislike negroes!

The officers of any Southern society in New York—and there are a good many of them, including the various state societies—will tell you that for every orthodox Southerner seeking membership there is usually a Northern-bred applicant with a claim based upon some remotely far-fetched or purely mythical claim to Southern ancestry. In New York a theater audience or a café crowd will cheer louder for Dixie, as played by a Hungarian orchestra, with Italian interpellations and German variations, than any crowd of similar size in Mobile or Savannah would cheer—the difference being that in the South the song means something real to the people, while in New York it means that a lot of persons are throwing the sixteen-pound bluff.

In New York there are probably a quarter of a million Southern-born men and women who wear human clothes and use human speech and customarily deport themselves as regular human beings. Except that their voices may be a trifle softer and less nasal than the voices of most other New Yorkers—though the New York street noises may generally be counted on to correct that—they differ in no material aspect from their neighbors about them. In bursts of confidence they may, perhaps, appear to be a trifle more enthusiastic over having come from Virginia or Alabama than an Ohio man would be of having come from Ohio; but that is a reflection of their early training and inherited instincts.

The Work of the Imagination

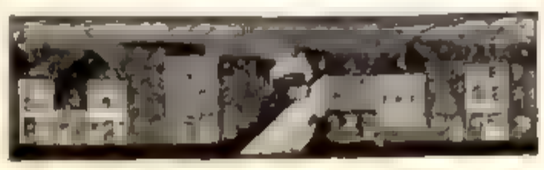
For that matter, every man who moves out of the United States into New York is apt to look back on the place of his birth with an enhanced affection. The farther away he gets from it the dearer it becomes to him—in imagination. It may be that nothing short of requisition papers, properly signed, would take him back; but, all the same, he loves to think about and talk about the joys of the old home town; and probably it's just as well, in the New York atmosphere, to be able to retain a regard for something that isn't readily convertible into cash, reputation or gladsome raiment. Distance lends enchantment and the transplanted native son collects the interest on the loan.

As I was saying, the Southerner possibly has this trait developed to a slightly higher degree than his average fellow citizen or citizeness; but he is rapidly learning to hide it. For one thing, the fact that his people bore an honorable part in the great war is to him a proud thing, almost a sacred thing; and therefore he doesn't prattle about it in mixed company. And, for another thing, he has a deadly fear of doing anything or saying or wearing anything that might give him even a remote color of relationship to the Professional Southerner. He knows what his Northern friends do not know, that the Professional Southerner is often a counterfeit, and is never a typical representative of any class or condition of Southern life.

So far as I know, the South that is to be found south of the Ohio River has in its midst but two real Professional Southerners:

One is the hookworm.

And the other is the boll-weevil.



A BOOK FULL of INFORMATION About GOOD HOSIERY

SEND for it *now*. It will make you **Expert** in the purchase of stockings. It will teach you how to know Hosiery that's woven in a manner which assures an always *smooth, trim, snug fit*, even after many washings.

THIS important "ESCO" Book is yours—*Free*. Send for it *now*.

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Style 833—*Pure threadsilk hose, mercerized lisle double garter top. Reinforced sole, heel and toe. Black only. Per pair* . . **50c**

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Black and all colors

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Rugs. Carpets. Curtains. Blankets
From the Mill
We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3%. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well-known **Regal Rug**, 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. **Our Brussels Rug**, 6 x 9 ft., the greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9 x 12 ft., $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9 x 12 ft., $16. Standard **Axminsters**, 9 x 12 ft. $18.00. Fine quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at equally low prices. Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
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HOLDS COAT AND SKIRT — HOLDS COAT AND TROUSERS

The WEST "ELCO" SUIT HANGER

Two Hangers in One

USE either way, back or front. Press spring to open skirt or trouser hanger—release to close—one hand does it all.

Clamp made of hard wood—won't rust.

Sold by all department stores for 25c. If not at your dealer's, don't accept any other hanger, but send dealer's name and 25c and hanger will be sent prepaid.

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Gasoline Engine

Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine, 3 h. p. Absolute **Free Trial.** If you keep it send only $7.50. Take long time on the balance. Price same as to dealers. Only engine with a **Chilled Cylinder**, the marvelous improvement in gasoline engines. Five years guarantee. Free book, "How to Use Power." Just send your name and address and get books and all particulars free on this amazing offer.

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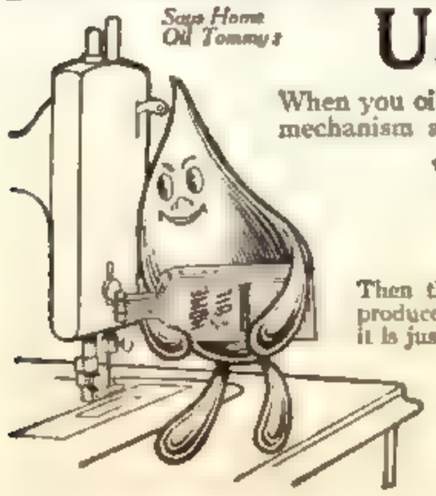
Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 2358, Davenport, Iowa

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE
FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS

An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air same as air brakes, rock drills, etc. 15c pays for 1,000 shots, delivered 30 cents. Practical for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $2.50. Pacific Coast and Parcels Post Countries $3.00. Circular free.

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 2001 Prince Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Says Home Oil Tommy:



Use the Right Oil

When you oil the sewing machine, or any other delicate piece of mechanism about the house, use the very best oil—

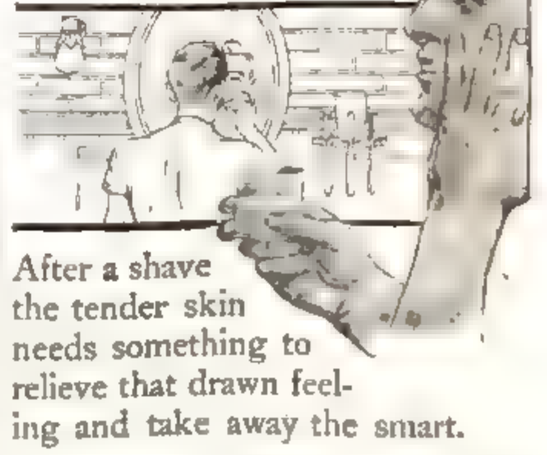
HOME OIL BEATS THEM ALL

Then things will run smoothly and noiselessly. It took years to produce HOME OIL. It cannot gum or turn rancid—that's why it is just as good for every oiling use outside as for inside the home. Made by the Liquid Veneer people. Money back unless you're delighted. Learn what a splendid lubricant it is by writing today for free trial bottle.

Trial Bottle Free

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
212 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

After Shaving



After a shave the tender skin needs something to relieve that drawn feeling and take away the smart.

Daggett & Ramsdell's
Perfect Cold Cream

is the ideal after-shaving application. It gives a fitting finish to the morning shave, imparts a feeling of cleanliness, comfort and freshness that starts you off in harmony with the world and in the right humor for the day's business. Whether you shave at home or at the barber's, an application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream afterwards will make you feel better and look better than you otherwise would.

As a clean-up after a dusty ride by train, trolley or motor, it is perfect. Try it. Tubes 10c, 25c, 50c; Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

SEND FOR SAMPLE TUBE and Calendar

Send 10c (to cover packing and postage) for a trial tube, and a beautifully colored reproduction in calendar form, 10 x 15, of a charming boudoir study.

Address Dept. 15

Daggett & Ramsdell
314 West 14th Street
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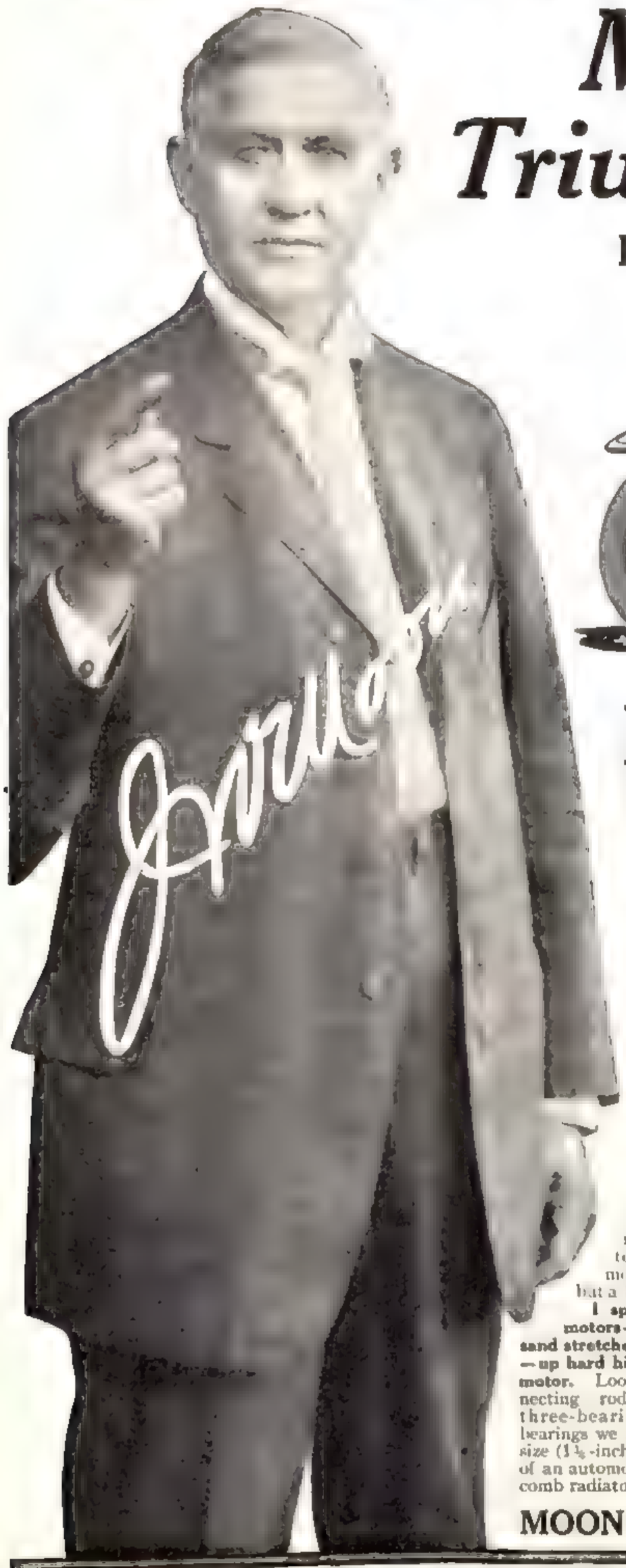
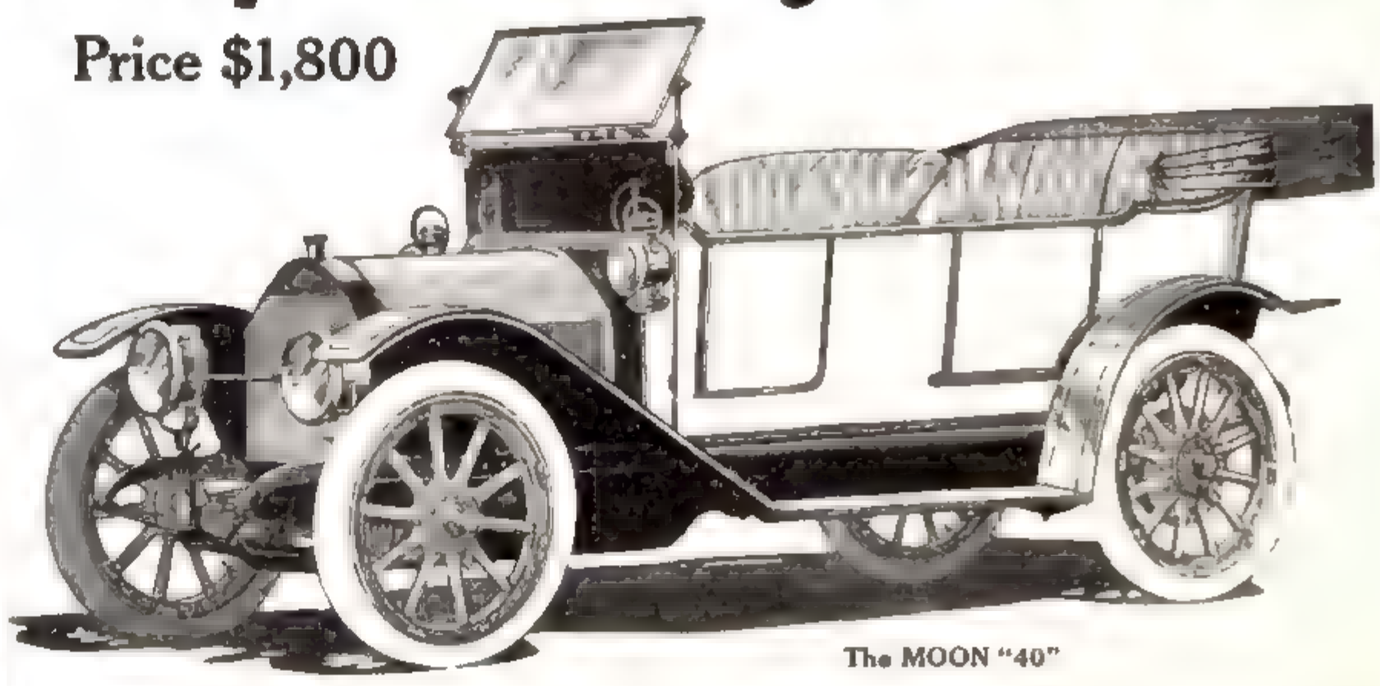
"This Great Big Self-Starting MOON '40' Is the Triumph of My Life!"



Price $1,800



The MOON "40"

I HAVE put more than thirty years into fine machinery. My father before me was a manufacturer, whose one absorbing interest was high grade steels. Ever since the era of the automobile came in I have made this my task:

To build the best automobile possible to the art. That first. Then a **fair** price. Never an **excessive price**—never to add $500 or $1,000, no matter how good the car—no matter how fine the automobile business is going.

I have been building **good** automobiles all these years. Lots of them. People all over the country know MOON cars—

Now Comes My "Kingpin" Car of Ten Years' Work!

There is nothing else like a MOON "40" within $1,000 of the price. Look at its T-head motor! Full 45 horsepower, and she goes to the 45-horsepower notch on the brake test.

Remember that aside from the MOON you find T-head motors only in the highest priced cars.

The MOON has a 4¼-inch bore and a 5-inch stroke. It is a **long**-stroke motor. Nobody who pretends to keep pace with automobile science uses anything but a long-stroke motor nowadays.

I spent five years in building motors—testing—driving through sand stretches, mud roads up to the hubs—up hard hills—before I developed this motor. Look at its big four-bolt connecting rods—fan-in-the-fly-wheel three-bearing crankshaft, the largest bearings we know of in a motor of this size (1¾-inch); mark you, this is the life of an automobile motor—**genuine** honeycomb radiator—no fake front.

Of course, my new MOON "40" has a Self-Starter. We have been using a Self-Starter in our factory and road experiments since 1908—in fact, we exhibited one as a novelty at the New York Automobile Show that winter.

Notice that 120-inch wheel base. That means **easiest** riding. Short wheel bases are the curse of medium-priced cars. 36-inch wheels, and demountables, too. They are **big** wheels, each spoke 1¾ inches in diameter—36x4-inch tires front and rear. Look at that all-metal body—nickel plate and black finish Tell me, is there anything more stylish at any price?

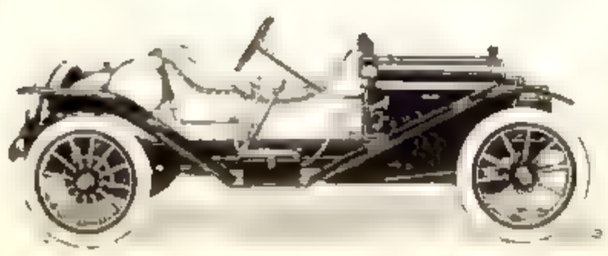
Send for My 1912 Catalog

It tells you more about this wonderful MOON—and illustrates it better. It shows the other MOON models. Has it explains a revised [illegible] Book of Facts"—tells you how to analyze all autos by construction, with big diagrams and many day talk that's plain and understood. Items are enumerated in such a way you can't afford to [illegible] my Book of Cars." Send for it today.

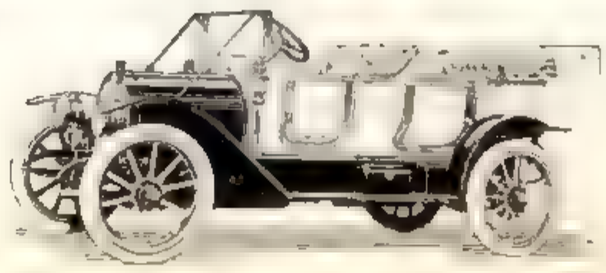
Look at the Car—and What Comes With It

- Self-Starter.
- Demountable and Quick-Detachable Rims
- One Spare Demountable Rim.
- Special Demountable Tire Holder.
- Combination License Holder and Tail Light Bracket.
- Full Kit of Tools, Pump, Jack and Horn.
- Commodious Tool Box.
- Driver's Glove and Goggle Box; between seats.
- Prest-O-Lite Tank.
- Large nickel and black New Style Solar Head and Side Lamps.
- Folding Foot Rail.
- Combination Coat and Cloak Rail
- Ebonized Finish.
- Nickel Plated Trimmings.
- Stromberg Carburetor, with self-starting attachment.
- Magneto, of course, and Battery; auxiliary ignition.
- Genuine Honeycomb Radiator.
- Big, strong, Safety Grip Steering Wheel
- Seasoned Hickory Wheels
- Spokes 1¾ inches in Diameter.
- 36x4-inch Tires, front and rear
- Unusual roomy Metal Body.
- 120-inch Wheel Base.
- T-head Motor.
- 45 Horsepower, actual brake test. (34)

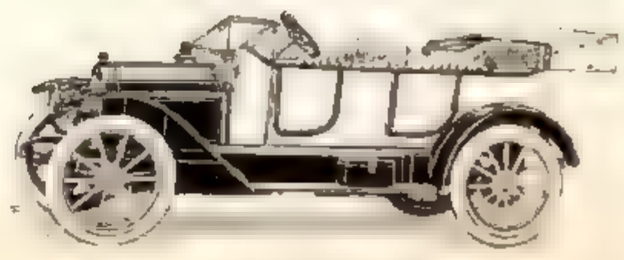
MOON MOTOR CAR CO. 4402 N. Main Street **St. Louis, Mo.**



Model "30" Raceabout, $1,650



Model "30" Foredoor Touring, $1,600



Model "30" Torpedo, $1,600

Garford MOTOR CARS

Society is our great pace maker. It selects and rejects for the whole nation. It decides the correct and incorrect. It sets style and regulates fashion. It chooses impartially and answers to no one. Its choice is always a positive indication of that which is right and best.

¶ For years the Garford has held the right of way among the most fashionable folk in America. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish for five solid years would have no other car. She always drove in her Garford whether in this country or abroad. Mrs. Potter Palmer, another social leader of two continents, always chose the Garford. And these two women had every motor car in the world at their disposal. They chose the Garford not alone for its luxurious comfort, but for the fact that it had proved itself a practical, reliable utility. Besides that the Garford must have fitted in with their ideas of conservative exclusiveness and proper individuality. It has always looked and performed as a thoroughbred. It is now an established fact, among the most aristocratic people of the civilized world, that the Garford is the finest and most distinctive American car built.

¶ Here we show the "Forty" Town car priced at $4800—correct in every detail—mechanically as perfect as the most eminent engineers can make it, with a magnificent body—rare in its design—rich in its hand polished coach finish.

¶ The Garford line now includes a "Four-Thirty" and "Six-Fifty." We would like to send you a handsome book which shows the complete line. When you write please ask for Book A.

The Willys-Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio

We will show a polished chassis of the most advanced six cylinder car made, at both the New York and Chicago automobile shows

If interested in trucks ask for a truck book

THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF LETITIA CARBERRY

(Continued from Page 14)

Tish says that when she'd got them in focus, as you may say, Miss Lewis was pulling something out of her sleeve. It was a knife, Tish says, with a short, thin blade that looked as sharp as a razor.

"One of the knives from the operating room, doctor," Miss Lewis said. "I thought I'd better not let the old ladies see it."

I dare say that was when I saw Tish's back stiffen.

"Great Scott!" said Tommy.

"I found it on the floor under her bed," Miss Lewis went on. "She didn't see me pick it up."

Tommy was staring at the blade.

"It's been used," he said. "Look at this!"

"Exactly," said Miss Lewis. "It's from the operating room, doctor, and they don't put away their knives in that condition."

"What do you mean by that?" Tommy demanded sharply. But Miss Lewis only looked at him.

"I don't mean anything against Ruth Blake, if that's what you are indignant about," she said; "but I'm glad *I* found that knife. There's enough talk, doctor."

They moved down the hall then, so that was all Tish heard; but she added, "Knife, blood-stained," to her sheet of paper.

Aggie being half drowsy and altogether sulky, we took a little time to go over the notes Tish had made, and they pointed as many different ways as a porcupine—Johnson, with his raps and his talk about coming back, taken from the mortuary and hung by his neck with a roller-towel marked S. P. T.; the coincidence of Johnson's wife being murdered a few years before and hung up the same way; Miss Blake wandering round at night with a brass candlestick and a blood-stained knife from the operating room, and Tommy Andrews falling or being pushed through a skylight and coming out of the excitement with a bite instead of a fracture! And then there were smaller things, though strange enough—the twisted pipe-molding and the footprint on the wall upstairs in the room where Johnson's body was found; the loosened molding in Aggie's room and her story about the foot; the fact that Johnson was left to die in the care of a convalescent typhoid, and the ward left alone for fifty-five minutes; Linda Smith and her speech to Miss Blake—not to mention the darkish bundle.

It was Tish who advanced the gigantic ape theory. She'd been reading the Murders in the Rue Morgue, and some of the clews seemed to fit, especially Tommy's shoulder. The loosened molding helped out the theory, and, as Tish remarked, also the stringing up of Johnson's body which, if you left out the supernatural, had apparently been done by something tremendously strong but without intelligence.

Well, the more we thought of it, the more certain we felt. The footprint part of it, too, we considered corroborative evidence until we got the encyclopedia and learned that the great apes have the equivalent of four hands and not a foot at all.

Tish was undaunted however. "Mark my words, Lizzie," she said; "they've lost a chimpanzee or a gorilla from the Zoölogical Garden—not that they'll acknowledge it. You remember when the lion got loose and ate a colored woman out on the Ralston Road, and how the papers denied everything until they found the beast dead of indigestion in a cellar? But that is what has happened."

Well, I thought it likely enough myself; and Tish called up Charlie Sands, who is on a newspaper and is another of Tish's nephews.

"Lizzie and I," said Tish over the 'phone, "have reason to believe that there is a great ape—a-p-e, ape!—Monkey, *monkey*—yes—a large monkey loose, and we want you to trace it."

There was a long pause. Tish said afterward that Charlie claimed to have fainted at the other end of the wire, and to have had to be restored with whisky and soda. However, which is more to the point, he promised to find out for us what he could, and Tish hung up the receiver.

"He'll do it, too, Lizzie," she said, "though he spoke to me gently, as if he thought my reason had entirely gone. But as he said, it won't hurt to scare up the Zoo people anyhow. They're very casual about their animals."

Now two things were discovered that afternoon, neither of them to be explained by anything we knew.

The first one was that Tommy Andrews and Mr. Harrison the superintendent, making a careful examination of the roof, found a spattering of dried blood leading from the broken skylight to the ridgepole, where it ceased abruptly. The second one was made by Aggie and myself.

About three o'clock that afternoon Aggie got into her clothes and insisted on coming into Tish's room, which was inconvenient, Tish expecting a message from Charlie Sands at any moment. Aggie was nervous but her head was clearer. She'd been thinking things over and she knew now that what had happened the night before had been a message from the roofer.

"Then the least said about it the better!" Tish snapped. "If he hasn't any better sense than to materialize his foot—and you a woman of your years and respectability—he'd better go back where he came from!"

"For Heaven's sake, Tish!" Aggie pleaded, looking over her shoulder. "He may be listening to us now!"

"I don't care if he is," said Tish recklessly. "If he'd materialize a will now, leaving you that house in Groveton! But a foot!"

"I'm not so sure it was a foot," Aggie said restlessly. "I've been thinking, Tish—he was a large man, you know. It may have been a hand."

Now at that moment the telephone bell rang and Tish signaled to me to take Aggie out at once. I got up and took her by the arm.

"I'll walk up and down the corridor with you, Aggie," I said. "You need exercise."

"I don't care to walk," she objected, trying to sit down. "See who is at the telephone, Tish. I expect my laundress is through washing and wants her money."

"I'd like you to see the hospital," I said desperately, as the 'phone rang again. "The—the guinea-pigs, Aggie." Miss Lewis had told me about them.

Now Aggie loves a guinea-pig. It's a queer taste, but she says they neither bark like dogs nor scratch like cats, and they have a nice way of wiggling their noses.

"Guinea-pigs!" she said in ecstasy. "Where?"

"In the laboratory," said I, and led her out of the room.

She put on all her wraps and Miss Lewis took us to the laboratory, which is a small brick building set off by itself in the hospital yard, with Aggie cooing in anticipation and wanting to send out and buy a cabbage for them. Doctor Grimm, who was the surgical interne, met us in white ducks as we were crossing the yard and volunteered to let us in.

"You know," he said, feeling in his pocket for the keys, "they're not as attractive as some guinea-pigs and rabbits I have known under happier circumstances. They scratch a good bit—some think it's fleas, some say it's germs."

"Germs?" Aggie asked, puzzled.

"Oh, yes," he said, opening the door and leading the way into a narrow hall. "Some of them have been inoculated with several different kinds of germs. That's why we keep this place so well locked up—for fear the germs may escape. You know"—he unlocked the second door and threw it open—"You know, suppose you were walking up the street and met a solid phalanx of, say, sixteen billion typhoid germs, or measles! It would be horrible, wouldn't it?"

He stepped into the room and looked about him.

"Come in," he said. "It's a little close. We had a tearup among the resident staff and nobody has been here today. Hello!"

He threw open the shutters, and a broad shaft of gray daylight lighted the room. Aggie gave a little cry of dismay. The doors of the small cages round the walls were all open, and in the center, a pathetic heap of little brown-and-white and black-and-white bodies, lay the guinea-pigs.

Doctor Grimm picked one up and examined it closely.

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"I'm damned!" he said, and put it down. "Throats cut—every one of them! And where are the rabbits?"

Aggie sat down and began to blubber, but Miss Lewis scolded her soundly.

"There'll be plenty more where they came from," she said sharply. "What does concern us is how could anybody or anything get in here with both doors and all the windows locked, and not a chimney!"

Aggie wiped her eyes and got up.

"You laughed at me last night, Miss Lewis," she said with dignity; "but I wish to remind you that to the fourth dimension there are no locks, no bars, no doors or walls."

"When they invent that," said Miss Lewis, opening the door to let us out "they'll have to invent something like these X-ray-proof screens, or a woman won't dare to change her clothes!"

"And what's more," said Aggie, turning in the doorway, "the hand that slew those innocent little creatures is the one I touched last night!"

"Hand!" cried Miss Lewis. "It was a foot then!"

Aggie was holding her shawl over her face and hurrying across the yard. At the far side she threw back a contemptuous sneeze.

. . . . . .

Tish's commission to Charlie Sands had an unexpected result. She was almost bursting with it when I got back.

"Listen," she said, while Aggie got her spray; "doesn't this bear out what I've been saying right along? The Zoo people say positively that none of their animals has escaped; but they took such an interest in his inquiry that Charlie grew suspicious and bribed a keeper. He sent this up by messenger from the office.

"'*Dear and revered spinster aunt,*'" she read—the young rascal!—"'I couldn't tell you this over the 'phone, for it's our exclusive property and will be published tomorrow morning, with photographs of the late deceased, etc. Hero, the biggest ape in captivity, pining for his keeper, Wesley Barker, who has been away, committed suicide in his cage last night by hanging himself with a roller-towel. He was found dead when the assistant keeper unlocked the cage at six o'clock this morning. Nobody knows how he got the roller-towel. CHARLIE.

"'P. S. I've got the roller-towel—a fine long one and marked S. P. T. Do you think the letters stand for Suicidal Purpose Towel? C.'"

Tish looked at me triumphantly over her reading-glasses.

"You see, Lizzie, what a little logical thinking will do! If it hadn't been for me, you and Aggie would have gone to your graves expecting to be able to come back at any time and hang from chandeliers or do any of the ridiculous buffoonery that seems to be expected of returned spirits. We search for a ghost, and we find a gorilla."

She meant ape, of course, but the other was alliterative.

"I'm not quite clear about it yet, Tish," I said with my head in a whirl. "If his cage was locked, and the keepers say he hadn't been free, and if Miss Blake—"

"If! If!" said Tish impatiently. "I haven't had time to figure it all out, of course; but mark my words, Lizzie, the mystery is solved. We shall sleep tonight."

But, as a matter of fact, we never even went to bed.

XI

IT IS curious to think that if Tish had been able to finish her story to Tommy Andrews that evening, and to have given him Charlie's letter to read, the thing that occurred that night could scarcely have happened. For, with Tommy knowing what he did, he could have put two and two together and have gone about things in a different way. Aggie, of course, is a fatalist and believes it would have happened anyhow.

In the first place, Tish felt so sure that everything was cleared up that she told Aggie the whole story, ending with the suicide at the Zoo. Aggie sat with her mouth open and didn't speak, except to sneeze, until Tish was through. Then she surprised us.

"Maybe you are right, Tish," she said. "I know I hope so. I don't know much about gorillas, but I guess they're mostly hairy, aren't they?"

"Mostly," said Tish grimly. "I haven't heard of any Mexican hairless ones."

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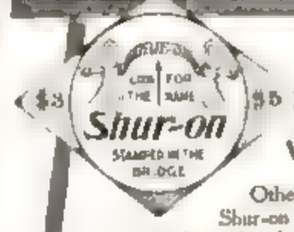

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"Well, the hand by my bed—you needn't sneer, Tish; you can call it a foot if you prefer foot ——"

"Listen to the woman!" cried Tish. "I haven't called it anything."

"The hand—or foot—was not hairy!" said Aggie, and stuck to it. She is that kind. Tish says she has a small mind, but I think there are some large minds that can only hold one idea at a time.

Well, we told the whole thing again to Tommy, who had heard about the guinea-pigs from Doctor Grimm and who listened gravely; and Tish was just getting out Charlie's letter to read to him when Miss Lewis came in.

"Drat that woman!" Tish muttered. "She's never round when she's wanted and always butting in when she isn't. Well, what is it?"

"Miss Blake is better, doctor," she said. "She is sitting up, dressed, and she's leaving her door unlocked. That's a good sign."

"Thanks, very much," said Tommy, looking conscious.

"It's supper hour now," remarked Miss Lewis. "If, when I come back, you would care to go over to the dormitory ——"

"I suppose she hasn't asked for me?"

"No; but she asked if you were in the house."

"Thanks," said Tommy again. "When you come back, then. Ah—thanks, very much."

Miss Lewis left, and Tish spread out Charlie's letter. "'*Dear and revered spinster aunt,*'" she began; but Tommy was looking at his watch.

"How long does she usually take for supper?" he asked. "Excuse me for interrupting, Aunt Tish."

"About an hour," said Tish grimly. "She says she's been ordered to chew her food thoroughly. '*Dear and revered ——*'"

"You know," said Tommy, "she may get tired and go to sleep, or something like that."

"Not while she's eating," said Tish.

"I mean Miss Blake. I—I think I'll just run over for a moment now, if you don't mind."

"Not alone!" Tish got up and reached for her cane, but Tommy pushed her back in her chair.

"No, indeed, dear Aunt Tish," he said. "You must not use that knee. Nor Miss Aggie either ——"

"Aggie has no intention of using my knee," said Tish crossly. Tommy was sending me messages with his eyes. I'm notoriously weak as to love affairs.

"I'll go," I volunteered, obeying Tommy's signals; and go I did, leaving Tish clutching her cane with one hand and the letter with the other! Aggie was, as usual, oblivious and quite calm.

It was my suggestion that I play propriety from just outside the door. Tommy went in and I heard a rustle from the window, as if she had turned to look at him.

"I—my aunt is just outside," he began, hesitating. I am not his aunt, as I have said.

"Won't you ask her in?" She had a low, sweet voice.

"Certainly, if you wish," he said, and made no move to do it. "You dismissed me today," he accused her.

"I didn't need a doctor."

"I need not have come professionally. I am here now only—well, because I couldn't stay away."

She said nothing to that, so far as I could hear.

"I came also," he said, "to ask you not to stay here alone tonight."

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Only that you might do the same thing again tonight—walk in your sleep, you know."

I heard her chair move as if she had turned abruptly and faced him.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded. "You know I was not asleep last night."

"I assure you ——" he began, clearly startled. "I—really thought ——"

"Please!" she said, and there was another silence. Then I realized she was crying softly.

"Don't do that!" pleaded Tommy. "Don't!"

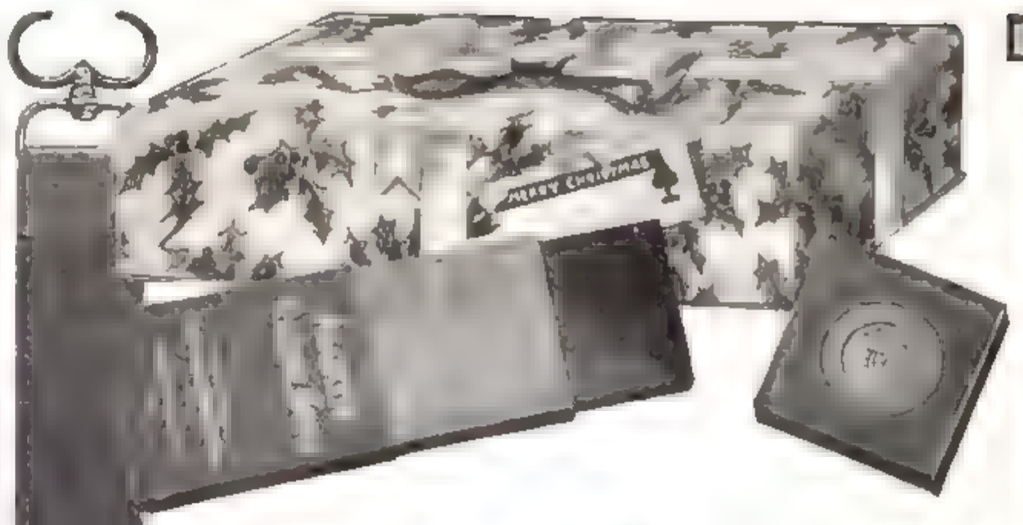
"I thought you were killed!" she said in a smothered tone. "All the rest of the night I sat and wanted to die. I thought I had killed you!"

"Where did you sit?" asked Tommy gently.

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Very much—to me."

"I was—here," she said, hesitating.



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"You were not here," said Tommy. "Between that and morning I was here four times. Where were you?"

"I was safe," she said. "Why do you question me so?"

"Because," he said gently, "I was in the laboratory at two o'clock this morning. Jacobs helped me with a—wound on my shoulder. I had looked everywhere for you and failed to find you. I thought I heard somebody moving across the hall and we made a casual search. We found nothing nobody; but, during the fifteen minutes the door was unlocked, somebody entered the building and cut the throats of eleven guinea-pigs, piling them in the center of the room. And—on the floor underneath them I picked up this afternoon a small pink rosette, apparently off the toe of a woman's bedroom slipper."

"Ah!" she said as if she found it suddenly hard to breathe. And then she burst out unexpectedly. "After all, was it so terrible? They—they were only guinea-pigs!"

"Yes," said Tommy gravely, "they were only guinea-pigs."

He came out the next moment and went back along the hall into the hospital, having quite forgotten me. His chin was sunk on his breast and he walked heavily. He was as bewildered as I had been. We saw him only once again that evening, and then only for a minute. He was preparing to station his guards through the house, much to Tish's disgust.

"It's idiotic," she confided to Aggie and me that night, as Aggie was getting ready for bed. "Isn't the creature dead? Do they expect it to come back from the spirit world and do a materializing séance for them while they wait?"

"That's all very well, Tish," said Aggie, turning on all the lights and getting into bed; "but that hand was not hairy."

"Foot, you mean," said Tish. "If that is a footprint on the wall of that room upstairs it was a foot you touched last night."

At nine o'clock that night Tommy had a talk with Miss Durand, the night nurse of K ward. She denied being out of the ward between twelve-ten and one o'clock and characterized Bates' whole story as a fabrication.

"He's always making trouble, doctor," she told Tommy. "He brings in tobacco and morphine and sells it to the men—and you take his word against mine!"

And Tommy said that, having sent for Bates, with Miss Durand's outraged eyes on him he reduced the time of her absence to ten minutes—and might have gone farther if Tommy hadn't turned away in disgust.

TOMMY was very gloomy that night. He went about placing guards, with his mouth set in a grim line and his eyes hard. A few of the nurses knew what was going on; but, with the exception of the three of us, none of the patients had been told.

To Tish's assurance that the trouble was over, that the death of Hero meant the end of the disturbance, Tommy turned a tolerant smile and a deaf ear. I would have given a good bit to have had Tish's conviction, but no theory that was based on Hero at the Zoo could possibly involve Miss Blake. And Tommy and I knew that Miss Blake was involved.

I had not told Tish the particulars of Tommy's visit to the girl's room or about the rosette he had confronted her with. To be candid, Tish was disagreeable about my having gone with Tommy and only relaxed when, at suppertime, a package came from Charlie Sands that proved to contain the very towel with which the giant ape had been killed.

"Thought you might like it," Charlie wrote. "I snitched it while the keeper's back was turned. Gruesome, but interesting, isn't it? The beast was almost human; and, as far as I know, this may be the towel with which he performed his final ablutions—or do apes ablute?"

Tish laid it solemnly out on the bed and, going to the dresser drawer, brought out the one that had, as you may say, suspended Johnson. They were absolutely alike, even to the position of the S. P. T. which distinguished them both.

Tommy came into Aggie's room about eleven o'clock and sat down, as usual, on the foot of the bed. He had lost his customary air of good-natured raillery and looked tired.

"I've placed them all," he said. "Counting myself, there are fourteen of us, and

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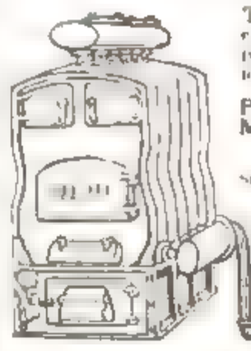

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"How about the private rooms?" I asked. "Mischief is as apt to be done by pay patients as by charities."

"You're right there. Well, every corridor is under secret surveillance. The doors into the nurses' dormitory are being watched on every floor, and we have a man on the roof."

"Humph!" said Aggie from the bed. "You'd do better to have a barrel of holy water. Things that dissolve under your fingers as the clock strikes midnight—It was just midnight, Tish! The clock in the hall is five minutes fast by my watch."

"Fiddlesticks!" Tish said tartly. "Then the sun's too fast. No, Tommy; it would have been more to the point if you'd taken all these precautions last night. You are too late."

"I hope so," Tommy observed and got off the bed. "I'll come round now and then and keep you posted." He started toward the door and stopped, looking at me. "You haven't seen—Miss Blake? She has not come from the dormitory?"

"No."

He looked relieved at that and went out.

A little before midnight Miss Lewis brought in three glasses of buttermilk and some crackers on a tray.

"I knew you were none of you sleeping," she said. "This will do you good. I don't mind saying my nerves are all twittering. This house is enough to set you crazy. If you go round a corner unexpectedly you come across a figure ducking into a doorway. A nurse from L ward just fell across one of the moppers squatting in a corner by the pantry and threw a bowl of chicken broth at him, thinking it was Johnson."

"They might as well calm themselves," Tish observed, sipping her buttermilk. "Nothing will happen."

"Then why don't you take off your clothes and go to bed?" Aggie asked; but Tish scornfully refused to answer.

"I'm not expecting anything myself," observed Miss Lewis, straightening her cap at the mirror. "These things have a way of petering out—and yet, on the other hand, things in a hospital usually go in threes. If we have one burned case we'll get two more. Shot cases will come in threes every time; and as for suicides —— Well, I've seen three carbolic acids every time I've seen one. And that reminds me," she said, turning from the mirror and, with a dive, thrusting a footrest under Tish's leg, "a carbolic case has just piped out in one of the wards."

And at that instant the hall nurse appeared in the doorway and spoke to her.

"Miss Lewis," she said, "you are to go to the mortuary with that case. Miss Grimes is having an attack of hysteria."

Miss Lewis turned and surveyed us through her spectacles. "Can you beat that?" she demanded. "Wouldn't a self-respecting mongrel pup rebel at a life like this?" She jerked her head, and her cap fell over her ear with the facility of long practice. "All right," she said to the nurse. "I'm coming; but"—she turned in the doorway and waved her hand to us—"if I am found strung up with an S. P. T.," she said, "I'll not hang alone—believe *me!*"

An S. P. T.! We all three stared at each other and Tish tried to call her back; but she had gone.

At five minutes of midnight Tommy stopped in to see us.

"Nothing yet," he said. "Heaven knows, I hope there won't be anything at all; but there's an uneasy feeling in the house. I've had to make a few changes. The man on the roof refused to stay."

"Naturally," Tish observed with the lofty air she'd had all evening. "If the wind blew he would declare he heard groans."

"Exactly what he did say," replied Tommy. "Says he heard groans and felt eyes looking at him. But we had the roof searched and found nothing. I put Hicks there instead—the ambulance man."

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the hall nurse from the doorway. "But—Hicks wants to see you."

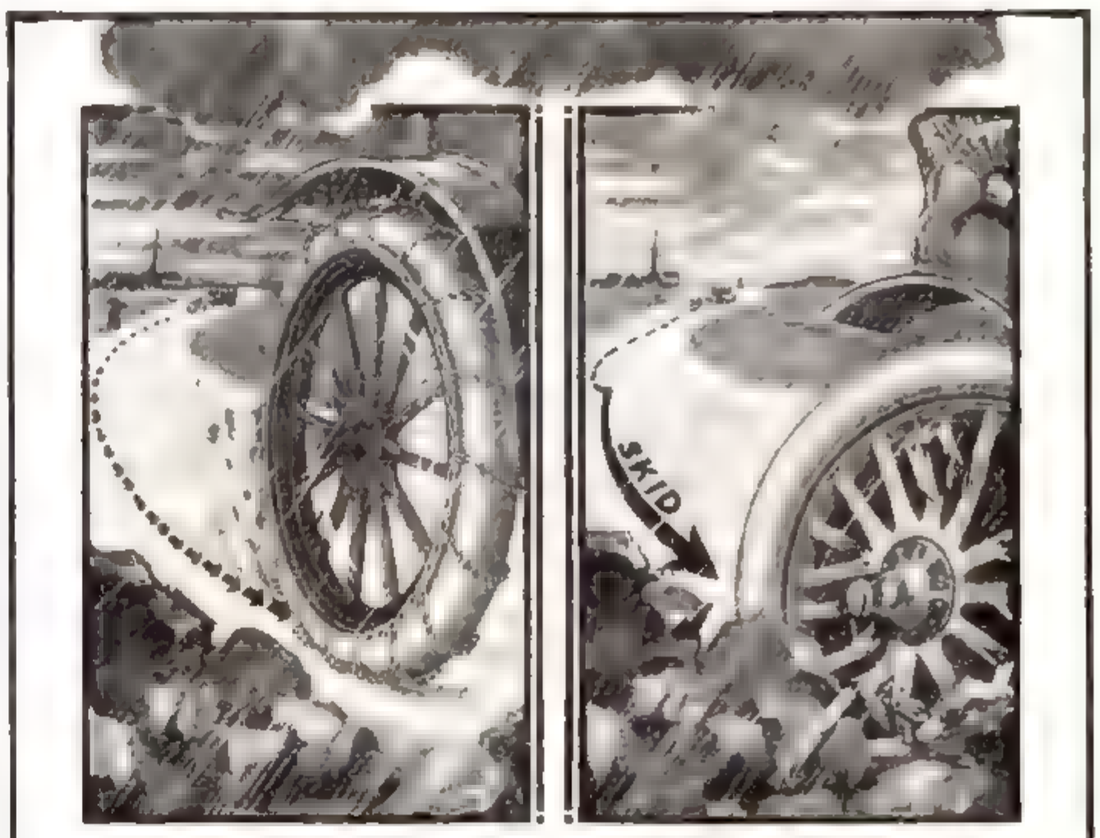
"Just for a moment," a voice came from behind the nurse. "I'll go back up there, doctor, if I've got to kick myself up; but ——"

"Well?"

"Doctor, as sure as I'm a living man, something is singing on the roof."

"Singing!" said Tommy.

"Half singing, half chanting. I—I'm going back, doctor. Nothing ain't ever



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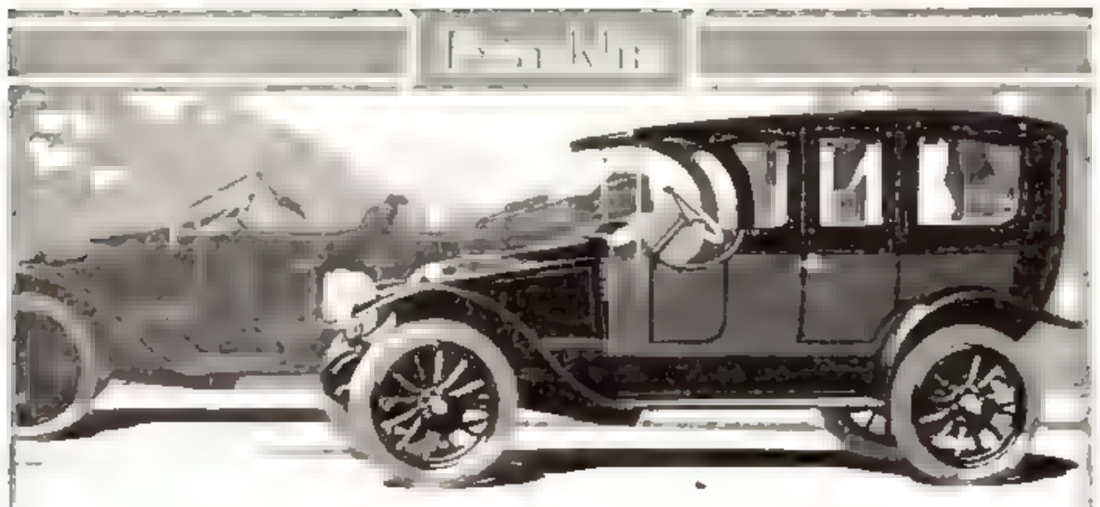

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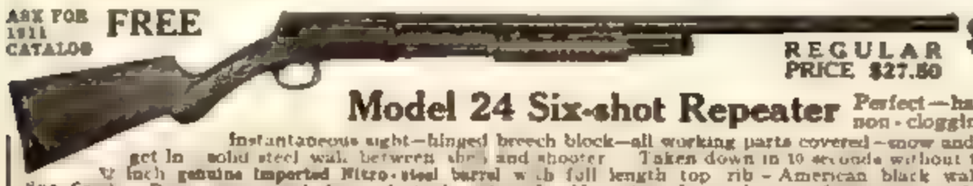

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scared me yet. But—it's singing Nearer, my God, to Thee—not the words—just the tune."

"Did anybody else hear it?"

"They heard something in the mortuary. They said it didn't sound exactly like singing. But I heard it as plain as I hear you, sir. It—it's horrible!"

"Are the nurses still there?"

"No, sir. Miss Lewis was sent to take Miss Grimes' place, but she insisted on having her night supper first. Mr. Briggs is in the mortuary with the—you know."

"I'll go up with you to the roof," said Tommy, and went at once.

Aggie had been getting white round the lips during the whole scene; and when Hicks said Nearer, my God, to Thee she almost keeled over against her pillows. The moment Tommy had gone she burst into tears, declaring that something awful was going to happen, that being the tune they had sung at the roofer's funeral.

Tish, however, was stonily calm, though I could see she was shaken.

"I don't for the life of me see what you are bleating about!" she snapped. "If you argue from hearing that tune that he's coming back tonight there will be more ghosts walking than this hospital can hold. It's been sung at a good many funerals. And another thing; if he was as good as you think he was he's sitting round with a harp, learning celestial melodies—not coming back to string up innocent corpses with roller-towels and break skylights! It's only the bad ones that aren't satisfied where they are and come back."

It is hard to say just why that line of reasoning made Aggie dry her tears, but it did, and she sat up and finished her buttermilk. It was when I was passing her the crackers that I heard a creak and knew that somebody had stealthily opened the door into the nurses' dormitory. Tish heard it, too, and put down her crocheting.

All our lights were on, though the hall was dark. This time we saw no candlelight, but we each felt who it was. I stepped to the door and looked out.

Miss Blake, fully dressed, was on the narrow staircase to the floor above, and at the top somebody with an electric flash was barring the way.

"Sorry, miss," said Jacobs, the night watchman. "We have orders not to let anybody pass here tonight."

"But I must!" she pleaded. "I can't endure the suspense another moment, Jacobs! Where is Doctor Andrews?"

"On the roof, Miss Blake."

"Oh, no; not on the roof!" she cried. "Let me pass. I must pass!"

"Sorry," he said, not moving. "My orders ——"

Suddenly, from somewhere overhead, came a woman's scream—a shrill note of horror that left my ears aching, my heart beating madly. It rose and fell, and then rose again; and the silence that followed was the silence of paralysis.

Immediately after there was the sound of scurrying feet. Tish and I never knew afterward how we got up the stairs and were almost the first on the scene.

The hall was dark, as on the floor below; but from the mortuary a bright light streamed down the short, wide flight of steps that served as its approach.

On one side of the receiving table Tommy was standing. On the other, Miss Lewis stood as if frozen, with one hand turning down the covering sheet. But the body on the table was not wrapped in a shroud. It was the figure of a tall man, fully dressed and with the head and shoulders tightly wrapped in what looked like a brown coat.

Tish gripped my arm, shaking so she could scarcely speak. "Johnson!" she said. "Oh, my God, Lizzie, it's Johnson!"

It was not however. When they had untied the sleeves, tightly knotted about the neck of the motionless figure, Tommy himself gave a cry of horror.

It was Briggs, the orderly, dead about ten minutes and with his ribs crushed in.

The "carbolic case" was lying in placid peace under the table, its bandaged hands folded, its jaw relaxed, its half-shut eyes looking calmly up at the horror overhead.

Tish and I put Miss Lewis to bed that night and Tish sat with her until morning. It was dawn when Tommy came in, looking haggard and tired. They had found nothing—except one curious fact.

The brown coat that had covered poor Briggs' head had belonged to Johnson. The pockets were full of his private papers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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We ask you to make us prove our claim of saving you money on any diamond purchase you may contemplate. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied at any time. We sell Diamonds by mail direct to the wearer all over America. Highest Boston Bank references.

You are absolutely safe when you order from us.

Write for our special import diamond price list, showing all weights and prices from $10 to $1000. FREE to any address on request, also our 14th annual illustrated Watch and Jewelry catalog.

JASON WEILER & SON
Diamond Importers since 1876
367 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Foreign Agencies: Antwerp, Paris and Buenos Ayres.

WE TEACH YOU FREE

Give exclusive field, help you make Twenty to Seventy Dollars weekly selling our new high class, moderate priced religious publication. Intelligent persons of good address and references can secure employment and receive expert training and co-operation. Write The Alpha Publishing Company, Lincoln, Nebraska

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Specialty Gums.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

September Sales Increase 343 Per Cent
Now Far Outselling Any Other Type of Tire

SEPTEMBER—the last month closed at this writing—was the largest month in our history. And September is usually a dull month in tires.

Our increase in tire sales over September, 1910, **was 343%.** That means that they multiplied **about 4½ times over.**

And this is the twelfth year of Goodyear tires.

No other tire in existence today commands such a demand as these. And note how this demand is growing as the tires become better known. We have now increased our capacity to **3,800 automobile tires per day.**

That's the simple result of experience. Men who once use No-Rim-Cut tires never go back to the old types. They tell others about them, and the others tell others. And our figures announce the result.

For No-Rim-Cut tires **cut tire bills in two.** Their freedom from rim-cutting—their extra capacity—save millions of dollars to motor car owners. And those owners to date have used over 700,000 of our tires. When will **you** prove them out?

Now a Double-Thick, Non-Skid Tread

The Winter Tire

For three years we have worked to equip these tires with a perfect Non-Skid tread—to do away with chains.

Not any mere makeshift—not any flimsy protection. Not short, soft projections on a regular trend. Not metal and rubber, which never combine.

There were many problems to solve in a perfect Non-Skid, and we waited until we solved them. Then we waited until we tested 24,000 before we announced the tread.

Now we have a durable tread which is proof against skidding a fitting addition to No-Rim-Cut tires.

It is an extra tread, vulcanized onto the regular. So it gives you a double-thick tread.

That means long wear. It means that the blocks can be deep and enduring. And it means, in addition, almost a puncture-proof tire.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber. We tested forty formulas to secure for it the utmost wear resistance.

The deep-cut blocks present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They grasp it in every direction.

The base of each block spreads out, so the strain is distributed over just as much tire surface as it is with the smooth-tread tire. That's immensely important.

The rush of air through the grooves keeps the tire cool. It saves the damage of friction heat.

Note all these advantages—these vital advantages—over all other non-skid treads.

All the Ruin of Rim-Cutting Ended

This Non-Skid tread, when wanted, is vulcanized onto No-Rim-Cut tires—10% oversize.

Then you have a tire which can't skid, a tire which can't rim cut, and a tire which can't blow out through slight overloading.

Think what that means.

Our statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut. Those hooked-base tires will often rim-cut even when partly inflated. When a tire is run flat, because of a puncture, it may be wrecked in a single block.

This isn't a rare damage—it is exceedingly common. It adds more to tire cost than any other one factor. And it compels stopping at once when a tire goes flat.

No-Rim-Cut tires are utterly proof against rim-cutting. We have run them flat in a hundred tests, as far as 20 miles. Yet there has never occurred a single instance of rim-cutting.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They do not hook into the rim flange. They never stick to the flange when you want to remove them.

When you unlock and remove one of your rim flanges the tire slips off in an instant. No other type of tire is so quickly removed and replaced

The secret lies in a patented feature. We vulcanize into the tire base three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These make the tire base unstretchable.

The tire can't come off without removing the flange, because nothing can stretch it over the flange. It needs no hooks, no tire bolts.

This braided wire feature is controlled by us. And all other devices to make a tire base unstretchable have proved very defective. That's why the flood-like demand for this type of tire has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

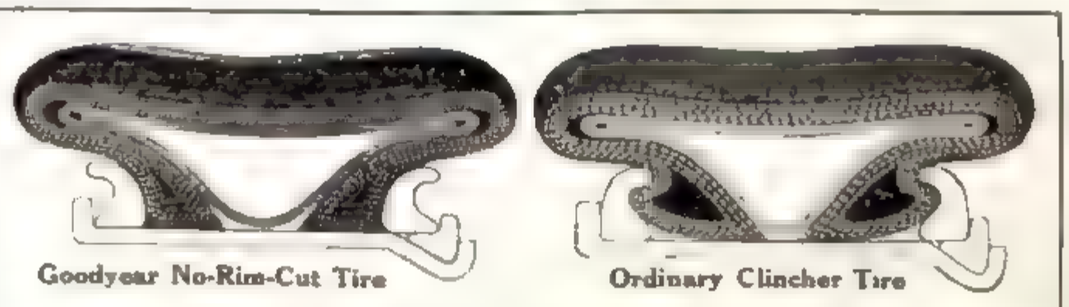
10% Oversize

As the rim flanges flare outward with No-Rim-Cut tires, we can make the tires 10% over the rated size without any misfit to the rim. And we give you this extra size without extra cost.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage. It takes care of the extras you add to a car. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions, cut tire bills in two. Yet these tires are now selling just as low as other standard tires. The saving is entirely clear

Insist on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Get them with Non-Skid or smooth treads, as you prefer. Find these tires out as tens of thousands have done. Not another tire made can compare with them.



Both on the same rim. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed to use the No-Rim-Cut type

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our new Tire Book is based on 12 years spent in tire making. It is filled with money-saving facts. Every motor car owner should have this book. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Seneca Street, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(433)

The United States Navy

Has Every Kind of Work for Ambitious Men

SUCCESSFUL applicants for Navy positions find work, not only as seamen, but as machinists, firemen, stenographers, bookkeepers, musicians, carpenters, blacksmiths, shipfitters, electricians, boiler-makers, cooks, stewards, waiters, and others.

This is why so many young men who have taken for granted that there was no kind of work in the Navy that they would like have found on investigation more agreeable work and more variety of positions than in civil life.

The United States Navy offers a life that is healthy; work that is pleasant; excellent opportunity for promotion; the incentive to save money, and the finest of chances to learn by study and travel. And besides these things, companionship with ambitious men of good character.

The Navy Department never urges men to enlist, only to investigate Navy opportunities. It is worth the while of any man 17 to 35 years of age to look into the subject of taking four years' training in the Navy, or of making the Navy a life's work.

Call at the nearest Navy Recruiting Station (we'll send address at your request) and ask all the questions you wish. Or send for interesting free book, "The Making of a Man o'War's-man." Address:

Bureau of Navigation

Box 80, Navy Department Washington, D. C.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

The Skates for Fancy Work

And for hockey! And for racing! And for all round enjoyment of Winter's greatest sport! Scientific skates, with diamond-hard runners—designed in accord with highest Canadian standards. Strong. Speedy. Beautiful lines.

Supreme for a half-century, and famous round the whole world. Product of the world's largest skate factory. The best skates for you no matter what your needs.

Write for free catalogue of these, and of Winslow's Roller Skates

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
Factory and Main Offices Worcester, Mass., U S A.
Sales Rooms, New York, 84 Chambers St

Stocks to be found at LONDON 8 Long Lane E C
PARIS 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee BERLIN
SYDNEY and BRISBANE Australia DUNEDIN,
AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, New Zealand

IN JUNE

(Concluded from Page 19)

earnestly the great questions of the day. And in the evenings they entertained each other with stately courtesy.

"Pray take your paper—it is to be as if I were not here."

"Don't let me interrupt your cigar—you are to feel perfectly free."

At the end of the first month they made the discovery that they were saving both time and money; this transformed the solid ground of their position into adamantine rock.

They were exaggeratedly careful of each other's liberty. One day the Biologist, coming home unexpectedly early—a growing habit—caught her red-handed in the very act of mending his glove. He took it from her hands reproachfully.

"This is against our compact—you were not to do anything of the kind. I did not marry a seamstress."

This time she blushed guiltily.

"It was the merest stitch ——"

"But it is the principle. If you once begin ——" and he carried the glove away to his own room.

Evidently she had no principles, for after that she stealthily sorted out his socks from the wash and darned them surreptitiously, sitting before her desk, in the intervals of literary labor. Then she patted them triumphantly and folded them neatly back among the rest of the wash. The Biologist, after the manner of men, either thought they had a self-mending laundress or else thought nothing. But sometimes while she mended the mending fell idly into her lap and she sat idly gazing. Never had she felt so idle as that spring.

The Biologist, on the other hand, had never felt so restless. He said it was the spring, and he wandered in and out of the garden and house, and made many errands into their common part of it, where he sought repose in reading aloud to her chapters from his great new book on Eugenics. This enabled her to indulge her rare laziness without looking lazy; she sat on the sofa and listened. And one day, because she was too comfortable to move, she sent him into her room for a paper from her desk. The Biologist went with alacrity. She watched him cross the threshold of her room and suddenly she leaned back and closed her eyes, with a little color in her cheeks. The spring, doubtless!

The Biologist found the paper just where he had been told to look for it; there was, therefore, no excuse for his not instantly returning with it. Instead he stood hesitating and allowed his eyes to wander about the room. It was full of troubling feminine things—the most ordinary things in the world, but to him they seemed absolutely and utterly extraordinary. The white kimono was on the foot of the bed; a small—they were not really small at all—pair of slippers was beside it on a chair; and the modest toilet-table was covered with an array of subtle articles—brushes and combs and hairpins—the Biologist remembered the curious feel of those hairpins that day in the bower. Probably purely in the interests of science he now felt an overpowering curiosity to feel it again. He walked deliberately to the toilet-table and stealthily touched with his fingertips, delicately, not only the hairpins but one after another of the little objects lying there, and every one of them gave off that same electric sensation from his fingertips to his brain as on the day in the garden.

"Can't you find it?" called out his wife's voice softly.

"I am coming," he called back, endeavoring to make his voice natural. He did not dare to say a word more, but when he handed her the paper he avoided touching her hand and went and sat down quite a way off with the table between them. Something pounded in his temples, and instead of waiting to hear the contents of the paper he made an excuse and went out into the garden. As soon as he had gone she laid down the paper and, leaning from the window, watched him till he disappeared round the thicket. How straight he was—and tall and young!

The birds nesting in the lilac under the window were cheeping their good-night cheep. There were little ones in the nest—naturally, at this time of the year; it was an annual phenomenon, but it struck her as new. She pushed the unlucky paper to the floor with an unconscious elbow and sat musing. Some time, of course, it had been an understood thing there would be a bird in their nest, a child, all in due and reasonable season—a child of reason and light, when time and tide and all conspired; but of course that was a long way off. For the first time she wished they were richer now—or older—or something else that they were not yet. She closed her eyes; then hearing the Biologist's step returning she opened them and got up hastily and going into her room closed the door.

That night at dinner they had very little to say to each other and each made an excuse to go away early—each to his own room.

But she could not sleep; it was as if there was a fever in every vein. The spring of course. People were often upset in the spring, she had heard. She braided her hair in two long braids and threw on the white kimono and stole softly out. The night was full of sweet sounds; there were little stirrings of the nesting birds, little rustles of leaves, and the heavy-sweet perfume of lilacs—more lilacs.

All at once at the turn of the little shrubbery path she heard footsteps; she would have withdrawn, but in all that bright moonlight there was no place to withdraw into. Instinctively she drew closer about her the loose kimono and shrank into herself. The footsteps drew nearer; it was her husband, hatless and collarless. The rolling, low-cut study jacket hastily thrust on revealed the throat—and the moon shone upon them both.

"You!" he exclaimed. They looked at each other.

"'And who are you?—said one dim Shape'"—she quoted with a nervous little laugh. "What brought you out?"

He tossed his cigarette far away.

"The same thing that brought you, I fancy—whatever that was." He, too, seemed nervous, ill at ease. There was something shamefaced in their manner of facing one another.

It was the woman, of course, who recovered herself.

"Well, after all, I don't see anything so very wicked in taking a stroll in one's own garden," she said with bravado; "even if it is midnight or after."

"No, of course not," he assented.

He turned and fell into step with her. Somehow neither found anything more to say. They walked on down the little path—the silver, silver path toward the great clump of shadow from the shrubs near the bower; they walked to it, step by step, irresistibly. Just as they reached it a bird of the night burst into song, poignant, unseen. He had put up his hand to hold back a branch and it touched hers raised for the same purpose. They stopped, breathless.

"How—beautiful the night is!" she tried to stammer.

"How beautiful you are!" It burst from him like a low cry.

"And you!" her eyes said plainly.

At that moment they were both as beautiful as youth.

He saw her shadow tremble in the moonlight and made a movement; involuntarily she raised a hand in protest and he caught her in his arms. He buried his face in the loose braids of her hair; then he lifted up her face—and found her lips.

Suddenly she remembered; she tried faintly to free herself.

"Oh!" she protested; "it wasn't to have been so—or now!"

He laughed a low, tender laugh, exulting.

"But it is going to be so—and now," he said.

Cutting Down the Selling Cost

A DOZEN years ago, Thompson in Ohio built a wagon that was different from all others, and better. He showed it to his neighbors and to persons who came to town. Six people ordered wagons that season.

Thompson now had enough capital to build ten wagons, but he had no orders. However, his knowledge that his wagons gave great satisfaction encouraged him to build ten and trust to his own efforts to dispose of them. He made trips throughout the neighboring country with several of his wagons hitched in a string. In course of time, he visited one hundred farmers, sold all his wagons and received orders for more. This method of selling was effective, but it cost a lot for each wagon sold.

The next year Thompson built fifty wagons. He taught one of his employees how to explain the advantages of his vehicle, and by hard work they together got rid of his whole output and secured an increased number of orders for the coming season. This plan worked well and, though still costly, reduced the cost of selling each wagon.

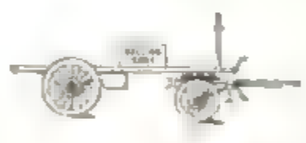
In the fourth year Thompson's strings of wagons threaded the country for many miles around. Frequently a man who had bought in previous seasons ordered another or recommended the wagon to his neighbors. This marked the best assurance of success a business may have. The merit of Thompson's wagon was beginning to show itself as an active help in making sales. With a good article and straight, sound selling principles, Thompson's business was prospering and growing; but the cost of making each sale was still high.

As the frontier of the business expanded, some expansion of selling method was needed. Thompson couldn't send strings of wagons across two states except at a loss. So he tried his first experiment in advertising. He had a catalogue printed picturing and describing his wagons. He sent this book to every vehicle dealer in ten states and to many farmers. The cost of printing and mailing the catalogue was disconcerting, and Thompson feared that many copies were absolutely wasted, as not one man in a score even answered his letter. But on casting up the year's accounts he found that his business had increased very satisfactorily, and that each wagon was sold at a lower cost than ever before.

Within the next three years Thompson was flooding a score of states with his catalogues, and a dozen salesmen were travelling for him, not calling on the farmers now, but only on retail dealers. The men reported that it was growing easier to interest dealers and that they were selling the more influential merchants because Thompson's wagons were no longer unknown. He found that, as in the past, his selling cost had been lowered by the new methods introduced; but he wanted to extend his sales over the whole United States, and in order to do that with confidence he sought to work a still further economy in his method of creating a demand for his wagon.

Accordingly, Thompson turned to the magazines. He selected those which seemed best adapted to reaching his clientele, and, after making big allowances for wasted circulation, he found that he could put descriptions and pictures of his wagon before his buying public vastly cheaper than by sending his catalogue.

His first year's results disappointed him in a way because he expected too much (which, incidentally, is the case in nine campaigns out of ten); but, being a man who believed in trying thoroughly any plan that he adopted, he kept on, and learned to his surprise that the first year's advertisements were still productive the following year and that the second year's returns were steadily increasing. They increased so much that Thompson found that he had again cut down the cost of selling each wagon.



This year opened the greatest era of expansion in Thompson's business, because the advertising stimulated every nerve and tissue in its entire structure. The farmer who used to say: "My wagon was made by a chap in Ohio named Thompson," now boasted: "That's a Thompson wagon and it's the best on earth." Exporters were writing him about trade connections with Australia and the Argentine. His dealers were advertising in local papers that they carried the famous Thompson wagon. His salesmen and employees were proud to be connected with an enterprise that was known all over the land.

But to return to our text: Thompson had learned that the fundamentals of building a big business were:—make good wagons—advertise their merits—keep up their good repute—and the cost of selling each wagon will be steadily reduced.

If you have a product as good as Thompson's, it will pay you to write us for a book that we have published on "The Modern Selling Force." To business men it is sent gratis.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Avg. 6 mos. cir. 1,503,982

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Avg. 6 mos. cir. 1,840,729

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present cir. 80,000

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO

You must make *Your* time fit the barbers.

"Dan says he's awful sorry, Mr Brown, but there's three ahead of you now; says can't you come round later in the afternoon." It makes no difference how busy you are, it's the same story day after day. Another Declaration of Independence should read, "My time is my own"—the **GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor** can make it a pleasing reality. You're always fit, always ready and it's so easy—just a few minutes when it suits *you*.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor has educated millions of men to the delights of self shaving and freed them from the expense and troubles of the barber shop—**Outfit complete sells for $1.00** everywhere, including seven **Damaskeene blades**, frame, new bar and shaving and stropping handle in handsome plush lined case.

GEM JUNIOR $1.00 OUTFIT

GEM Damaskeene Blades

Made of the highest grade Damascus silver razor steel and tempered by our secret process—a blade known for its keen, smooth cutting edge, which it retains indefinitely—can be stropped. Fits most standard safety razors but gives best results in a GEM JUNIOR frame. Separate set **Damaskeene blades 7 for 35c.**

Insist upon Damaskeene Blades—there is a difference.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
25th St. and 11th Ave. New York
Montreal—Canadian Dist. Co., 501 St. Catherine St. W
The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

Keith's Konqueror SHOE FOR MEN

A New Feature, characteristic of this popular line of fine footwear, is emphasized in

Konqueror Specials
At $4.50

The **Nailless Heel Seat** gives absolute protection from heel nails, providing a permanently smooth innersole of all sole leather

When you get it in combination with all the many points of superiority possessed by the regular Keith Konqueror line, it affords an unparalleled opportunity to become comfortably shod.

We sell Konqueror shoes direct to wearer, when not obtainable locally. Send for free illustrated catalog and mention your dealer's name.

THE PRESTON B. KEITH SHOE COMPANY
Makers of Keith's Konqueror Shoes for Men
Brockton (Campello Sta.), Mass.

THE BEST PIPES

Are stamped TRADE MARK *Frank*

The name typifies perfection in quality and making. Every pipe so identified is sold with a positive GUARANTEE not to crack or burn through.

ALL SIZES
ALL STYLES
Dealers Send for New Catalogue

AT THE BEST SHOPS

B. M. FRANK & CO. MFRS NEW YORK

NEW—Wonderful Standard Gillett Safety Lamp

Portable—can be placed anywhere. Brightest light known. Twice as bright as electricity. Costs 1 5 of a cent per hour. Beautiful soft mellow light, particularly desirable for reading. Base of lamp made of nickeled brass. Shades in all colors to suit any taste. Write for illustrated circular No. 296.

Standard Gillett Light Co., 8-9 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS All Makes

"Visible [illegible] and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ½ rates, [illegible] with privilege. Examination. Write for Cat. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 433 North Clark Street, Chicago

Your Christmas Money

If you desire money for Christmas and are willing to give us a few hours of your time, we can provide you with what you desire. Agents' Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with list of inventions wanted and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

BREATHE-RITE

If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health you should wear a BREATHE-RITE brace. The BREATHE-RITE brace holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white canvas. A blessing for growing boys and girls. One size fits anybody. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—One Dollar. Ask your dealer.

$1

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., 2337 Third Avenue, New York

Write for interesting agents' proposition. Send for illustrated booklet. If dissatisfied, money refunded.

(Concluded from Page 41)

to much, and the men who are in control will make desperate attempts to get on the bandwagon they think will head the procession. Wilson is strong with the people who vote the Democratic ticket, but the leaders favor Harmon. The probabilities are for uninstructed delegations, with instructions to jump into the softest place.

The Democratic situation in Nebraska is much more interesting than the Republican. The Republican leaders profess the greatest confidence of being able to get the entire Nebraska delegation for Taft, but the probabilities are that La Follette will have some of the delegates, or, at least, that some of the delegates will be anti-Taft.

Last year William Jennings Bryan opposed the election of James C. Dahlman, the regular Democratic nominee for governor of Nebraska, on the liquor issue. Bryan wanted county option and Dahlman favored the retention of the present liquor law. Dahlman had been Bryan's right-hand man for years and took Bryan's desertion very much to heart. Dahlman is the strongest Democrat in the state, leaving Bryan out of consideration. He is determined to be avenged. Bryan is opposed to Harmon—bitterly and persistently opposed—on the published ground that Harmon does not represent the true sentiment of the Democratic party. Dahlman, who controls Douglas County, in which Omaha is located, is for Harmon and so are all of Dahlman's friends. They intend to force the issue, and, if Bryan wants to go to the convention as a delegate or as a delegate-at-large, to send him there under instructions for Harmon.

Kansas is not for Mr. Taft for renomination. He made himself a few friends on his three-day tour, but there was no enthusiasm for him, except in Leavenworth and Independence—standpat communities. The Kansas farmers are against Taft. They are strong for Progressive policies and do not feel that Taft is a Progressive. If the selection of the delegates is left to the old plan the regulars will probably get a majority of them for Taft. La Follette would carry a primary, though Insurgent policies are much stronger in Kansas than La Follette is. Senator Bristow has declared for La Follette; but the other Progressives, including Governor Stubbs, had not declared for the Wisconsin man at the time this was written. There is a strong movement for a Presidential primary, which is in the hands of the state committee, as there is no Presidential preference law in Kansas.

Kansas doesn't bother much about Democracy, except in Presidential years. At present there is no sentiment in Kansas for Folk, very little for Harmon, considerable for Champ Clark and most of all for Wilson. If Wilson were nominated to run against Taft he would carry Kansas, in the view of some of the keenest political observers of the state. The feeling for Champ Clark is very kindly, and if he can iron out his differences in Missouri he would have a very good chance to get the Kansas delegates in spite of Wilson's popularity. Of course much depends on the kind of a campaign Wilson and Clark make. The chance of Harmon's getting any delegates in that state is very remote.

Iowa was one of the first of the Insurgent Republican states and Iowa is still largely Insurgent. Iowa does not like President Taft. Senator Cummins, the leader of the Insurgents in the state, is for La Follette for President; and he is opposed in this by Senator Lafe Young and what is left of the old and formerly powerful standpat machine of that state. Cummins is in favor of taking an anti-Taft delegation to the convention without specifying any particular candidate. He thinks the Insurgents can win the majority of the delegates.

The temper of the Republicans in Iowa is the same as the temper of the Republicans in the neighboring states—Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. An interesting demonstration of how the Republicans feel toward the President is furnished by a series of questions and answers from one of the smaller Republican counties in the state. A man living in that county picked out sixty Insurgent Republicans in all parts of the county and sixty standpat Republicans, and wrote each of them a letter involving identical questions. The results of that inquiry were as follows—ninety-seven replies being received to the hundred and twenty letters mailed:

1. Do you approve the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill? Yes, twelve; No, eighty-five.

2. Do you approve President Taft's action in the Ballinger matter? Yes, two; No, ninety-one.

3. Do you favor conservation as taught by Roosevelt and followed by Pinchot or as proposed by Ballinger and Taft? Roosevelt, ninety; Taft, two.

4. Do you approve the attack on Doctor Wiley? Yes, three; No, eighty-one.

5. Do you approve Canadian reciprocity as proposed by President Taft? Yes, twenty-one; No, seventy-one.

6. Do you approve the action of Senator Cummins and other Insurgents in opposing reciprocity? Yes, seventy-two; No, fifteen.

7. Do you approve President Taft's veto of the woolen schedule as passed by the last session of Congress? Yes, eighteen; No, seventy.

8. Do you believe President Taft's Administration favors the farmers and laborers or the Trusts? Farmers, six; Trusts, fifty-eight.

9. Choice for President: First—Taft, twenty; Cummins, fifty-six; La Follette, twenty-one. Second—Taft, fourteen; Cummins, twenty; La Follette, fifty-nine.

10. If President Taft is renominated will you support him? Yes, twenty-one; No, sixty-four; blank, twelve.

Now there is a fair, average poll of a fair, average lot of Republicans—both Progressives and standpatters. It represents in a fair, average way the temper of the Republicans not only of Iowa but of about all the West, except the boroughs.

Senator Knute Nelson, who has never favored much that President Taft has favored, is, by stress of circumstances, the Taft leader in Minnesota and charged with the responsibility of getting delegates for him. Senator Moses E. Clapp, Nelson's colleague, is one of the most ardent Progressives in the country, and in favor of nominating La Follette. The fight will be made on these lines, and the result in all probability will be a divided delegation, with Taft having some of the delegates and La Follette some. The young Democrats like Wilson, but the old-line men are for Harmon. Harmon is most likely to get the delegates.

Thus it will be seen that in this section of the country Taft will have a preponderance of the delegates to the convention; also, that Wilson and Harmon are the two leading candidates, with Champ Clark a bad third. So far as the Republicans are concerned, the spirit is largely Insurgent; but the result in delegates will be largely Taft. The great reason for this is that almost everybody recognizes the futility of trying to defeat Taft for the nomination and nearly all are willing the nomination shall go to him. The nomination doesn't concern them so much as the election.

The election is another matter. If conditions remain as they are, which is more than likely; and if Wilson, for example, is nominated against Taft—or any other candidate for whom the Republicans have a friendly feeling—Mr. Taft will carry very few of the states I have included in this summary. He will carry Utah and Wyoming without question, and probably Nevada. He will lose California, and he will lose Montana and Colorado. The chances strongly favor his losing Oregon and Washington. If the Mormons are strong enough he will carry Idaho. He will lose Arizona and will probably carry New Mexico. Assuming that conditions remain about as they now are, Mr. Taft will be hard put to it to carry Kansas against a man like Wilson, and will lose North Dakota and, likely as not, South Dakota. He will have desperate troubles in Nebraska and be in most difficult case in Iowa and Minnesota. The chances are against him in all three states unless the miracle works out and opinion shifts to the other side.

Mr. Taft is scheduled to do everything in his power to solidify his shattered party. His pursuit of the Trusts and the Trust-makers is to be more active. Some more of the big men are to be indicted if possible. He will come out against lynching, et cetera, to help along with the negroes. He will continue on world arbitration and universal peace. He will overlook no bets; but the fact is his recent trip did him no good, and these demonstrations will not do him much, if any. So far as this section of the country is concerned Mr. Taft can hope for little—and he will get even less than he hopes.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Samuel G. Blythe. The second will appear in an early issue.

From Kick-off to Goal —

Whenever You See a Pipe You'll Think of LUCKY STRIKE

—At every stage of the game—Lucky Strike Tobacco is the joy of the grandstand. Football fans find it a splendid *solace*.

Lucky Strike has stood—a leader of its kind—for over half-a-century. *Always* a mild, pure, cool and biteless smoke. It burns slowly and evenly. And how it does *satisfy!*

Lucky Strike Sliced Plug is the pipe-favorite of thousands.

The new Lucky Strike—the old Lucky Strike ready rolled for your pipe—has made an amazing jump into popularity.

Suppose *you* get a tin of Lucky Strike Roll Cut today. In convenient pocketboxes—10c all dealers.

LUCKY STRIKE

TOBACCO

All Patterson Tobaccos are treated by the famous Patterson Process — discovered by the founder of this business, Dr. R. A. Patterson — 50 years ago. That's why all Patterson Tobaccos have a *distinction* of quality that you can't describe — but you *can* enjoy.

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Company
Richmond, Va.

GENUINE R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO. LUCKY STRIKE RICH'D. VA. ROLL CUT PREPARED FOR THE PIPE

10c
At All Dealers
16-oz. Package, 90c

To The Tobacco Trade:

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

Special Features
40 Horsepower
116-in. Wheel Base
34x4-inch Tires
Demountable Rims
"Michigan" Self-Starter
Nickel Trimmings
Automatic Spark Control
Three-Bearing Crankshaft
Enclosed Valves
Absolutely Silent Motor

Michigan 40

Price $1,500

10,000 Michigan Agents Combine to Save You ONE-THIRD!

A most remarkable plan for marketing automobiles, as here explained, has caused a marked saving to buyers of motor cars. To own a 40-horsepower car of ample size and character to satisfy every requirement of the experienced motorist, one need no longer pay the long price—$1,500 BUYS IT! For that is today the pace-setting price of the Mighty "Michigan Forty."

Selling Expense Practically Abolished

We take some credit to ourselves for this unusual saving.

But our Ten Thousand Retail Dealers, members of a wonderful Selling Organization, were mainly responsible. It was their readiness to push "Michigan" cars that allowed us to wonderfully reduce selling expense.

They save us (and you) the expense of establishing branch houses
—the expense of giving to automobile agents extra discounts
—the expense of maintaining special racing equipment and high-salaried drivers
—the expense of recruiting, equipping and supporting a large number of expensive road salesmen.

These manifold economies enable us to sell the "Michigan Forty" at hundreds of dollars below what it would cost you, were it marketed in the usual way. (It can cost more to market automobiles than to make them.)

Our Fortunate Position

In 1909, when we began building motor cars, we had been in the manufacturing business 28 years. We were then, and are today, one of the world's largest makers of pleasure vehicles.

We entered the automobile field with a wealth of manufacturing experience. We had the factory and office equipment to produce the goods. It was but a matter of paying the price to get the best automobile designers and engineers in the country.

But our greatest asset was the Retail Selling Organization which, during these 28 years, we had perfected. *Ten Thousand Live Retail Agents!* They constitute one of the most magnificent distribution machines in the world.

These 10,000 agents knew the excellence of our goods. So, when we announced to them our first season's output of motor cars, they promptly bought all we could make. Thus, for *distribution* which otherwise must have cost a fortune, we paid *not one cent.*

And so it has been ever since. Each season our regular agents oversubscribe our output. Notwithstanding that we are building 10 times as many machines as we could build one year ago, our agents will take all we turn out.

The Masterpiece Car

No automobile manufacturer, with such a wonderfully inexpensive selling plan as ours, ever could feel the slightest temptation to skimp. His one thought would be Quality. He would put in all the Quality that his money could buy—and then determine the Selling Price.

That is exactly the way it has been with us. We built a perfect car, then figured what we had to get for it. The Mighty "Michigan Forty" is truly a *masterpiece*—possesses every grace, every improvement that master minds can produce.

Our dependable self-starter means freedom from lame backs and broken arms. Simply press the button and you are *on your way.*

Our long-stroke motor (4¼ x 5¼ inches) assures abundant power. With it you can take *any* hill in *any* weather—*with a car full of people.* All valves are enclosed. Motor is absolutely silent. Three-bearing crankshaft type.

Demountable rims do away with delays from punctures.

116-in. wheel base and 34 x 4-in. tires make rough roads smooth.

A large, roomy body and most comfortable upholstering insures luxurious ease and comfort.

Stylish nickel trimmings, that do not tarnish, save the cost and trouble of polishing brass.

The "Michigan Forty" bespeaks its own beauty and style. One need but inspect this magnificent car (or the new "Michigan" Catalog) to see that it is perfect in its every specification.

The "Michigan" Self-Starter

We have tried out nearly every self-starter made.

The one self-starter that our engineers found entirely practical we have approved for use on the "Michigan Forty."

It is a *real* self-starter.

Nothing complicated. Very light—and thoroughly dependable. We gave it thousands of tests under all sorts of conditions, and it proved itself absolutely efficient.

And we do not charge for this equipment as an expensive extra. It all goes in free—with the car.

Avoid This Common Mistake

Most every man, when buying his first car, buys Price. The machine itself is of secondary consideration. To the beginner all cars look alike.

But "experience is a great teacher." For when this same man buys his *second* car the paramount issue is Value—Value and Power. Moral: Buy your second car first—the Mighty "Michigan Forty."

5 New "Michigan" Models

Model "K"—40 Horsepower, Self-starting, 5-Passenger Fore-door Touring Car. 116-in. wheel base, extra large roomy seats, inside control. Dual ignition system with Briggs Guaranteed Magneto. Cylinders 4¼-in. bore, 5¼-in. stroke. Three bearing crankshaft. Enclosed valves and dust-proof motor, absolutely silent in operation. Nickel trimmings. 34 x 4-in. tires and demountable rims. Price $1500.

Model "M"—40 Horsepower Roadster, built on same chassis as Model "K" Touring Car—same style, same finish. A two-seated business or suburban car with 40-gallon gasoline capacity. Speed 70 miles per hour. Equipment same as Model "K." Price $1500.

We also build three machines of 33 horsepower: Our model "H" Torpedo Touring Car, Model "E" regular Fore-Door Touring Car and Model "D" Roadster.

All models are sold equipped with magneto, 5 lamps, generator, horn and all tools.

Write for Catalog

Ask our agent in your town for our beautiful 1912 catalog, which describes each integral part of "Michigan" cars. Or write us today and we shall be pleased to mail it to you. The coupon is for your convenience. (67)

Free Catalog Coupon

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO.
1125 Lay Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

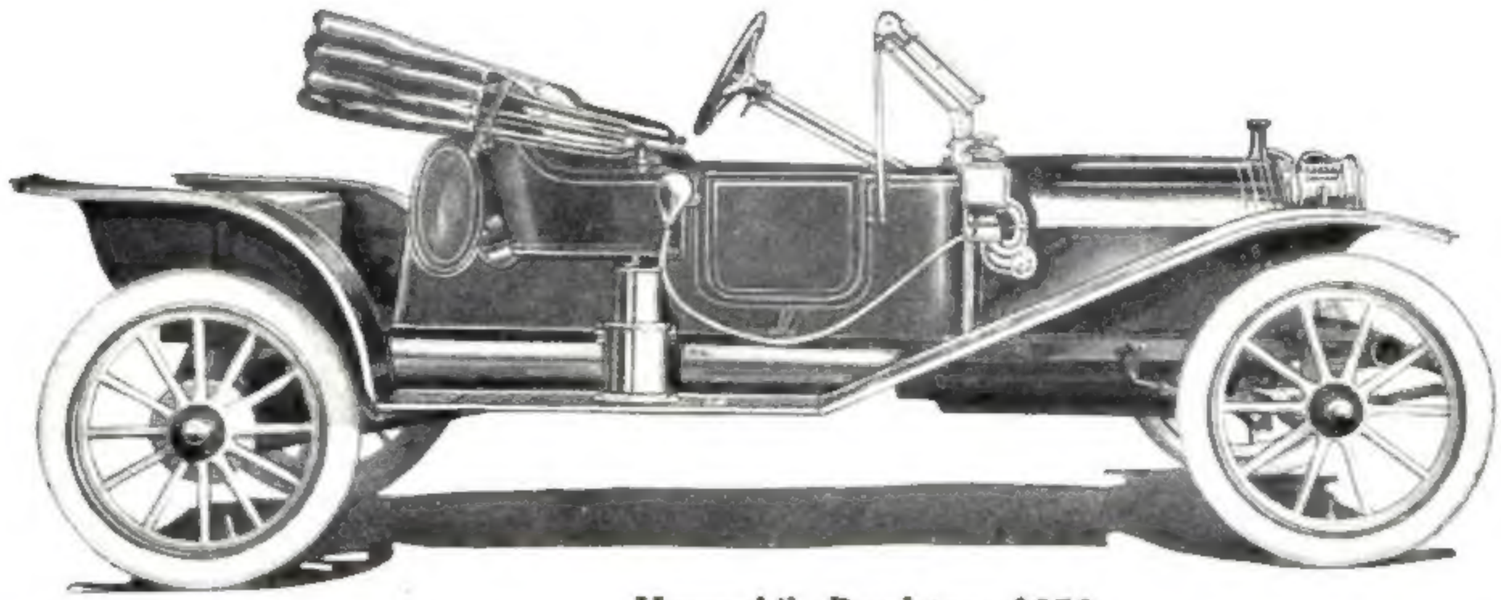
Please send me catalog describing the "Michigan Forty" and other Michigan cars.

Name _____

Address _____

MICHIGAN BUGGY COMPANY, 1125 Lay Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Public demand produced this Roadster



Hupmobile Roadster—$850

F. O. B. Detroit, including complete equipment of top, windshield, gas headlights and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. 110 inch wheelbase; two passenger body, with gasoline tank and highly finished steel tool and accessory box mounted on rear deck. Ample room for baggage and extra tires. Four cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto.

Hupmobile

YOU can thank the insistence of the motor-buying public for this new Hupmobile Roadster.

Newspaper reports of the impressive performances of the World-Touring Hupmobile have had a three-fold effect.

They have stimulated, everywhere, the always-extraordinary demand for the Hupmobile Touring Car and the Hupmobile Runabout.

And, in addition, they have given rise to a new demand; which has voiced itself in a persistent call, from all parts of the country, for a Hupmobile Roadster with the same chassis and the longer wheelbase of the globe-girdling car.

The achievements of the World-Touring Car—which is winning new honors at this writing in far-off India—have fired the public imagination; and advocates of the Roadster, everywhere, have urged our dealers to give them a Hupmobile of that type.

So, here you have it—a Roadster with the specifications which have proven so marvelously efficient in the 25,000 miles of land travel credited to the Hupmobile Touring Car since it left Detroit last November; and the thousands of touring cars in use in all parts of the world.

Having its two seats midway between front and rear axles, and with the flexible springs and long wheelbase of the touring car, the Roadster is a particularly easy-riding car. Thus it is especially fitted for road work.

Its power plant and other mechanical features are identical with those which have given the Hupmobile its high reputation for durability, long life and efficiency; and you can see for yourself that it is one of the most beautiful members of the notable Hupmobile line.

The tool box on the rear deck can be removed, affording an extra large carrying space for the individual requirements of owners for touring or for commercial purposes.

We have produced a new portfolio picturing the trip of the World-Touring Car, with views of Australia, New Zealand, India, the Philippines, China, Japan and other countries, which is like a miniature edition of the Travels of Burton Holmes or Frank Carpenter.

Use the coupon and secure a copy of the first edition, which is now ready.

Hupp Motor Car Co., 1229 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

RUSHING A PHILIPPINE MUD-HOLE
MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING IN JAPAN
THE MOTOR HOUSE
SHANGHAI GARAGE—NOTE OTHER HUPMOBILES
SHUVE DAGON PAGODA, SINGAPORE
RUSHING BAMBOO BRIDGE AND CLIMBING A GRADE, PHILIPPINES
CHARACTERISTIC NEW ZEALAND MOUNTAIN TRAVEL

The Hupmobile World-Tour

The World-Touring Hupmobile left Detroit last November.

It is now in India.

It has traveled some 25,000 miles on land, under its own power.

It has crossed the United States; toured the Hawaiian Islands and climbed to the smoking crater of the volcano Kilauea.

It has penetrated the Philippine wilderness, going where no other car has ever ventured; it has climbed the steepest mountain slopes of Australia and New Zealand.

It was one of the very first cars to attempt an extended tour of mountainous Japan.

It has gone to China.

No other car has ever attempted a trip of the severity or duration of this tour.

Before the Hupmobile's return to Detroit early in 1912 it will have visited North Africa and Egypt and toured the continent of Europe.

The pictures reproduced on this page give the merest glimpse of some of the difficulties from which the Hupmobile has emerged triumphant.

Many more, as interesting as these, are contained in the portfolio covering the Oriental section of the tour.

Hupp Motor Car Co.

1229 Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

Mail me your portfolio, "The Conquest of the Orient."

Name_____

Address_____

If Men Knew How to Lather, They Would Shave With More Comfort

THE action of lather on the beard is a ***double*** one.

First—the natural oil which covers each hair is removed by the soap.

Second—the water is thus enabled to get to the hair, ***moistening*** and ***softening*** it.

Stick
Moisten the beard with the wet brush, rub stick over face, work up lather with brush.

A certain amount of ***friction*** aids the lather in the performance of its duty.

Too much friction irritates the skin and causes that smarting sensation for which soap or razor is often blamed.

It follows that the method of lathering which most thoroughly penetrates the oil-covered hairs, with the least amount of rubbing, is not only the ***quickest*** but the most ***comfortable.***

Mixing the lather in a ***cup*** and then spreading it over the face does not properly soften the beard. That mussy but frequent habit of rubbing in the lather with the fingers must then be resorted to.

And rubbing in means not only skin irritation, but ***a waste of time.***

It is logical that the ***proper*** place to mix the lather is ***on the face,*** where every motion of the brush not only works ***up*** the lather, but also works it ***in.*** With this method it is unnecessary to touch face or lather with the fingers, and, without a wasted motion or a wasted moment, you obtain a thoroughly softening lather.

In Colgate's Lather—Stick, Powder or Cream—you find the ***fullest perfection of lather.*** And you have your choice of the three methods. Use whichever you prefer—the result is always the same—a perfect lather.

Cream
Squeeze a little cream into the wet brush or on the face and work up lather with the brush.

For cleanliness, convenience and comfort Colgate's Lather sets a new standard for simplified and sanitary shaving.

From the first motion of lathering, the beard is softened as the plentiful, soothing lather rises under the brush.

Powder
Shake a little powder on the wet brush and work up lather on face.

No rubbing in with the fingers is necessary. The face after shaving has a cool, comfortable feeling. Owing to its remarkable freedom from uncombined alkali Colgate's Lather prevents the "smart" you used to dread.

Analyses by eminent chemists have proved that Colgate's Lather is antiseptic.

A trial package of Stick, Powder or Cream will be sent on receipt of four cents in stamps. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

COLGATE'S
STICK-POWDER-CREAM